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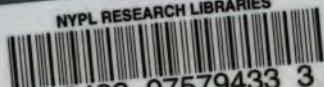
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THE LEFT SIDE MAN

MARGARET BLAKE ROBINSON



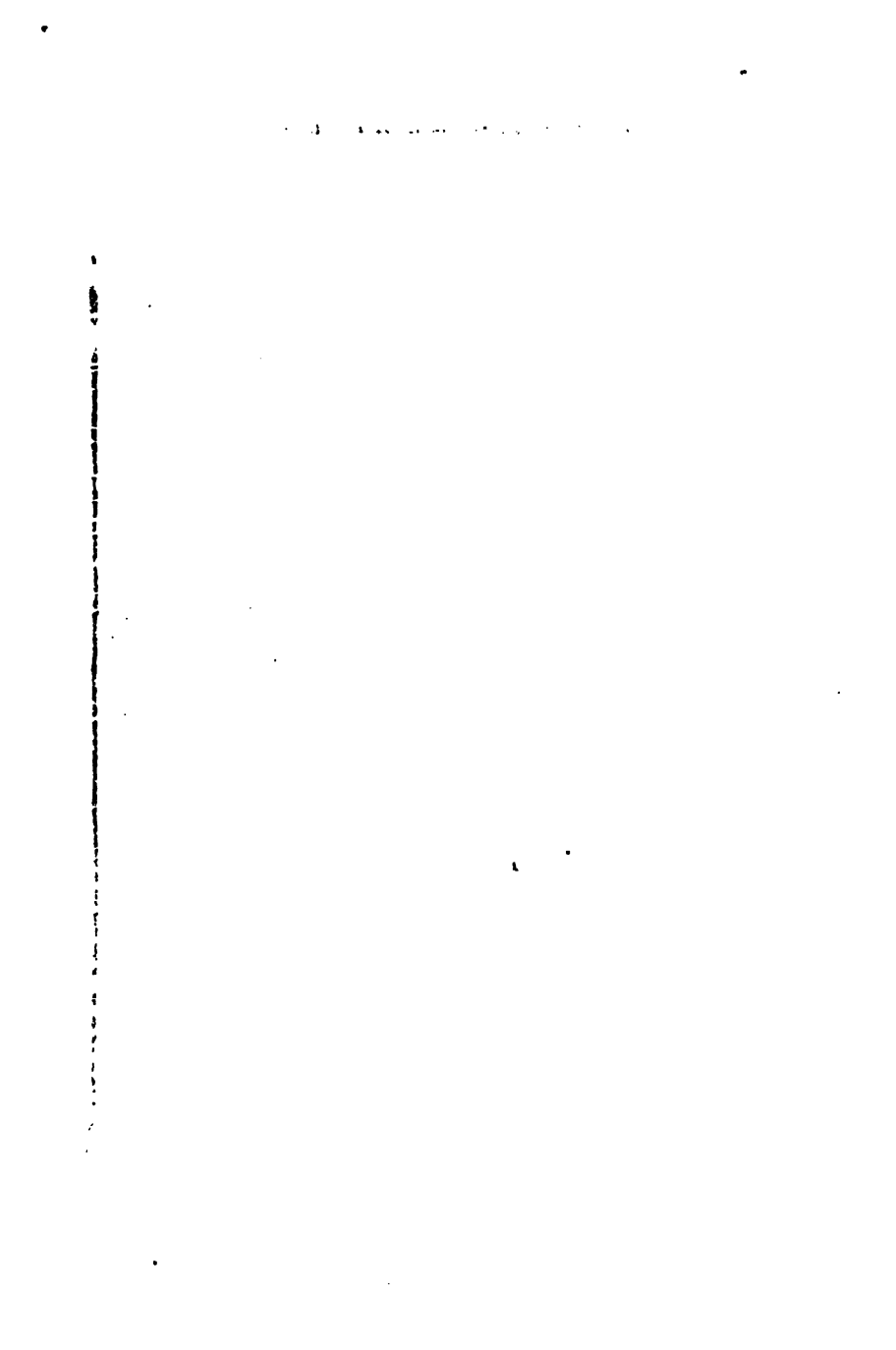
To Miss Darnell

With kindest greetings
from her friends

Margaret Blake Polk

New Year 1903





**TO
NANEEN HERSELF
THIS BOOK IS
DEDICATED.**

THE LEFT-SIDE MAN.

BY

MARGARET BLAKE ROBINSON,

Author of "Souls in Pawn," "A Reporter at Moody's," Etc.

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**ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS**

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THE LEFT SIDE MAN.

CHAPTER I.

BESS HUMPHREY'S LUDEEN.

IF you go to Castlemullin you must take the Great Southern and Western Railway from Dublin and change at Mallow for the little Kerry town among the hills, and if you go there to-day you will find it just the same sleepy-looking hamlet it was in 1877. This year is always referred to in the town as the year Parnell began to fight in Parliament, "jest about the time Jude Mac's min was cutting the turf." It was one day in July, several months after that interesting occurrence, that Maurice Casey, public house keeper and jarvey, was drowsing over his own half door. No one was in the shop and it seemed as if no one was in the town, so quiet and calm and lifeless-looking was everything. The long wide main street was shining in the sun, partly with the limestone gleam of the cobbles and partly with its own brightness, for Castlemullin was none of the dirty provincial towns, foreign tourists find in every conceivable corner of Ireland. In the post office two coun-

trymen were lazily discussing the telegraph instruments, while "Tip the Wire" as the operator was irreverently called, was explaining to them the mysteries of the new strange-looking receiver and transmitter, the meaning of the marks on the ticker, and the length of time it would take to send a message to Dublin. Into all of this quiet a yell of "Stop in the Queen's name" rang through the place, and when the mad gallop of a horse was heard added to this, the two men in the post office ran out into the street and Maurice Casey stopped swinging on his half door and opened his mouth.

"Be jabbers, that young scut is at it again," he cried, staring down the street along which an Irish gig was being driven wildly by a young man who was intent on whipping a dashing looking bay horse, and on watching a jaunting car loaded with four policemen in hot pursuit.

"Who's at it again, Maurice?" cried Casey's wife, running from behind the counter, and falling over a sleeping dog in her haste to get to the door.

"Cahal Desmond, of course," was the answer; "he's the biggest scamp this side o' Limbo. Be cripes. He's run over Bess Humphrey; the divil's own blood is in that bucko." Instead of replying, Mrs. Casey ran to the town pump, where everybody else was running, and where poor old Bess Humphrey the piemaker was lying, a stunned and sorry looking figure. The fugitive in the gig had pulled up his horse, and quite unmindful of the police at his back, was lifting the old woman from the pavement.

"Somebody go for Doctor Nolan," he puffed rather than spoke, for his breath was coming in short snorting gasps.

"Yes, and you come with me, Mr. Desmond," said Acting Sergeant McFadden, tapping the young man on the shoulder, while an unstriped policeman moved closer to him

with his hand on his bayonet. Desmond turned around and glanced at the important looking individual before him with as much scorn as a young fellow of twenty is capable of, and the "Acting" looked back at him in haughty disgust. After a second or two Desmond said with a poor attempt at courtesy, "I suppose I must go if you say so, but I wish I could remain until the Doctor comes,—I fear Bess is badly hurt."

"All right, we'll wait," said the Acting with great condescension. Desmond bowed stiffly and then looked around him. Many a colleen's eye beamed at him out of the crowd, and though there were reproving glances from some of the old men, there was no one, except Casey, who had an unfriendly look. Casey was the jarvey for the police barracks, and not only kept the public house where all the peelers for miles around frequented, but had an "acting" for a son-in-law, and he liked no one who had the reputation for disloyalty, or who did not reverence the men in Her Majesty's service.

Anyone would have picked Cahal Desmond out of the biggest fair day crowd that ever assembled at Castlemullin as being somebody "ye wouldn't see in other places in a month o' Sundays," as the town itself would express it. He was five feet nine inches in height and still growing, and his big gray eyes had more varying expressions in them than Muckcross Lake had echoes. They could glow with a tenderness that only his own mellow brogue could equal, and it was under the spell of both that Moll Sullivan, the caretaker of his babyhood, said to him after he had hypnotized her into giving him the Company jam: "Master Cahal, ye'll coax the burdies off the bushes yet—yis, an' the piggins off the dhresser, bad luck from ye—an' bad 'cess to ye."

There was no doubt but that Cahal had the coaxing eye; but it was the soldier's eye, too, and the courage and fierce hate that gleamed sometimes in it, had burned aches into its owner's head more than once. And that head, what a head it was! The boy carried it proudly as one entitled to the name of Desmond should, and when it was bared and the light struck the thick brown gold of the hair where it clustered softly over the temples, and when it revealed the fine, broad brow, the straight, strong nose, the rich, healthy flush on the cheeks, and the large, firm chin and mouth, one knew why it would take a month of Sundays to see such another. Cahal was dressed in Blarney tweed, and his strong, well-shaped, ungloved hands grasped a sturdy black-thorn which the "acting" kept a covert eye on. When Doctor Nolan came up, the boy bowed his head and after holding the stick up to his chin rested upon it; then a flush of something akin to shame passed over his face, and after spending itself there, passed on to Doctor Nolan's.

"How are ye, Cahal?" the doctor said, pleasantly, but there was a note of reproach in the voice, and without looking at the young man he turned his attention to Bess Humphrey, who was slowly returning to a knowledge of piemaking and things in general under the influence of cold water, vigorous slapping, groans and whiskey.

"Take her in the house—why in the world didn't ye do so long ago, instead of all this marshalling," cried the doctor testily, and when several men helped Bess to her feet, he added, "the Lord alone knows why people in Castlemullin think that holding wakes over living people and screeching banshee yells will bring them around."

"It did, though," said Jim Begley, the blacksmith, shortly.

The doctor laughed good-humoredly. "The yells with-

out the whiskey wouldn't, though," he said, and just then Desmond bared his head and went over to Bess Humphrey.

"Bess," he said in a low voice, "I'm feeling terribly about you—the peelers were after me and I couldn't pull up in time; you twig, don't you?"

"Twig, what's twig?" said Bess, laughing into the bright face above her.

"Oh, I mean you understand."

"An' is it the Dublin Jackeens that talks that kind o' luggage (language). Misther Cahal, faith, 'tis a fine lip ye'll have whin ye lave school if that's the way they Inglify ye."

"They will never anglicize me, Bess, never, never, but—"

"Oh, I twig, my bouchaleen," said the piewoman, softly, "sure, I don't know at all, at all, why me head left me, an' 'tis only me ludeen that's bruk, I do be thinkin', an' sure it might be me head."

"Oh, Bess, is your little finger broken?"

"Come, Mr. Desmond," said the Acting, shortly, and Cahal had to swallow his sympathy, but Bess understood and called after him "don't mind the ludeen, Misther Cahal, 'tisn't half as bruk as the black sowl o' the man who's takin' ye."

"Is—is Mr. Desmond 'taken'?" asked Dr. Nolan of Jim Begley.

"He is that, docther."

"For reckless riding, is it now?"

"It isn't then—sure he knocked down an' battered a bailiff on Misther Cotther's estate, an' he was running from the peelers whin Bess was knocked over."

"Oh, that lad," sighed the gray-haired doctor, and a frown overspread his features as he followed Bess into her shop. His clean shaven lips were set very tightly together

while he splintered and bandaged the ludeen, and when it was over he walked quickly to his home on the outskirts of the town. His head was bent as he walked up the gravelled walk and his thoughts played such havoc with his usual tenderness of heart that he savagely broke off a full-blown rose with his cane, as if the ruthless action did him pleasure.

"Papa, papa," cried a hurt voice from the ivy-covered porch.

"Oh, it is too bad, Naneen—I didn't think of what I was doing," the doctor said, and he picked up the broken rose and brought it to his daughter.

"But what makes you so savage, papa?" she said, looking at him in surprise.

"Young Desmond—he's taken; Naneen, give up all thoughts o' that lad. He's a rake and he'll come to no good end."

"Oh, but papa——"

"Yes, I know, I encouraged it at first, though ye're both only weenshie children. Why shouldn't I—he's a Desmond. They haven't money, but they have the blood. I've advised and advised Cahal till I'm tired. When ould Desmond hears about this new act o' the lad's, there'll be the Prince of Blazes to pay."

"What has Cahal done, papa?"

"What, what *hasn't* he done, child? Made speeches against a government his own father is resident magistrate under, threatened Lord Arlitaun to his face, beat one of his emergency men black and blue to-day, and broke Bess Humphrey's ludeen."

"Oh, papa," and Naneen sprang to her feet, "Cahal wouldn't strike a woman."

"Of course not, Bess would wallop him if it was a fair fight—he drove his horse over her."

"Oh, an accident, but" (and Naneen's face flushed red) "if Bess could wallop him, why didn't the Emergency Man?"

"He was drunk, possibly," said the doctor, throwing one knee angrily over the other.

"But you say he beat him black and blue, papa. Cahal would not continue to beat a man who couldn't retaliate."

"Well, maybe 'twas green and gray then," said the doctor, sarcastically. "You'd make a fine Scotland Yard man, Naneen, and I wish you'd set yer mind working in the direction of the young rake in the barracks. If you run your mind over his career this past year you will agree with your father. I don't want that fellow around here any more."

"Oh, papa."

"I've said it, that's all," said Dr. Nolan, angrily, and straightway he proceeded to smoke his pipe. Naneen listened to the furious puffs and looked at the bounding, revolving wreaths of smoke, and she knew her father was not to be argued with. Quietly rising from her chair she went to her room and after closing the door she took out of her desk a lock of golden brown hair and a faded rose and kissed both passionately. Cahal, her Cahal "taken"; her grand, high-souled boy called a rake. He who loved everything that was beautiful, he who hated hypocrisy, he who would rather spend one hour among the birds with the schoolmaster than go to all the dances in the country.

"Oh, sure, I wouldn't care if I could go to him," sobbed Naneen to herself, "but I can't, for 'twouldn't be ladylike, and we were to meet at five this evening at the glen, and to think of him being taken, and during his

vacation, too. Oh, I'd go down on my knees to him if he would only give up the Home Rule movement; lots of good 'twill ever do him. Oh, Cahal, Cahal," and Naneen cried in the way of all girls, till her heart was sore, her head raging and her eyes aching.

CHAPTER II.

AN EVENING AT CASTLEMULLIN.

It was seven o'clock in the evening in Castlemullin, and the shop windows were all throwing out their brightest lights on the sidewalk, for it was the night of the monthly fair day. Butter, egg and cattle buyers were rushing to catch the evening train, the periwinkle and seagrass vendors were carting their wares from the market-place, and the farmers were loading their wagons with Indian meal and flour before starting for their homes. It was in the days before the Land League and the moonlighters had made such headway, that police tax was heavy and policemen as thick as sloes in every hamlet, and Castlemullin had only four policemen, or rather two policemen, an acting sergeant and a Head Constable. The "Head" was the great man of the district, and very resplendent he was on "Fair Days" in his black braid and gold stripes, and displaying a sword of goodly proportions. Head Constable Broderick was rather good looking and decidedly vain. He had earned rapid promotion by reason of his quick, alert manner, his faithfulness to the service, his untiring zeal, and his ability to catch evil-doers. Having spent some months in Dublin at "the depot," as well as on the Metropolitan police force, he had cultivated an accent very delightful to his own ear, and to that of the

country girls, who called him a "hireling" when talking among themselves, but dearly loved the dash of Her Majesty's Royal Irish Constabulary all the same. On the night of the Fair Day he and one of his subordinates, Sub-Constable Kelly, were parading up and down the flags from one end of the town to the other. Kelly was a great favorite with the Head, partly because he was plain and outspoken and honest, but principally because he had an unbounded admiration for his chief and would stop at nothing to serve him. He was entrusted with the most important documents and business, and frequently represented the Head at the various mountain stations under his oversight. While the "Head" was dark, tall, handsome and brown-eyed, Kelly was the bare regulation height of five feet eight, fair, blue-eyed, ugly-looking, cock-nosed and decidedly bad-tempered. From the Market House at one end, to Tom the Bacagh's (beggar) at the other, they paraded in silence for some time. Then the Head spoke in his quick, cultivated voice:

"Young Desmond is out on bail, Kelly—what do you think of the fella?"

"He's a spoutin' good sort," said Kelly, "an' I'd give me last month's mess money to have seen him wallop that confounded monkey of an imported bailiff. He's about the meanest dog that ever collected a gale o' rent for a dirty-souled absentee lan'lard."

"Gee, Bingleddy Sleever," cried the Head. "Tell ye w'at, Kelly, if 'twas known by the County that your sentiments were of that koinde, he'd settle you quick enough."

"Oh, the County be hanged," said Kelly, gently, "a lot he knows about police matthers. If he did, *you'd* be Disthriect Inspecthor 'long ago. W'at does a college jude like our County Inspecthor know of peelerin matthers?"

"Oh, if he could heah you, Kell," said the Head affectionately.

"Oh, I suppose he'd sind me to Murphy's Emporium to put on a suit of terra cotta insthead o' the Queen's blue,—the Queen's all right, Head, but lots o' the laddies that do her sprintin' in Ireland aren't worth havin' the divil tempt them. Be the way, I hear Cahal Desmond is sweet on ould Docthor Nolan's daughter."

"I'm sweet there myself," said the Head.

"You—oh, you're stuff is that uv a common bobby—even if yez are a Head, yer no society man, by no means."

"I may be, though. I'm vawy versatile, Kell."

"The consate of ye! Brod, thim Dublin papers ye read are twistin' yer brains into sugauns (chair ropes). Ye have as much chance of getting the daughter as I have of getting the gold V's, but even if ye did, ould Nolan wouldn't give her till ye."

"Keep down your impudent obse'vations, Kelly, and wait and see. Wish I dared light my pipe. Blaze my buttons, there goes Cahal and Miss Nolan for a confab."

"That's right, sure enough," assented Kelly, laughing. "They're going out the Lake Road to Lovers' Lane. Oh, Brod, yer second sight needs spectacles—where's the girl and the soci'ty now?"

"Same place," said Broderick, but he frowned and bit his heavy black mustache as savagely as if it was the cause of the whole trouble.

At that moment Cahal and Naneen stepped under the shade of the alder bushes that sheltered Lovers' Lane, and after looking behind him to see that no one was near, the boy put his arm tenderly around the girl.

"My Naneen, mavourneen, deelish," he said, and the sound of the soft words thrilled the girl through and

through, and losing all her shyness, she threw her arms around his neck and held him so tightly that it took several seconds before he could put her far enough from him to kiss her.

"Sure this is Tirnanog (fairyland) itself, my colleen ban," he said, as he kissed her upturned lips over and over.

"Is it?" she asked shyly.

"Is it who? What manners ye have, Naneen."

"And what else would I say, Cahal?"

"Say, 'Is it, my love?'"

"Oh, no, I couldn't say that."

"And why not, machree, when your heart feels it? Do say it, my heart is thirsty for a spoken word from you."

The girl tried to frame the words, but a lump rose in her throat, her lips grew dry, and she felt she would faint, from sheer shame, if she said what he wanted her to say.

"I—I—can't, Cahal, I—I—oh, you know I love you, but I can't say it, I can't call you my love."

Cahal held her closer and burst out into a hearty laugh that filled the night air with its richness.

"Well, if you can't, you've got around it very nicely, Naneen—ah, darling, isn't it a happy boy I am," and Cahal let go of the girl and danced a double shuffle around the road.

A gust of wind blew up from the fields below just then and Naneen gave a cry of alarm.

"Why, what's the matter, darling?" cried Cahal, running to her.

"Oh, I thought of the fort and the priest's rock, the wind came from there."

"Sure, the fairies in the fort don't grudge us our happiness, and the priest's rock—ah, darling," and Cahal

clenched his fists fiercely, "the tyrants that reddened the quarry and the rock are still with us; they and not the rock are to be feared and exterminated."

"But 'twas in Cromwell's time it happened, Cahal."

"'Twas in the penal days, *after* Cromwell's time, Naneen. Oh, how I hate his name, Murderous, Cruel, Ambitious—Saint." This last word was hissed by Cahal, and after a pause he added bitterly, "Cromwell is incarnate in every peeler in Castlemullin, Naneen. The hirelings, 'tis pawned and dirty Irishmen they are—every mother's son of them."

"Cahal, why do you feel so fiercely? I love Ireland, and love the pretty places very, very much, but I think we can never be free, and what is the use of talking of murder and wars—oh, dear!"

"Ah, darling, it's because 'tis the tender heart in you that's soft and loving, but I never pass this Mass Rock that I don't see the hunted priest saying mass and the people kneeling and praying in their own soft Gaelic, and then I see the Sassenagh, the red-coated devils from the pit, rush in and slaughter them all in the midst of desecrated and trampled sacrament—God!" and Cahal put his hand to his head.

"The Lord save us, Cahal," said Naneen, shuddering at the thought of the awful blasphemy.

"Oh, Naneen, alanna, think of it, the same price put on the head of a wolf or a priest, and the Catholic school teacher hunted like a felon. They stole our beautiful language, they murdered our people, they made us support their damnable foreign churches and pea brained parsons, they deprived us of civil rights and education, and now they laugh at Pat's ignorance. The next time the editor of that would-be comic paper that caricatures us for London society folk comes down here, I'll smash his——"

"Oh, Cahal, don't—please don't fight so much; besides *you* are not one of the common people."

"I am, Naneen; of course I am."

"Oh, no, you are not, you're a Desmond, and your family is older than the hills, and you are half English, anyhow." Here Naneen laughed mischievously and pinched him on the cheek

"Don't say that, Naneen aroon," he said gravely. "My mother is an O'Neill, a descendant of Owen Roe and Hugh; her mother was one of the McCarthy-Mores—grand old clan."

"And your father?" asked Naneen coyly.

"The Desmonds are like the Geraldines, more Irish than the Irish themselves,—they came over from England, of course, but they renounced their Protestantism and Englishism very soon, and they have been here for centuries, but even so, the blood they left was tainted—I hate it."

"Oh, Cahal, dear, the English are nice. Now there was Lady Mary who visited the Blennerhassets."

"The women are beautiful to look at," said Cahal gallantly, "but the men. You have to knock one of them down several times before he knows he is down, and then he looks up at you with a mulish look that says plainly, 'Is it pawsible you've knawcked an Hanglo-Saxon down without fawst sawftening the ground?'"

Naneen laughed and Cahal joined her and just then the moon came out and revealed the soft, touching beauty of Cahal's sweetheart. Her little five feet three of physical measurement was clothed in a clinging white dimity, which the night air was dampening, her blue black hair was covered with a large white straw hat girdled with roses, and the face that peeped from beneath it was witching enough

on any night, but on a night like this it was enough to take a young lad's senses away from him. Soft blue Irish eyes with youth and love and merriment in their depths, a mouth fresh and soft and red as the blush of roses, and now sweetly sensitive from her lover's kisses; skin as fair and pure as the untouched snowflakes, all these were Naneen's heritage, and Cahal had fallen heir to it. He felt that great indeed were his possessions as he looked at her in the glow of the moon, and after several seconds of silence he said softly: "Naneen, they'll never part us, will they?"

"No, darling, they will not. But, oh, Cahal, don't be so wild. Go back to school and study and enter the army or the civil service or—or——"

"Wild, Naneen," interrupted Cahal sadly. "Is that what you call it, too? They call it that at home, but I thought—I thought *you* knew better."

"And I do, my soldier—why is it you look so hurt? Oh, Cahal, are you crying?"

But the boy only sobbed and sobbed and buried his face on the grass beside the road where he had thrown himself.

"Oh, Cahal, Cahal, my—my love," the girl cried soothingly, but somehow it did not have the same sound to Cahal that it would have had an hour before, and when the handsome head was lifted upon the girl's lap, the eyes seemed worn and the face had a look on it that never comes except when the soul is lashed. With soft, endearing words Naneen brought the smiles back again, but as they walked home through the summer evening they were unable to put the ugly shadow away from them.

When they reached the outskirts of the town Naneen whispered, "I must run home, Cahal. My father thinks I'm having tea with the Griffins and I will beg Ned to take me home."

"Good-night, Naneen, my own dear Naneen," said Cahal, kissing the girl again and again.

"Good-night, my—my love." Naneen knew she had hurt him and she was trying hard to make up for it. As she was going from him he called to her, "Naneen!" She turned and came back.

"Naneen, if you love me you must share my lot. I'll never go into the army. I'm not sure about the civil service. I'll never go where I can't take Ireland with me."

"What a Christian soldier you'd make, Cahal,"

"Oh, 'twould be God instead of Ireland then, but I love Ireland best. Naneen, you heard what I said."

CHAPTER III.

HOW PADDY THE GEESE SAID HIS PRAYERS.

THE home of the Desmonds was one of those fine old run-down houses so common throughout the South of Ireland, one of those that have no peculiar style of architecture, but runs around corners and climbs up into an occasional tower, and to one's surprise displays a gable as plain and utilitarian as possible, a queer mixture of the ancient and modern. This house, Cahal once said to Naneen, was a part of the poetry of the Celtic temperament, for the real Celt is only modern in corners. He dreams and walks and lives in the past, and it is only when these ancient foundations are shaken up that he puts up a modern defence wall in place of "castled moat and donjon keep." And Naneen responded with a shrug of her pretty shoulders—Cahal was so poetic and so queer in his views. The Desmonds had more blood and pride than money, and their house showed it. The large, stately dining-room was kept fairly habitable, and the drawing-room was a bright enough place transformed into a family portrait gallery, where dead and gone Desmonds, O'Neills and McCarthys smiled or frowned at each other and displayed coats of mail and armorial bearings which had inspired gallow-glasses and henchmen in days gone by. But outside of these two rooms, the wide hall and the grand old rows of

oaks that skirted the broad drive outside, the house was like the family—a fine old crumbling ruin. There was some land belonging to and surrounding the place, and several tenant farmers appeared at the big house on “gale day” with a few guineas for rent, but the place was mortgaged for the most part and The Desmond’s perquisites from the Crown for his services and loyalty as a Resident Magistrate were the principal means of support.

But all this did not bother Cahal much, and at our first peep at his family residence we find him at breakfast, and his two sisters and little brother Terence, amusing the household with an account of Moll Sullivan’s flirtation with a peeler. Moll was the family retainer and she stood behind The Desmond’s chair denying vigorously every statement of the boy’s.

“Dad, I saw her meet the peeler down at Reidy’s limekiln. He’s grey and musty-looking and has a pair of eyes like two burned holes in a blanket, but to see Moll put her arms around his wrinkled neck and pucker her mouth, you’d think he was a lily in bloom.”

The Desmond laughs heartily, but Cahal’s oldest sister Marion says: “For shame, Cahal,” and his second sister, Ellen, mutters “Nauseating,” though there is a smile on her face.

“The peeler’s name is Huggins, and he gave me sweets, because I told him Moll was in the house,” chimed in little Terence, and Cahal slaps his knee vigorously and laughs.

“It’s a bad case against you, Moll,” said The Desmond in a fine rich brogue, and turning to the servant with that freedom that exists between old families and old servants in the Emerald Isle.

“Oh, I’ll take me davy (affidavit), Sir, that that boy could make out a bad case against St. Pether himself.”

"I can—his mother-in-law was sick of a fever for so long, and gave him so many tongue-lashings that he ran away from home and wrote sermons we have to listen to now."

"Why, Cahal!"

"Oh, what a thing to say."

"The Lord bless us and save us."

These and various remonstrances came from the two sisters.

Moll crossed herself repeatedly.

"Cahal, you have no reverence in you," said The Desmond, more merrily than reprovingly.

"Would you smash a *saint's* nose, Cal?" asked Terence solemnly.

Cahal flushed and kicked his little brother's foot, for the allusion to his fistic performances had brought a frown to The Desmond's face, but Moll Sullivan screamed with delight, and said, "'Pon my sowl, he would thin, Masther Terry, 'tis a morthar an' not a marthyr *he'd* make of him."

"Moll," said The Desmond reprovingly, and Moll looked sober immediately.

Her little joke and Terry's innocent question cast a dark, cold feeling over the breakfast table, however, and the remainder of the rashers were eaten in silence. The Desmond had not yet forgotten his son's disloyal escapades, and though he loved him fondly, Cahal's intense national feeling and its physical outburst was a source of much anxiety to him and to the entire family, with the exception of Moll, who dearly loved a fight.

"I think I'll have a run with the dogs on the moor, dad," said Cahal awkwardly after a long silence.

"Very well," said The Desmond shortly, and Cahal was in the open air in a little while with his two Irish setters, Brian and Finn, for the lad would be satisfied with no or-

dinary canine name—they had to be Irish heroes or not at all. Down to the road and across the fields to the bog he went, whistling “The Wind that Shakes the Barley,” and (in spite of the sadness of the tune) feeling the spirit of mischief running riot in his heart. All his intense patriotism had fled and he was just a boy. The tiff with Moll Sullivan had made him a very adventurous one, and he was turning over in his mind various problems of catching her walking with Sub-Constable Huggins and of proving his case, when two young men rushed after him calling, “Mis-ther Cahal.”

“The top o’ the morning to you,” he responded gaily, as two sturdy young fellows formerly in his father’s employ appeared. They were Danny and Patsy Hickey and both were strapping young fellows of the kind Cahal liked. They had been friends of his ever since childhood, and the fact that he lived at “the big house,” and they under a thatched roof made no difference in the world to any of the three concerned.

“I’m as mad as a March hare, Masther Cahal,” said Danny.

“So’m I,” added Patsy.

“Blood an’ ’ouns, but I’d like to take the hide off o’ that ould gallivantin’ limb o’ the divvel.”

“So would I,” said Patsy.

“I’d shkelp (scalp) the scayhara if I got a chance,” cried Danny with decision.

“I would too,” said Patsy.

“Who? what? where? when?” cried Cahal, laughing.

“Paddy the Geese, who else?” answered Danny.

“Why, who else?” said Patsy.

“What has Paddy done, Danny?”

“Th’ ould limb o’ pardition, what hasn’t he done? Next

Chuesday a week is the Pattern Day at Castlemullin an' 'tis me and Patsy here wanted some money to have a toime, so we ups and stales a few geese from the mother and me aunt Katie. Well, o' course we takes 'em to Paddy (may th' ould boy sweep him off the face o' the earth) an' he gets it out of us that they was stolen, an' he chates us two and tuppence ha'penny out o' the regular price. We daurn't say a word an' we've nearly cracked intoirely to think a weenshee bacagh like that humpback villain o' the world could bamboozel us."

"We're nearly cracked," echoed Patsy.

"Tell you what," said Cahal, suddenly, "let's go and raid Paddy. He has done that sort of thing over and over."

"Ye mane, get masks an' a gun or a revolver an' shoot him," asked Danny.

"Do you mane that?" asked Patsy.

"Oh, no, not shoot him," said Cahal, "just scare him and get the two and tuppence ha'penny out of him."

"Blood alive, but that's the talk," cried Danny.

"So it is," said Patsy.

After a little more preliminaries, the three lads turned their coats inside out, put handkerchiefs over their faces and proceeded through the shadow of hedges and ditches to the house where Paddy dealt in live stock, and kept a little candy and candle, snuff, tobacco and paraffin oil shop.

Before reaching the house they stopped in a rye grass field where Danny had two horse pistols hidden, and one of which was given to Cahal. Patsy alone was unarmed, but Cahal got out of this difficulty readily, by handing him a curling iron he had playfully captured from his sister a few days before.

"Paddy will be so frightened that he won't know the difference between a revolver and a stirabout stick," said

Cahal laughing, and as they were within one field of Paddy's house by this time, Finn and Brian were tied to a tree and the three raiders moved on silently.

Paddy the Geese was sitting before a comfortable turf fire smoking and lazily surveying several fitches of bacon that hung up near the rafters smoking too. Business was prosperous and the cackle of the geese in the yard outside was music to his ears. His daughter had gone to the town for fresh supplies and he was alone in the house waiting for customers.

They came, and Paddy's ruddy face paled considerably when he saw them, with masks on their faces, revolvers in their hands, frightful of mien, terrifying in the slow way they approached him. Paddy's County Anthrims bristled with fright, his bow legs took on a more pronounced bow, his yellow teeth shook in his head and he could not ejaculate one word if he got a whole flock of geese for so doing.

Patsy ran and poked the curling iron in his face.

"Ouch, och, cripes, tare an' ages," jerked Paddy.

"Go out and watch for the peelers," whispered Cahal, and Patsy disappeared.

"Turn yer dirty pockets inside out, ye scallywag," cried Danny.

"Och, is it a poor ould man yez would be robbin'?"

"Keep a civil tongue in yer cheek or I'll spice yer sides wid buckshot an' I'll bulge yer monkey face into pitaty cakes."

This had a very convincing effect, and Paddy drew ten shillings out of his pocket.

"We don't want that much," said Cahal in a muffled voice, but Danny put his hand over his mouth and took the money from the geese dealer. Then he proceeded to tie Paddy to the settle bed near the wall, and Cahal industri-

ously shot holes in his hat on the floor. When both had finished and Paddy thought he was entering Kingdom Come, so great was his terror, Danny delivered him a lecture as follows: "It is known in these pairts, ye ould divvel, that ye chate the widdies an' orphins out o' their rightful compensations for goods delivered, an' be Hivvens, if it bes known any longer yez'll have a visit from us that'll sind ye where 'twill take more than a pig to open the door for yez. Ye'll have sulphur for dinner that day as sure's my name is——"

Cahal put his hand quickly over Danny's mouth and said "the Count of Monte Cristo."

"Yis," said Danny.

"Come, quick," yelled Patsy from the yard, "here's two peelers;" and, indeed, Moll's lover, Sub-Constable Huggins and our old friend Kelly were leisurely coming in the direction of the house, and because of a turn in the road were within a few yards of it before they were seen. Seeing the masks they started on a run with raised revolvers, and as they sprang to catch the fugitives or shoot them, Cahal's quick wit came to the rescue. With a mad rush and a yell equal to any Sioux Indian, he opened the door of Paddy's poultry cabin, and let the multitude loose. Paddy was the proud possessor of two of the most famous birds in the county, one a gander, the other a turkey cock. The two had to be kept under lock and key except on rare occasions, for they had respect for no one, and would as soon attack the parish priest and have Paddy in hysterics of reverence over it, as to attack each other. Cahal knew this, and when the five hundred geese and hens, lambs, pigs and ducks made a rush for the yard he gave the turkey cock a kick in the direction of the policeman and followed it up with one for the gander.

As the two sub-constables entered the yard, their onslaught was cut short by barnyard screams, by frisking lambs, who ran between their legs, by pigs who scampered at their heels, and by two maddened warriors in feathers who grasped their fingers so strongly that the revolvers were dropped almost simultaneously. Inside, Paddy was groaning in his bonds. The hubbub and screaming and general sounds of industry that proceeded from his dominions outside made him think that the end of all things had come to him and his. Just then the family cat had to imbibe the electricity in the air and jump on his prostrate form, and at the same time Cahal fired a victorious shot at nothing at all, as he and his two companions got into the next field. Paddy suddenly decided he was shot. He had neither scientific nor medical training, and so did not know that it was impossible to be shot with a cat through a stone wall. Indeed he never saw the cat; that thing on his breast was only a dark object to him. It might have been a sod of turf or a banshee, or a delusion, but he felt the stroke and heard the sound at the same moment.

"Holy Vargin of Vargins, Mother o' Mercy, Refuge of Sinners, Amin, Amin, Amin," he yelled, borrowing as much from the catechism as he could remember.

Huggins heard him and thinking the marauders had returned he rushed into the shop and proceeded to loose the bonds that bound its owner.

"Pray, pray, pray," cried Paddy to Kelly, who now entered.

"What's *wrong* wid ye?" cried Kelly, who surmised that Paddy was not in the habit of having *praise* services.

"I'm dyin'—pray."

"Oh, make yer post-mortem statement first," cried Kelly, who was always professional if a little ahead of time.

"Pray, or are ye a black Protesten?"

"I'm not, but I can't think of a blasted thing to say."

"Thin count me beads for me."

"I don't know where they are."

"Oh, holy Cacalia of holy Rome, have mercy on ye, thin,
—throw some holy wather on me."

"Where the divvel is it?"

"Ah—we haven't any, I believe. For the love o' heaven, get some money out o' me inside pocket an' put it in a bag an' mark it Pether's pence. I warn ye to post it to the Pope to-day. If yez don't I'll haunt ye in white an' black an' pepper an' salt clothes."

Kelly placed ten shillings in the bag in order to calm the old man who was groaning and moaning and refused to get up when Huggins asked him to.

"I'm shot," he moaned.

"Where?"

"Here, over me heart."

"Divvil a bit yer shot, ye fule," cried Huggins in disgust.

"Didn't ye pull pairt o' the bullet off whin ye came in?"

"Bullet—ye ninnyhanner, that was the cat!"

Paddy stared wildly for a moment, then jumped to his feet, and running to a box under his bed fortified himself with some native potheen. After he had done this he glanced out of the window and saw his live stock disporting itself in various ways and wandering in various directions. This and the whiskey loosened his tongue and he turned his eloquence on the majesty of the law.

"'Tis the faine min yez are intoirely, to let a dacent man be robbed in broad daylight, an' his shtock sent out to parade like militia min. Tare an' 'ouns, why didn't ye ketch the thieves?"

"Go to the devil," said Kelly politely.

Huggins, being in love, felt rather more tender toward his kind, so he only laughed.

"Come out an' ketch me fowls for me," commanded Paddy.

"Do ye think we're pig dhriers?" said Kelly haughtily, waxing his mustache. "Come on, Sub-Constable Huggins, an' let us report this new outrage (bloody well deserved no doubt)," he added under his breath.

"If yez go, I go wid ye," said Paddy. "I won't shtay here to be shot——"

"With tomcats," supplemented Huggins.

"Oh, shtay an' take care o' me."

"Well," said Huggins, "I'll stay. You go to town, Kelly."

"Gimme back me bag an' the Pether's pince thin," said Paddy.

"Don't ye want to send it?"

"No—not now."

"Ye'd betther be prepared for the next time."

"I'll—I'll take me chances, since this dacent constable is shtaying here wid me. Have a sup, both o' ye. I'll swear information ag'inst the counthry side for this."

"Ye may have the Pope's curse, Paddy. He knows min's moinds, doesn't he?"

"Niver moind, I haven't any," said Paddy, lighting his pipe.

"Here's to yer gineros an' well prepared soul, Paddy," said Kelly, as he took a sip and departed laughing, but with a keen eye on the road and a hand on his revolver.

CHAPTER IV.

A DAY WITH THE SCHOOLMASTER.

AFTER the boys had run for about half a mile they decided to separate for safety, and Cahal, laughing at the peelers' discomfiture and Paddy's disconsolate appearance, went along in high spirits. What excitement there would be when the raid was reported and how surprised he himself would manage to look! He thought he had better not tell Naneen lest she might look wise at some time or another and this new escapade reach The Desmond's ears and anger. No, he would keep it to himself. He knew perfectly well that he was in disgrace with Dr. Nolan, and that Naneen was told to invite him to the house no more; but this bothered him but little. His sweetheart had been meeting him clandestinely and Cahal was so sure of her love that no obstacle looked like any obstacle. Besides, and his face flushed as the thought came to his mind, *he* was a Desmond, whereas Dr. Nolan was—why, he was only a poor physician, the son of an exciseman. Of course he was Naneen's father and that meant a great deal—in fact it meant everything, and Cahal would let him say anything and would never think of retaliating. So he had never spoken of The Desmond's strenuous objections to this “mixing of blood and medicine.” Cahal was about to

frown when a partridge and a brace of grouse, and a young hare sprang up from the ground almost at his feet, and immediately he and his dogs were after them tingling with the sport before them. If he only had a gun, if he only could bring down that grouse. Finn chased one of the hares, Brian sprang madly in the air after the birds, and Cahal, with his eyes all aglow, his cheeks blazing with life and adventure, his fine shoulders held with the grace of a young tiger watched them. He wanted to see blood, he wanted to hear his gun sing its murder message in the air, and he wanted to see the beautiful greensward covered with the life-blood of the little animals before him. His fingers trembled with longing for the touch of a trigger, his teeth were set together, and as the noonday sun fell on him, he looked like a young god setting out on a mission of vengeance. Just then the village schoolmaster came up. He was an old man and he loved Cahal with a love such as he had never given to any human being, young or old.

"Cahal," he said gently, "what are you doing?"

"Keep away—stop!" he cried wildly, as he saw Brian close in on the hare.

"Cahal, my ladeen," said the old schoolmaster again, and just then the hunted hare ran past them and the schoolmaster sprang up and seized the pursuing dog.

"Let him go, let him go, how dare you stop him?" roared the boy madly.

"Why, my ladeen, what do you want with that poor hare, —you're not hungry."

"Hungry? I'm not a pot-hunter," said Cahal indignantly.

"Worse so, my boy. Why should you kill these poor creatures and delight in it?"

"I—I don't know," said Cahal absently, "to be sure, why

should I? Down, Brian. Down, Finn. Sport affects me in a queer way. Why should I, yes, why should I?"

The question seemed to have roused a hundred others in Cahal's mind, and he walked along beside his friend, surprised at himself and hating the bloodthirsty spirit in him.

The old schoolmaster put his arm around the boy's waist and commenced to sing "The Last Rose of Summer," and presently Cahal stopped short in his walk and said softly, "Oh, that's beautiful, Master, beautiful. It is a hymn—it, it strikes the heart in one."

"Yes, it was composed by a broken-hearted man, Cahal. You know how our old bard and harpist Dermuid played it hundreds of years ago in the churchyard, and played it up to the day of his death, and how the people used to cry and mourn, that he who made their hearts light with dance-songs and music, should return to them with that weird, sad strain."

"Do you think it was his chief's wanton cruelty and horrible fall that did it, Master?"

"I think so; Dermuid played it after he returned from his exile. Some men have to have their hearts broken before they do anything great, Cahal."

"Oh, I do not see why," said Cahal.

"The grave is the beginning of life, my ladeen. Sorrow is the birth of joy."

"No, no," cried Cahal. "I'm joyful and I have never known sorrow."

"You do not know joy, my ladeen. You are a sapling, good to look upon, but the wind and the rains must beat upon you before you become a tree of the forest."

"Suffering! I would suffer for Ireland like Michael Dohony, like Lord Edward Fitzgerald, or Wolf Tone, or Emmet, but to suffer within, to feel shame, to have those

you love despise you"—here Cahal stood still, for they had been walking again, and his young face was transfixed with frightened agony—"no, no, not that."

"Christ suffered thus, ladeen," said the schoolmaster, reverently bowing his head at the name of his Lord.

"Christ—oh, here now, that is pious talk—I am speaking of men."

"He was a man, the Son of Man. He felt as keenly as man ever could, and He never piped for the applause of the crowd. You love applause, Cahal—that is, the applause of those you love."

"Master!"

"Hush, ladeen, we all do more or less. You have the making of a great man. You are free from caste pride, from smallness of soul, but all this is God's gift to you. You have not made it so. Many other faults you have, my boy, and they would be even called lovable faults, but they are bad, they will spoil you. Fight those, Cahal, conquer those, and thus will you work out your own salvation. Be a left side man, Cahal. The left side is always the unpopular one, and consequently the right one."

"You ought to be a priest, Master," said Cahal admiringly.

The schoolmaster flushed and a look of pain spread over his features which Cahal's eye noticed at once.

"Oh, dear Master, I have hurt you; forgive me."

"Don't mind it at all, ladeen. I can worship God, and be of as much service to Holy Mother Church down there in my school as if I took Holy Orders. There is a word in Holy Writ I want to whisper to you to-day: 'Woe unto you when all men speak well of you.'"

"Why, that—that is not so," cried Cahal proudly.

"Yes, my boy. Listen." Here the old schoolmaster

paused and said slowly, "I think you can stand a little praise now, ladeen. You have the stuff in you that heroes are made of. You have that in you that catches men and women and makes them follow you. You are young yet and innocent, and you have no conscious pride in yourself. But the day will come when you will awaken to your own powers, and that is the day when you can pray, 'Lead us not into temptation.' People will follow you in droves, you will look upon yourself with dazzled eyes, your modesty will be gone, you will see faults where you only see virtues now. You will see fallible men (every one with their weakness) where you now see heroes. And you will play on the weakness—and—and—then, ladeen, beware. They will all speak well of you. Oh, get to know yourself—*keep on good terms with yourself*. Your own knowledge, not blind praise, must be your guide."

"You speak like a prophet, Master," said Cahal in a low voice.

"I know men. I know you since you were three weeks old, Cahal. I have taught you all I know——"

"Oh, no, no," cried Cahal. "I would remain with you and learn forever from you, but dad wants me to go to Dublin."

"And it is best so, ladeen. Your genius has been awakened by the blackbirds and ravines, but men—bad men, cruel men, false women, true women; the awful tide of the world must awaken and form and chisel your character."

"Oh, Master, if dad only knew me as you do."

The schoolmaster tightened his hold on the boy's hand and both walked on in silence until they reached the village school, around which the children were playing, for it was noon and the hour of recess. The schoolhouse was a neat little house, thatched with rye, and set in at the foot of a

mountain range where ran a stream whose banks were covered with cowslips, buttercups and daisies. The school-house had only one large room, at one end of which was a wide fireplace, which in winter glowed with a warm turf-fire, each scholar contributing a sod of turf daily. The master's desk, covered with copy-books, was near this, and at the other end of the room was the monitor's table. The middle of the house was reserved for classes up for recitation and the rest for long seats and desks, at each of which sat ten or fifteen scholars.

"Come in, children; come, boys and girls, come to classes," cried the master, waving his hand to the romping scholars, and presently they came, trooping into the place, yelling, laughing, arguing and displaying sturdy bare feet and rosy cheeks unequalled by any other country in the world. While the monitor, aided by a couple of the older pupils, was getting them into their seats, Cahal was confiding the story of his morning adventure to the master, and the latter was laughing and stroking his broad forehead, and as Cahal gave a graphic description of the onslaught of the gander and turkeycock, he slapped his knee in great glee. But presently he grew grave again, and said in his old, serious voice: "Cahal, Cahal, this must be kept very quiet, for it would put you in an awful light if it was found out. 'Tis robbing a man, ladeen."

"Master!" cried the boy as if he was struck.

"Yes, yes; you see, the public wouldn't know the real story, and even if they did, ye took nearly eight shillings more from Paddy than was due."

"Oh, I forgot that," said Cahal. "I was for only taking what Paddy owed, but of course that would let him know who we were, for Danny had a big argument with him on

the subject yesterday. I'll talk to the lads about it—what can we do with the extra money?"

"Better talk it over with the boys. It ought to go back to Paddy, but that would mean detection."

"Oh, I will drive a couple of my father's geese in his yard—that will make up for it," said Cahal. "I know Paddy's conscience—he'd never say boo if a hundred stray ganders walked into his domain—he'd just pluck them for safety and say his prayers after."

The schoolmaster laughed and Cahal took a seat near him while the "fifth class" was forming. A little light-haired colleen of fifteen was called upon to recite, and immediately she commenced to giggle. The master looked surprised, but when he glanced down at the foot of the class he saw the cause of it all. Michael Maher, better known by the nickname of Micky Jimmy, was making the sweetest of faces at her and sticking his tongue out at the master. The master's look of surprise struck the funny vein of the class and immediately there was an uproar, but sad and sorry and apprehensive looking were the two culprits, for the disciplinary methods of the master were well known and feared.

"Come up here, Nellie Langan, come here, I say. March up here, Sir Knight—oh, come on, Michael." The two came on amid the roars of the class and the master placed them kneeling together near the fireplace.

"Turn up the whites of your eyes," he ordered, and they, knowing it was as useless to fight a decision of the Medes and Persians as to fight Bernard McClare's commands, obediently turned them up. The apparition nearly drove the whole school into hysterics of laughter, but when the master rose with his ruler in his hand, everyone kept quiet and listened intensely for what was to come. When Nellie

glanced up shyly and saw the tall, sturdy, grey-bearded man looking down at her from behind his specs, his clear blue eyes glistening, partly with boyish amusement, and partly with the gravity of the situation, she blurted into tears. But it was all in vain.

"Nellie," commanded the master, "lift up your hands, now pray," and he whispered a few words into her ear. A few more sobs proceeded from Nellie's direction and then she bravely framed the prayer that had been whispered to her.

"Saints (sniff, sniff) of Glory, come now to me, and save myself (sniff) and Micky Jimmy."

No one laughed louder than Cahal, and in his excitement he cried "Bravo" several times, an exclamation which the youngsters in the back of the room took up. But the master was not done yet with the pair, for Micky had to tread the path of the wrongdoer, too. Of course, being a boy of fourteen, he could not cry as Nellie had done, and so his prayer was offered with all the fierce intensity of one who wanted to get over it as quickly and defiantly as possible. With hands raised in the direction of Nellie, he implored:

*"Forgive me, all who hear my pleading—
'Tis sense and brains I'm sadly needing;
My head is but a mass of jelly
A nice companion for you, Nellie."*

It is difficult to give an impression of the effect of these words on the school. Shrieks of laughter, wells of tears, caused by the overwrought funny feelings of the pupils, stamping of many feet, cries of "Oh, dear, Micky," all greeted the speech. The master stood perfectly still until

the outburst subsided somewhat, and then he raised his ruler and called out: "Back to work, all of you. Sixth class, bring up your composition on agriculture."

It was as if one of the old Druids had stepped out of the forest and had given a magical command. Scratching on slates began at once and immediately three-fourths of the school was occupied with the pointing of pencils and the gathering up of school utensils. After which the master turned his attention for two hours more to training the Celtic mind in the mysteries of the Saxon tongue.

When the day's work was done and the school door locked, Cahal and Mr. McClare turned their feet in the direction of the schoolmaster's house, which was on The Desmond's land and at the back of the big house itself. Here the old man lived alone with his books and his thoughts. The latter were often filled with the glimpses of the McGillicuddy Reeks and the Lakes of Killarney, which he got from his little garden.

"Oh, ladeen, 'tis a lovely land we live in," he said, grasping Cahal's arm tighter as they walked.

"Beautiful," said Cahal. "Master, do—do you ever have a feeling around your heart when you look at the daisies growing and the streams running along so soft-like, and the birdies piping a little weenie tune and the trees so big and bonnie and brave and friendly, do you?"

"Yes, Cahal," said the master, "I do; what heart made by God can help it? To me this land is holy, every land is holy, every bush He forms, every sunset He paints."

"Oh, *you* are so good, Master, but 'tis not He, 'tis my own dear land I love. Look at it, oh, look at it, how grand the reeks look; doesn't Carn Tual stand out like a giant. Master, to think that the day was when bards and harpers and saints and scholars walked this land, and that Eng-

land, our tyrant mistress of to-day, was then in darkness and ignorance. Oh, how they have wronged us."

"When Alfred founded Oxford University he had to go to Ireland for teachers," said the schoolmaster, proudly. "Irishmen at Cremona, at Waterloo, in America, in every land under the sun, have made their power felt, Cahal."

"Tell me a story of the O'Neills, or the McCarthy-Mores, Master."

"Not to-night, my boy; go home and keep calm. This morning while you were out on the moor the Delaneys were turned out of their farm and—and, Mrs. Delaney's baby was born on the roadside."

Cahal stopped as if shot, and his throat dried suddenly as if lime had been sprayed all over it. Through clenched teeth he muttered, "It was not Paddy the Geese I should have called on to-day—why wasn't I here?"

"Cahal, my ladeen, you cannot right everything, and you must think of your father. Of what use would you be before a bailiff and a dozen soldiers—have sense, my boy. I know how you feel; don't I know how I feel myself, but what can we do? It is terrible that as often as poor Mrs. Delaney improved the land or the house her rent was raised, so that her industry was taxed until she could no longer make even ends meet."

"Yes, and Mrs. Delaney's daughter died of consumption only a few months ago, and she had scarcely a shilling to bury the girl."

"Yes, and the landlord knew it."

"Then how could he, how could he? The coward, the wretch; may God blight such men."

"Cahal, Cahal, my ladeen," said the schoolmaster, "go home to your father and then go to meet Naneen. We may both shoulder a musket for Ireland yet, but the time is not

yet come—not yet come. But God is watching—God, our Father. God, who led Patrick to bring us the message of life.”

Cahal looked up at the rapt face of Bernard McClare and his soul grew calm within him, for he knew that a great soul was bending toward him and that he had found kinship.

CHAPTER V.

HEAD CONSTABLE BRODERICK AT TEA.

THROUGH the evening light he walked home with a quieter soul than had ever been his, and there was something in the air around him that was in sympathy with his mood. It seemed to him as if Bernard McClare's spirit accompanied him along the fields, for he heard himself say "Dear, dear old Master" several times. He recalled with a boyish laugh how he used to arrive late for classes when he went to the little academy among the hills, for his father had allowed him to go to the National school after a vain protest against the outrageous assembling of noble and plebeian blood.

Cahal loved the master the first time he saw him, and when he was eight he put his stubborn feet on his father's doorstep and told his tutor he could go, for he would never learn another word except from Mr. McClare. And The Desmond yielded; a thing he regretted often in later life, when Cahal's views were so tinctured by the master's coloring that they were all green; and red was as hateful to him as to the inflammable turkeycock Paddy the Geese sheltered. Cahal remembered as he walked along, how fond he used to be of a horse-trainer named Jeffrey, whose house was on his way to school, and whose stories used to tempt him from the roadway and bring the mas-

ter's droll punishment upon his head afterwards. One morning (he laughed heartily now as he thought of it) he had been unusually late and Mr. McClare placed him on top of his own desk and made him say in a tragic, declamatory voice:

*"I start out for school before nine in the morning,
With horse-training thoughts as my mental adorning.
I go into Jeffrey's and tell many a story,
And you ought to see me in the height of my glory."*

Even now some of his old friends called out when they would meet him, "Here comes Cahal Desmond in the height of his glory," for the village never forgot any of the master's poetic punishments. It was while he was walking through Desmond's woods in this reminiscent mood that Naneen suddenly sprang up before his vision. She had been hiding among some furze bushes, for she knew it was her sweetheart's custom to visit the schoolmaster in the afternoon, and concluded she would meet him returning in time for tea.

"Well, well, what vision of glory is this?" cried Cahal, approaching her, his face full of light.

"It's a substantial vision," said Naneen archly, and the challenge in her eyes sent Cahal's arm around her to test her statement.

"It is, sure enough, and it is substantial sweetness, too. Oh, Naneen, what would the world be without you?"

"What, Cahal?"

The boy blushed beneath her shy, encouraging gaze, and he hid his face on her shoulder as he said "No world at all—at all," and then Naneen crept close to him, and with their hearts beating with the seductive joy of each other's

presence, they forgot that anyone else lived in the world around and about them.

Seconds passed, seconds that only innocent young hearts ever experience, and then the boy spoke. "Naneen," he said, "I don't know what makes us fond of each other; isn't love a queer thing, now?"

"I was just thinking of that, too," said Naneen, with an inspired look. And she thought it a queer coincidence indeed.

"When you are with me, Cahal—I—I—oh, I can't say it—you know."

"Indeed, then, I don't know," cried Cahal, taking her hands from her face, all his bashfulness gone in the desire to hear her spoken love.

"Well, my heart seems to be so big and—you will laugh, I know, if I tell you."

"I will not, Naneen."

"Well, I feel religious."

"Religious," said Cahal, in a very disgusted voice. "I thought you felt fond of me."

"I do—but——"

"Oh, I mean desperately fond—so fond that you would like to marry me and run away with me and be with me always and always."

"Oh, I feel that way, too, but I can't explain, Cahal," and Naneen looked strangely puzzled.

"Religious, religious," mused Cahal. "Well, that bates Bannaher, as Danny Hickey says. Why, some days I don't even say my prayers."

"Oh, you ought to, Cahal; God and His Blessed Mother will take care of you, if you do, and you need more taking care of than lots of people."

Cahal laughed at the grave face and naïve innocence of

his sweetheart and then said, "And is that the way I make you feel religious—'tis saving my soul you will be next."

"Do not tease, Cahal. You make me feel religious because you do not seem to care for yourself."

"Why should I—you care for me."

"And you do not think of—kissing me all the time."

"Oh, you rogue, you diplomat," cried Cahal, as he kissed her over and over. "Then never again will I make you feel religious. And is it in that roundabout way you have to coax for a kiss?"

"Oh, Cahal," said the girl in an almost tearful voice. "You know I did not do it for that. Why did I talk about it. Of course you could not understand and now I feel ashamed."

"Indeed, then, you don't need to, alanna,—look at that sunset—oh, Naneen, look."

Naneen looked, and instinctively Cahal removed his cap and bowed his head, and over his face there swept a rapt, divine look.

"That's it, that's it," cried Naneen, pointing her finger at him. "You are the only boy I know who would care for a sunset, or for people in trouble, or for talking to a girl, except about courting—that is why you make me feel religious."

A little of what she meant reached Cahal's soul, and great gladness took possession of him, and over his being there ran a thrill of something he knew not what; something that made him want to stretch his hands up to the sky. He had it once before when he was a child. He had been out in the garden watching the growing flowers, and when a soft, Irish rain commenced to fall, he cried bitterly because he could not cover and shelter them. Moll Sullivan tried to discover the cause of his sorrow, but he was

ashamed to tell her, and when she offered him sweets and bread and marmalade he ran away to his own room, and looked out at the sky above him and stretched his little arms out "to mamma and God."

Naneen felt something of what was going on within his heart, and when the chimes of Castlemullin church came across the fields to them, she bowed her head and said: "Let us say the angelus, Cahal."

"You commence, Naneen."

"The angel of the Lord declared unto Mary; now you answer, Cahal."

"And she conceived by the Holy Ghost."

"Behold the handmaid of the Lord."

"Be it done unto me according to thy word."

"And the Word was made flesh," concluded the girl, solemnly.

"And dwelt among us," answered her sweetheart, and at that moment Dr. Nolan and Head Constable Broderick appeared.

The lovers blushed and looked frightened and ashamed. Cahal felt disgraced forever, for he had been caught saying his prayers; and he dreaded, too (for Naneen's sake) the anger of the doctor.

The Head raised his cap and bowed low to the girl, after which he nodded pleasantly to Cahal. The doctor merely grinned a dry salute and said: "After grace tea; I will accept the pleasure of your company, Naneen. Your mother is waiting for you, so is my tea, which I like to have fresh, as you know."

"I—I did not know it was so late."

"No, evidently. Why don't you be gracious and invite the Head to a bite; he must be hungry after his hunt for evil-doers," Here he glanced slyly at Cahal.

"Yes, it has been a hard day. I suppose you know Paddy the Geese was robbed this morning, Miss Nolan. I have worked my constables to death. Mr. Cahal, you may tell your father we hope to have the prisoners before him to-morrow."

"Did they steal Paddy or his geese?" asked Cahal.

"They assaulted the poor helpless old man and robbed him of five pounds."

Cahal was about to say: "The rascal; he lies," but he discreetly whistled instead, and his whistle of surprise completely deceived all three. Not that anyone would suspect him of an outrage such as Paddy the Geese described, but he knew it behooved him to be careful.

"You are coming to tea with us, Head Constable Broderick," said Naneen kindly.

"Indeed, it is an honor," said the Head, bowing after the careful direction of his etiquette book.

"And you, too, Mr. Desmond?" stammered Naneen. Her father looked as if he would like to growl a decided "how dare you ask him," but Cahal drew himself up proudly and said in a haughty voice, strange and new to Naneen: "I, too, would be honored, but The Desmond is expecting me to be at home." Then he raised his cap, bowed and walked away.

"The Desmond, pshaw!" cried Dr. Nolan, snapping his fingers. "I never heard the lad show off his blood before. He is getting proud. It ill becomes a revolutionary com-moner to flaunt his father's title in the faces of com-mon people. Don't you think so, Head?"

The Head glanced at Naneen, and seeing the pain there he said kindly: "Oh, he is young, a young fellow, a nice boy, doctor. Now, may be I would sport a title myself if I had one."

Naneen looked at him gratefully but said nothing. Dr. Nolan was determined to carry his point, however, for, though a kind-hearted man, his prejudices ruled him, and Cahal, who was once a great favorite of his, was now becoming an object of dislike. This was principally because Naneen and Mrs. Nolan defended him, and because Cahal himself acted as if he did not think it worth while.

"I believe in a man with *personal* worth, Head, a man of the people like you yourself who earns his title through sheer pluck and ability."

The Head showed his pleasure and Naneen's blood grew warm. "Cahal believes the same thing, father; you know these are his views," she said.

"Oh, that boy is liable to have any and all kinds of views," answered her father. "Sometimes I think he is teething."

The dry sarcasm in the doctor's voice and the look of blank indignation in Naneen's face caused the Head to caress his mustache for several seconds, and then seeing his opportunity he said: "I declare, I believe I am getting some eye teeth myself. I have had the most beastly toothache to-day; do you think one sees better after his eye teeth grow, Miss Nolan?"

"I do not know," laughed Naneen, "but if he does I should think there ought to be a rule that a constable receives no promotion until he gets them."

"'Pon my soul, that is good," laughed the Head, and the doctor smiled a little in spite of himself.

Mrs. Nolan was an invalid, graceful, small and clinging, and she worshiped her husband and her daughter and loved Cahal very much. The Head knew this and he devoted most of the evening to her and played dominoes with such skill that she felt better than for many days. "You do me

almost as much good as Cahal Desmond," she confided to him when her husband was not listening.

"He is a fine lad," said the Head.

"Indeed, indeed, he is, Head; and the lad has no mother and his pranks are only the outburst of energy."

"I always thought so," said the Head emphatically. And then Mrs. Nolan discussed the boy's thoughtfulness of her, his goodness and generous heart, until the Head was raging within and smiling without. As Naneen moved around the room he watched her with a new longing in his heart, a longing not only to win her and satisfy the love that had been growing for a year, but to show the proud lad he had been discussing, that his head would have to fall before a plebeian Head Constable. He had a chance to chat with Naneen for five minutes before he left, and the girl was glad to be gracious and kind to him, for did he not defend her Cahal, and was he not attentive to her dear sick mother?

"You will come again, Head Constable Broderick," she said, as the police officer rose to leave.

"As often as I am welcome, Miss Nolan."

"You will always be welcome," Naneen said kindly, and then she noticed the man's look of admiration, but it did not displease her, for the Head was a handsome man and Parson Dason's daughter was openly in love with him. Besides, Naneen felt she was bringing more to Cahal if other men admired her.

But her father had other thoughts, and that night before going to bed he appeared in his daughter's room and said: "Naneen, when you want to say your prayers in future, don't ask Cahal Desmond to play parish clerk. I will send you off to France if you ever see that boy alone again."

"Papa, I—I—love Cahal."

"Another sign that you take after your mother's people. They were all fools, every one of them."

"Maybe they were," said Naneen, significantly, and the doctor smiled grimly. He liked the spirit he was discovering little by little in his daughter, but he was prepared to curb an overflow of it.

"Naneen, I am serious, and you had better accept my judgment. I gave the boy a fair trial, but he will never amount to anything. He insulted me to-night with his father's empty title."

"Why, papa, you were cruel. You invited the Head to tea and never said a word to Cahal, and when I asked him you looked as if you could eat me."

"What I have said, I say again; what I have done I will do again. Naneen, are you going to meet that boy alone again?"

"Once, father, once at least, to talk it over with him," said the girl, her voice shaking.

The father's face softened, and if Naneen were a little older and wiser she might have won him, then, but when he said, "Very well, ask him to call here some evening," she said: "No, never; he is not wanted here and I will not ask him to come."

Dr. Nolan smiled and said: "Very well. I can trust you—you may see him once; good night."

"Good night," Naneen said curtly, and she slept no dreamless sleep that night.

CHAPTER VI.

AFTER THE GARDEN PARTY.

It was four weeks later and The Desmond was giving a garden party, for Cahal was going back to school the next day, and he wanted to show off his handsome boy as well as his handsome daughters. His sister, who was the wife of Sir Roland Bronson, an absentee landlord, had taken up her residence at the house for a week, and the result was a most charming *fête champêtre*.

Sir Roland himself had arrived with a young gentleman from the County Wicklow, who was introduced to the guests as Charles Stewart Parnell, and who seemed to take more pleasure in looking around him and strolling alone on the grounds than in anything else. Never had the grounds looked prettier, everyone was sure of that. Lady Bronson's trained hand was visible everywhere—in the beautiful and carefully trimmed lawns, in the cosy and gayly covered tent where refreshments were awaiting the unrefreshed, in the stringed orchestra hidden amid the shrubbery, in the ease and informality that characterized everything. Lady Bronson was sharing the expenses, too, for the sake of Desmond's daughters who, she was in the habit of declaring, would never marry anyone unless she took them in hand. Beautiful girls they looked, in their soft organdie

dresses, and Cahal was quite ready to agree with Captain Hurley that they both were "stunning."

The Desmond had eyes for no one except his handsome boy, who looked every inch a young Celtic chief in his white serge suit, which a Dublin tailor had sent down the day before, after The Desmond's purse had been emptied of almost its last halfpenny. Naneen and her father and mother came late, and the girl looked like a veritable fairy in the white soft muslin her mother had elected to dress her in, but she was shy and distraught and talked absently to Sir Roland, who was swearing under his brandy-freighted breath that she was a deucedly lovely girl. Fortunately for him Cahal was no mindreader. Indeed, at that very moment he was talking trivialities to Captain Hurley's sister, and Andy Delaney, who enjoyed being called the merriest chap in the barony, was gossiping to them both about everybody.

"Your aunt looks as if the universe depends on her, Cahal; she is a great woman, and if she does not succeed in selling you cheap to some simple-minded heiress, I'm surprised."

"How much do you think I ought to go for, Andy?" asked Cahal.

"Better appeal to Miss Hurley, she may be on the look-out for a bargain," said Andy, merrily.

Miss Hurley protested, and then Andy put up his hands in horror. "There is Parnell," he cried. "Blood and Thunder," as my man says, "has Lady Bronson planned a wholesale assassination?"

"Is that Parnell the—the patriot? My aunt never said a word about bringing him," said Cahal, and he stared with brightened eyes across the lawn, at a tall, fair, brown-bearded gentleman, who was talking to Lady Bronson in a

voice she thought peculiarly winning, because of its admixture of English and Irish accent. At that moment Naneen hove in sight and distracted all concerned.

"What a sweet looking girl," said Lady Bronson to Mr. Parnell.

"Yes, a fair, pleasing face," he returned; "a mere child, is she not?"

"Oh, I think she is seventeen, or so. Her father is the town physician and an old friend of The Desmond. They have no blood, but they are nice people to know in an out of the way hole like this. Doctor Nolan is very loyal."

"Prosperous physicians usually are," said Mr. Parnell, carelessly.

"Everyone is, except our mad peasantry and yourself," said Lady Bronson, and then she smiled and said: "Since you are a confirmed old bachelor, Mr. Parnell, I do not suppose you would care to be presented to Miss Nolan."

"Even confirmed old bachelors of thirty-one like nice children," said Mr. Parnell, smiling, and then Lady Bronson took him to Naneen and left him there.

Naneen was shy and lonely, and she was not in a mood to talk, but when she discovered that Mr. Parnell was in sympathy with the cause of the people, and had been returned as a Home Rule member for County Meath, she became suddenly interested.

"Oh, I saw your name in the paper. You are trying to make them mad in Parliament—or something, are you not, Mr. Parnell?"

"I hope I can do *something*, Miss Nolan," said the member for Meath, kindly, and as the girl before him talked enthusiastically about the cause of her country, the natural reserve that was such a prominent feature of Parnell's character disappeared.

"Why, I believe you are half a rebel," he said, smiling as he walked with her to the tent for an ice.

"No," she said, "I hate rebellion, and fighting, but Cahal—young Mr. Desmond is such an enthusiast, and—"

Naneen flushed furiously. "Oh," thought Mr. Parnell, "and you are in love with him and see it through his eyes." Aloud he said, "Where is Mr. Desmond? I should like to talk with him. His aunt has been talking to me about him." Naneen blushed and nodded to Cahal, who came shyly toward her, and the naïveté of the babes in the wood dispelled the coldness most people felt in Mr. Parnell's presence.

"Parnell—Charles Stewart, is it?" asked Cahal.

"Yes."

"Oh," the boy cried, and pleasure beamed on his face. "You are the guerilla fighter of the British Parliament. Nan—Miss Nolan, this is the man I said I would go a thousand miles to meet."

Mr. Parnell smiled and bowed. "Why?" he asked presently.

"To tell you I was glad that a landlord and a gentleman espoused our people's cause, but to tell you, too, you have chosen the wrong way."

"You do not believe then, in parliamentary legislation?"

"The sword, no quarter," cried Cahal. "England will never give Ireland anything except she is compelled to do so."

Mr. Parnell looked thoughtful, and then, in an apparently unmoved way said: "I hope Young Ireland will stand by us in our fight. O'Connell won more through persistent fighting at Westminster than all the Fenians put together. Ireland cannot fight the greatest power on earth—not with the sword."

"Our people are brave," said Cahal, proudly. "They have never been crushed and made loyal like Scotland. England has starved, and burned, and enslaved, and killed, but the peasantry has come back again and again whenever a leader appeared."

"All very true, my boy, but all to no purpose. Heaven forbid that I should lead them to death and defeat again."

At this juncture Captain Hurley, younger son of a landed proprietor near Killarney, came up for Naneen. Her mother had sent him in quest of her, and she tried to smile pleasantly as she walked with him. Cahal gave a covert meaning look at his sweetheart and turned again to the budding Irish leader. One after another of the guests gathered around and took part in the discussion, but Parnell was deaf to all that was said by everyone except Cahal. Indeed, he made few responses of any kind. He was studying the boy quietly, and while he was moved by his earnestness he showed no outward sign of it. Most of the guests looked amused or annoyed, and Captain Hurley expressed the public sentiment fairly well when he said: "Oh, Desmond, these people you are defending would cut your throat if they got a chance. They hate us all."

"And why?" asked Cahal.

"Blessed if I know," said Captain Hurley, blankly and frankly, and Cahal laughed in spite of his indignation.

"Do you not think that in order to make your throat safer it would be well to inquire?" he asked.

"I'm going back to England in a few days—that is easier," said the captain, gaily.

"I have often thought," said Parnell, "how nice it is to have the Channel so convenient. Lady Bronson, I hear you are going to America soon. Has Dame Rumor quoted you correctly?"

"Yes," said Lady Bronson, looking at the calm, courteous gentleman before her with almost as much curiosity as Captain Hurley was expressing in his face.

"Of course you will look up my mother. She loves America, and we cannot make her happy at home."

"No doubt the Old Ironside of the American Navy is responsible for that," remarked The Desmond.

"To be sure," said Sir Roland. "Why, Parnell, I quite forgot that you had American blood in your veins. Commodore Stewart was your cousin, was he not?"

"No, thank you; my grandfather," said Parnell, laughing. "I have been accused of old bachelorhood to-day, but I do not want the distinction of being as old as the American navy."

Here Captain Hurley's sister appealed to Cahal to nip the political blossom in the bud, by arming everybody with tennis racquets, and as he and she walked away together, Naneen's heart felt the first pang of approaching jealousy. Beatrice Hurley was tall, dark and striking in appearance, and the dash and freshness of the younger Desmond appealed to her. Though only twenty years old, she had mingled with the society world long enough to be rather disgusted with its debonair men who posed, its fops who clothed and its wornout old lords who dozed. Her own brother was an empty-headed good-natured fellow who liked to be pleasing to women, who loved sentimental intrigues, and who hated military duty.

"I do not like politics," she confided to Cahal. "I am stupid about anything deep."

"The politics we are discussing are not hard to understand," said Cahal. "It is a mere question of right and wrong."

"He might have said something nice," thought Miss

Hurley, and she did not look pleased when Cahal commenced to educate her by giving her primary lessons in local affairs. After a time she listened, however, and said vaguely, "I see, I see," and then she elevated her eyebrows and with a roguish smile asked, "Would you marry an English girl, Mr. Desmond?"

"If she was nice, and if I was not in love with an Irish one," said Cahal, laughing.

"As nice as who would she have to be—Cinderella or Venus?" asked the teasing young lady, pursuing her query mirthfully.

"Oh, if she resembled you, perhaps I might be tempted to desert my country," said Cahal mischievously.

"So I am not as nice as Cinderella or Venus. Behold an Irishman without gallantry."

"Having never seen either I cannot judge, but I would not be jealous of them if I were you—shall I get you a mirror?"

"Oh, you have made your *faux pas* a step to brilliancy. No, do not trouble yourself. Besides, there is the Irish girl still in the way."

"You are English, are you not, Miss Hurley?"

"Yes—how unfortunate. My father is Irish, though."

"That does not make it much better," said Cahal, pretending to look distressed.

"It would if the other girl was out of the way," said Miss Hurley, with a smile and a sweetly wicked toss of her head.

"You tempt me to invite her to lunch on arsenic."

"Oh, not that. That sounds too much like a Latin divorce. Just let me give her something to make her heavy and stupid and dull."

"Have her presented at Court," said Cahal, and then they both ran off laughing and joined the tennis players.

Captain Hurley noticed their happy faces, and said to The Desmond, "The lad is in more danger talking to Beatrice than to Parnell." Naneen, who was standing by, heard it, and her face clouded for an instant, but her heart assured her that Cahal was loyal and true, and when their eyes met a moment later it was not hard for her to translate her lover's look of adoration. Nor was it a dead language to Beatrice Hurley, who looked at the same time and felt a pang she would not be willing to designate with an Anglo-Saxon name.

The day was gone, the guests had all driven away with the exception of Sir Roland and Lady Bronson. Parnell had grasped Cahal's hand and expressed a wish to meet him in Dublin some time, and the boy had responded with hero-worshipping fervor. And now, with the shades of night around him, he was waiting in Desmond woods for Naneen. She had promised to come to him to say good-bye, and he sat on a mossy bank in the shade of several grand old oaks thinking. His face was buried in his hands, for he knew from the few stolen letters that had passed between them that they were to be separated, and he did not know whether to rebel or to accept the dictum of fate and Dr. Nolan, and wait. As he sat there, bitter and sweet thoughts crowded into his head. He thought of the days when Doctor Nolan welcomed him and smiled on the affection he knew was developing between the young people; he thought of the afternoon rambles with Naneen, of the teas out in the garden, of the way Mrs. Nolan mothered and spoiled him, and then over against that was the thought of his going away with nothing but a mere for-

mal handshake from Naneen's father and mother. His meeting with Parnell had somehow told him that henceforth his life would be in the busy world where there would be more of turmoil than of Naneen, and some thought of turning back, instead of going forward, was finding its way into his soul as he sat there in the quiet.

"Cahal, Cahal, where are you?"

The boy sprang to his feet and following the direction of the voice he looked and saw a veritable wood-nymph standing between the trees, where the moonlight struck. He held his breath for a moment and the memory of that sweet, shy, face with its expectant look, the small, trembling hands pushing back the branches which covered their owner's with the forest glory—Cahal knew that that would never leave him.

"I am here—I am coming to you, darling," he said, in a low voice, and a moment later he was beside her and her hands were imprisoned in his. The boy saw that she still had her thin dress on, so he took off his coat and putting it gently around her, drew her to a seat beside him on a log. How still the night was! Save for a faint murmur in the trees, not a sound disturbed the silence of the hour in which these two young people expressed the anguish of their parting by looking at the greensward at their feet. Not a word could either say. A bird in a near-by tree fluttered his wings and flew off to another branch, and still they remained dreaming in the silence. Away off in the distance a mountain stream was flowing, and it sent its message of cool, soft, soothing song to them. The tree above them blew a green leaf on the girl's head and Cahal, seeing it, smiled. "It's a good sign, darling," he whispered, and pulling down several he strung them into a garland and placed them on Naneen's head.

"My queen, my queen," he murmured.

"I will be lonely without you," said the girl, looking up at her lover with wet eyes.

"My heart will be yours, Naneen."

"I know it, but, oh, Cahal, these woods will be so big and black and cold and I won't have you to come to me when I am lonely or to walk home from mass on Sunday—the day will seem as long as a fortnight."

"But we will write to each other, my collen bawn."

"No, we cannot write. Mamma has been strangely turned against you and has asked me to do as papa says."

"She—has," gasped Cahal. "Why, darling, *she* knew me, and she knew how fond I was of her."

"Oh, don't I know it, my Cahal. Everything seems against us. I was so sure that mamma would always stand by you."

"And you have no clue at all?"

"No—no, Cahal. I cannot bear the thought of a separation from you. My heart is heavy, some way. It is as if we were to part forever."

"No, that cannot be, it *must* not be."

"Naneen," cried the boy, and in sudden desperation he said: "Let us get married."

"Oh, Cahal, I dare not; besides we are so young."

"Oh, we will get over that," said Cahal, "but we will never get over being separated. Naneen, let us say good-bye as husband and wife. Darling, don't refuse me."

"Oh, Cahal, I must; besides we would not dare to go to any priest here—hush, there is a step."

The lovers crouched back in the shadow of a mossy bank and peering through the trees they saw a bowed figure enter the clearing and kneel down.

"It's the Master," said Cahal, in surprise, and he was

about to call to him when the old man lifted his hands to heaven and cried tremblingly: "Father—great God, hear my plea in Jesus' name. It is twenty-five years to-night since I took off the priest's garments and renounced the vow I made, but in all those years no woman's voice has sounded pleasant to me, no desire of earth has seemed dear. I have loved my ladeen only, and I have prayed and longed that he might kneel before Thee as Thy small son, but Thou hast not blest my eyes with the sight. He goes away to-morrow and he enters the field of the world, for Thou hast let me see that Desmond woods will not ring with my Cahal's voice for many a year."

"Oh, Cahal," sobbed Naneen aloud, partly from terror, and partly from the intense suspense, and when her cry reached the master's ears he knelt as if transfixed. Cahal went to him and helped the old man to rise, and then reverently and lovingly kissed him.

"Are you alone?" were the master's first words.

"No, Naneen is with me,—Father."

"Oh, no, not that name, Cahal. You—you heard that, I am a priest without a church."

"I heard that—I *know* you to be a saint. Come and kiss him, Naneen." The girl obeyed timidly, and then the three sat on the log, the master in the middle, and he told them his story and they promised that no other ears would ever hear it.

"I was destined for the Church from my birth up, children," he said, "and so when I was ordained and sent to Queen's County as a curate in a small village, I made up my mind to be happy. My mother came almost a hundred miles to hear me say mass and preach and I thought she would never tire of caressing my priestly robes. She was so happy that I was too, and while she lived everything

went well. But somehow, children, it came to me that I, as well as others, only took Holy Orders as a profession, and whenever I heard a confession I used to tremble for fear I was not teaching souls the truth. When I read the Holy Scriptures and the Fathers I failed to find many of the doctrines Holy Mother Church taught. I will not go into details now for it might shake the faith of you, but I knew I had to leave or be untrue to the voice within. I saw no sin in the Church to drive me out of it, though of course I saw weakness and mental tyranny, but when the Bishop found I had sympathy with those he called apostates, he let me know I was a marked man. I could not pray to created beings, dead thousands of years ago, and I could not see why a man could not live outside the Mother Church and its rites and ceremonies and yet worship our Blessed Lord in spirit and truth. I did not want controversies so I sorrowfully quit the Church and stole away one night under cover of darkness. I went to England for about a year and then came here and the rest *everybody* knows."

"They do *not* know," cried Cahal, "they do not know that it's a living saint of the Most High that is living among them."

"Oh, I love Him, ladeen," said the old man.

"Are you a Protestant?" asked Naneen.

"No, no," answered the master with more warmth than Cahal had ever noticed in him. "I love the Mother Church. It is she who has preserved the truth for us, the blessed truth of the Incarnation. It was out of her breast the Reformers sprang. Only for her we would have no Bible to fight about. She has been the patron of the beautiful and the true. Let us say that for her, when we admit

she burned and slaughtered heroes and sought to destroy intellect."

"Oh, no, you are mistaken," cried Naneen, moving away from him. "The Catholic Church never did that."

"Pope Adrian sold this country to England for Peter's Pence," said the master slowly. "What Protestantism did in Ireland was only a reproduction of what Catholicism did in Spain, in France and in Germany."

"Cahal," cried Naneen. She was staring with wide open eyes at the master, and Cahal put his arm around her reassuringly, and the master smiled at the act.

"God bless you, dear children," he said, and the tender voice won Naneen's smile again.

"Master," said Cahal, and his face was knitted with earnestness, "Naneen and I love each other. We are going to be separated for awhile, and her father and mother want it to be forever. My father has ambitions of his own for me, too, but I love Naneen more than anyone—more than anyone."

Cahal paused and the master said, "Yes, ladeen," and stroked Naneen's head.

"We must not be separated, must we, Naneen?" continued the boy.

"No," answered the girl in an almost imperceptible voice.

"You are a priest. Will you marry us?"

The master did not answer. The girl staggered back and the boy stood looking at them both.

"I was never suspended by the Church, Cahal; because no one knew whether I was dead or alive, but——"

"You are a priest—nay, a prince of the Church, Master. Do not say it is wrong to marry us. I know my own mind, so does Naneen. We are everything to each other—speak, mavourneen."

"Oh, but mamma and papa, Cahal."

Cahal set his teeth tightly together. "They promised you to me once, Naneen, then they sought to break our hearts by separating us. You love me; there is no stain on my white name. Why not let the master marry us?"

The master moved away and Cahal pleaded with the girl until every fear had fled and with her whole soul full of the love of Cahal she only wanted to be his.

"I am yours, my Cahal, forever and ever," she said and Cahal beckoned to the teacher-priest.

"We are ready," he said. "Master, you must have no scruple—they promised her to me a year ago."

The master looked at the imperious, commanding lad and peered beyond him into the future and then said, "I have no scruples, Cahal."

He moved into an open space between the trees and beckoned to them to follow, and Cahal drew a ring from his finger that had been his mother's in years gone by.

The moon shone down bright and beautiful at that moment, and Cahal looked with pride at the little white figure beside him with the garland on her dark hair.

The old man raised his hands reverently and uttered a short, fervent prayer, and then, turning to the two before him he said:

"My children, I give you to each other in the love of God, for it is the love that Christ loved His Church with that typifies this holy union. Cahal, you are to love Naneen thus; living for her, loving her alone, dying, if needs be, for her. Naneen, you are to love Cahal thus, looking to him as your head, but in no slavish obedience, loving him, reflecting glory on him, and reflecting his glory as the Church of Christ does through its head, and dying for him, if necessary."

After a solemn pause, he said:

"Cahal, do you take her whom you hold by the hand to be your companion and equal through Christ, your wife in the sight of God?"

"I do," answered Cahal.

"Naneen, do you take Cahal to be your companion and equal, your husband in the sight of God?"

"I do."

"Put on the ring, Cahal."

Cahal obeyed and then the master said in a low voice:

"And now in the presence of God Almighty, I pronounce you one. Whom God hath joined let no man put asunder. The Lord bless you and keep you, the Lord make his face to shine upon you. The Lord lift up His countenance upon you both and give you peace. Amen."

It was all over. The master kissed them both, and whispered, "Naneen Desmond," and Naneen blushed and turned to her husband, and then the old man moved away after whispering his good-bye to Cahal and telling him he would see him at the railway station in the morning.

"My love, my queen, my wife!" cried Cahal, and his gladness filled the evening air with melody.

"Call me that again, darling," said Naneen in a trembling voice as glad as Cahal's.

"Call you what, dear?"

"Your—your—wife."

"My wife, my own dear wife, forever."

"Oh, Cahal, I am happier than I thought I ever could be. No one can take you from me, now," and across Naneen's mind there flashed a thought of Beatrice Hurley.

"No one ever could, Naneen. We have had no music at our wedding, and I want to hear some—call me your husband, dear."

"Oh, no. I cannot—I will write it to you, but I cannot say it now," and the girl's face was as red as the roses beyond Desmond wood.

"Very well, then—Naneen."

"Yes."

"You will write to me, and I will write to you, sending the letter in the care of the master. You promised not to write to your lover, but I am your husband, and whom God hath joined no one can separate."

"I will write, Cahal."

"Then good-bye, darling."

"Good-bye, Cahal," said Naneen, and husband and wife kissed each other and left their marriage altar gleaming in the moonlight. Cahal walked almost to her father's house with his wife and then he retraced his steps and kissed the ground where they had stood together. Then he hid the garland under his coat and walked home with legions of angels—everyone singing his nuptial song.

CHAPTER VII.

THREE REBELS DINE TOGETHER.

CAHAL had been in Dublin several months and he was sitting in his room in the Civil Service Hotel, overlooking Usher's Quay and talking with Captain Hurley. The Captain was on a flying visit to Dublin and as he and his sister were leaving early in the morning on the Kingston boat for Liverpool he was busily engaged in trying to induce Cahal to give up his studies and go out for a drive in the Park with them.

"The Phoenix was never more beautiful, nor was Beatrice," said the Captain, "and you had better come, Desmond."

"I have these tasks to get through with," said Cahal, looking at his books and then out at the clock on the Quay, "and I have several letters to write and there is a political speech of Parnell's I must finish."

"Oh, if Beatrice knew the excuses. Do better than that, Desmond, or she will never forgive you."

"I should greatly enjoy a drive, but 'pon my word, I do not see how I can manage them all. When a fellow is in school, you know——" Cahal stopped short and frowned. He knew his excuses were poor and that all he wanted to remain home for was to read Naneen's letter which had arrived a few minutes before his visitor.

"Well, I suppose I will have to let you off, then, Desmond," said the Captain a little stiffly as he got up and looked out the window.

"Sorry, old chap," said Cahal penitently, but with a distinct note of relief in his voice.

"When do you go to Trinity?" asked the Captain carelessly.

"In a few months, my coach says, but I do not know if I will go at all. I am not anxious."

"You are at a classical school now?"

"Yes."

"You are not lodged very comfortably down here," said the Captain, and then he regretted he had said it, for he suddenly remembered that the Desmonds were not overburdened with wealth.

"Oh," laughed Cahal. "I think it is delightful—so plain and homelike and cosy, just like Castlemullin. Why, do you know, the landlady got a quart of goat's milk for me one day when I was homesick."

"Goat's milk," cried the Captain, laughing. "Desmond, what a baby you are. I believe if you were in London you would want goat's milk and potatoes."

"And butter and brook trout," added Cahal, smacking his lips, "a delightful meal, Hurley."

"What else?" asked the Captain.

"Periwinkles—they are grand," said Cahal, "and home-made raisin bread and jam."

"Oh, Lord, give me roast beef and stout, or oysters and champagne," said the Captain, laughing.

"I cannot imagine my caring for stout or champagne."

"You cannot?" gasped the Captain. "Have you ever sampled either?"

"No," said Cahal. "I am afraid if I did the spring in Desmond woods would not taste the same to me."

"It would not," said the Captain slowly, and a moment later he said good-bye.

When he joined his sister he announced Cahal's reason for not going for a drive and then added: "Bea, that's the simplest-hearted fellow that ever lived. I am almost glad he is a rebel."

"Why?" asked Beatrice.

"Because it will keep him from being a society man," said her brother, wearily, and Beatrice said nothing, but something within her spoke so loud that she feared her brother's sharp ear would catch what it said.

"Naneen, Naneen, my own darling," said Cahal, as he broke the seal of the letter he had secretly caressed as he talked with the Captain.

"What a hand she writes," he added admiringly, and indeed Naneen's chirography was strong and resolute and very unlike the writing of a loving, bashful country girl.

"My Darling Boy:" (Cahal read) "It is just after mass and before dinner is served I will write to you. When your picture came yesterday a foolish little joy sob nearly choked me for a minute, for it looked so much like you that it seemed as if you must be there looking right into my eyes like you used to do. I saw Terry just after, and you know, Cahal, he looks the very image of you, and because of both things I wanted you so much all day that I nearly sold a feather bed to Paddy the Geese and set out for Dublin. Only for the master I don't know what I would do, but he is so good and we have long walks and talks together and he says I make him less lonesome for you too. I hate the de-

ception awfully, but what could we do? Oh, if my father only knew—if anyone knew that I am your wife!

"Head Constable Broderick always asks me about you and he praises you so much that I like him in spite of the fact that he wears the Queen's blue. But some of the police officers are nice after all, and though the people do not believe it, they are tender-hearted. The Head arrested a lot of men at Castlemullin the other night and they were taken off to the county town the next day to be tried at the assizes. They are moonlighters and were found with revolvers and threatening letters to landlords in their pockets. Some people think the moonlighters will spread all over the country like the Whiteboys and the Fenians, but the Head thinks it is only a local secret society and will soon die out. The police are taking firearms away from everybody, and even my father had a hard time getting a license for his gun. Sub-Constable Kelly told my father that the Head felt so badly when he had to arrest the men that he could not sleep all night, but as it was an important capture it is thought he will be made Inspector of Police.

"I was glad my darling, warm-hearted ladeen was not at home when the trouble came, but, oh, dear, I hope he is not looking at the pretty girls in Dublin and forgetting his poor little Naneen. The Head says there are hundreds of beauties there, and that being a Desmond you would be invited to the Castle. Of course I know Beatrice Hurley is going to Dublin for a few days, and I am cross to think of anyone daring to look at you as she did the day of the garden-party. But *you* never looked at anyone as you did at me, love, did you? The love-light used to sparkle so that I wanted to go down in your soul and kiss it, only I was too shy to tell you so. Your letter was so good to get, Cahal. It was just like a white dove let loose from your hand to fly

straight to my heart. But I will not have you say you are not worthy of me. My noble-hearted boy, don't I want and need to grow to appreciate every bit of you?

"Oh, such a catastrophe happened last night. Johnny Patterson's circus came to town and we all went to it, and as I had no pocket I asked Molly Haines to put the key of my clothes-closet in hers. I had hidden your letters in the closet so that my winter dresses would be quite permeated with love by wearing time. Well (oh, I'm quite breathless in explaining) I forgot to ask her for the key and I had to go to bed letterless. I thought the morning would never come. I hear my father calling, so good-bye, good-bye, good-bye, good-bye, with a hug over each one, from your Naneen—who is your wife."

Cahal kissed the letter over and over, and in his mind's eye he saw Naneen blushing scarlet as she wrote that last sentence—"Your Naneen, who is your wife." He repeated it tenderly and then a strange swelling filled his throat and he laid his head on his hands. After a few minutes of thought he got up and walked up and down the floor and presently said to himself with great surprise in his voice, "I am a married man,—a married *man*." When he had received the consent of his mind to this, he said again: "I ought not to be in school. I ought to be fighting for fame and a name to offer her, and my country needs me, too." This thought put an end to his usefulness for the time being so he put on his hat and strolled out.

It was almost dusk when he reached the Four Courts, and having nothing else to do he stood before the historic old building and watched the red-coated soldiers who paraded up and down and eyed the servant girls and ladies' maids. An artillery sergeant and his sweetheart passed Cahal and

their closely-linked arms and whispered words sent his mind flying away from Dublin and the gas-lighted streets to the shadows of Desmond wood, and the coaxing sound of a shy girlish voice.

"Beg pardon, sir."

"Granted," said Cahal as soon as the concussion he had received made speech possible, but he said it gruffly, and he glared crossly at the tall man who had rushed out of the Four Courts with a telegram in his hand and did him the honor of not noticing that he was in the way. The man did notice him a second later, however, and said:

"Oh—you—you are my Kerry boy."

"Why, Mr. Parnell!" cried Cahal, and his face flushed with delight at the thought that his hero remembered him.

"Still a patriot?"

"Always will be."

"You have not become a moonlighter, have you?"

"No, have *you*?" asked Cahal.

Parnell smiled, and then said, "Do you think they would have me?"

"Have *you*," echoed Cahal in astonishment.

Parnell said nothing for a moment and Cahal gave him an enthusiastic description of Kerry's devotion and of his own impressions of the man before him.

"Are the Fenians strong down there?" were the first words of the member for Meath, and apparently he had not heard one word of all the praise.

"I do not know," said Cahal, and he felt strangely chilled.

"Good-night. I am stopping at Morrison's Hotel, and would be glad to have you dine with me to-night at six if you care to."

"I care to—very much," faltered Cahal, and Parnell

bowed pleasantly and walked away without uttering another word.

Cahal stood looking after him for several seconds and then went back to his hotel to dress. At six sharp he appeared at Morrison's, a little nervous, but very much determined to form an alliance with the non-communicative gentleman who was aspiring for the Irish leadership. The polite Dublin "Jackeen" who met him at the door informed him that he was to go up to Mr. Parnell's room, and as he went up he added, "Mr. Biggar is there."

"Oh," said Cahal, and he almost flew up the stairs so great was his delight at meeting the Ulster man who obstructed the business of Parliament and stopped its machinery for hours with Blue Books and a maddening North of Ireland accent. Personally deformed, shrewd of face, dry and sarcastic in speech and manner, Joseph Biggar looked anything but an ideal friend and fellow-fighter for the graceful, handsome man beside him. At least so Cahal thought, and when Biggar spoke, and his rasping, be-Scotched voice fell on his ears, Cahal did not wonder that English members hated him. He was the apple of Parnell's eye, however, and that was enough for Desmond to know.

Dinner was served in Parnell's room and Biggar and Cahal did most of the talking. Biggar would laugh dryly at the young Kerryman's jokes and Parnell would smile and then ask some question so irrelevant that Cahal became visibly annoyed; that is, his annoyance was visible to Biggar, but not to Parnell, who was all grace but not attention. Because Biggar knew this was Cahal's conclusion, he encouraged the boy all the more, and in a short while he had him telling the story of the raid on Paddy the Geese.

"One of the peelers has been telling the story," said Cahal gleefully, "and they say it is better than a circus to see him imitate Paddy when he wanted the Peter's pence sent to His Holiness."

Biggar chuckled delightedly and to Cahal's astonishment there was a broad smile on Parnell's face.

"That is a good picture of England when she is cornered by Ireland," he said laughingly. "She will give us Peter's pence until the danger is past, when she conveniently changes her mind and invites her constable to have a sup."

"I—I didn't know you were listening," said Cahal in frank surprise.

"What a host I must be, to be sure," said Parnell, pleasantly.

"And how honest this lad is to point out your chief fault," said Biggar, gruffly.

"I like honesty," said Parnell, turning his full face to Cahal, "it shows unspoiled youth and singleness of heart, but when you come to Parliament do not always say what you mean. They will offer you Paddy the Geese's bag often—never give a receipt for it until it is in your pocket."

Cahal did not respond to this and Biggar turned to him and asked: "How old are you, Desmond?"

"Going on twenty."

"Butt would be delighted with so young and enthusiastic a lieutenant."

"I do not believe in Isaac Butt," said Cahal, hotly. "He cringes too much to England; he is too polite, too easy-going, too English-loving, too much of a society man."

"You think he is too ready to receipt for Paddy the Geese's bag?" asked Parnell, eyeing the boy for a moment.

"I do," said Cahal; "I will follow *you*. You are to be our leader."

Cahal reached his hand across the table impulsively and Parnell grasped it warmly, but not a muscle of his face changed, not a blood corpuscle was disturbed; he was plainly the calmest of the three—in fact the coolest man in all Ireland at that moment, and the least disposed to give an outward salute to the dawn in his own sky.

“Why not address a Kerry meeting, Mr. Parnell,” said Cahal, after a few moments had passed.

“Where?”

“At Ballydanawn.”

“Can you help to organize one?”

“Yes,” said Cahal, and his eyes beamed.

“Then do so, and draw on me for any necessary funds.”

“Mr. Parnell hates the public platform,” said Biggar, “but he must address meetings in Ireland if we are to succeed.”

Parnell said nothing, and shortly after the friends said good-night.

After Cahal left, the Parliamentarians sat in silence for some minutes.

“What do you think of him?” asked Biggar abruptly.

“He is not a Fenian or a Moonlighter, but he might be both,” said Parnell. “He is a bit inflammable, but we need such material, and I think he can be held in check. He would be influential because of his family.”

“A truly patriotic chap, I should say,” supplemented Biggar.

“Oh, to be sure, he hates England, he hates England,” said Parnell, with gleeful satisfaction in his voice, “but more qualifications than hatred of England are needed—that was a good story about Paddy the Geese. He told it well, too—very natural. I think he could make a good speech.”

It was almost midnight when Cahal finished his letter to Naneen. It covered six closely-written pages and the closing one read as follows: "Parnell is a sphinx. He gets information out of you, and gives none; he is as cold as an icicle and yet he can redeem an hour of freezing with one gracious look. I do not think he knows a great deal about Irish history or Irish affairs, and I have a sly notion that his silence is very often a clever way of concealing ignorance, but he absorbs every word you say, though he is apparently paying no attention. But he is bound to come to the front—you feel it in him. I will write to the lads at home about getting up a meeting in Bellydanawn for him, and who knows but that I may go down with him. The thought of seeing you soon nearly takes all the sleep from my eyes. If I had my wish this minute, isn't it in the orchard behind the master's house I would be looking over at the Reeks whenever I was not looking into somebody's eyes, or squeezing the mortal breath out of somebody. And that somebody is my wife! I feel richer than Cræsus, but all the same I would like to catch the Fates in a dark corner and choke them until they told me how soon we were going to have each other altogether, with no one to say by your leave.

"It's a bad strain I am getting into, and it always makes me want to do reckless things, so I will say good-night, my Naneen, and till we meet and till death, I am

"YOUR ADORING CAHAL."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE LAND LEAGUE MEETING.

THE whole countryside was present at the Ballydanawn meeting and a surging, roaring wild crowd gathered around the speakers and cheered the halting, trembling, but decided speech, which was Parnell's maiden effort in the South. He urged the establishment of a peasant proprietary, and though the peelers for miles around were watching his every word, he proclaimed that there had to be a revolution of the land question, but his words were more parliamentary than revolutionary. It was not until Cahal Desmond came forward that wild enthusiasm reigned. No one who has not attended an Irish political meeting of those early Land League days has any idea of how men, women and children went wild with visions of hope and freedom and other delights they knew not what, and it almost stunned Cahal when he saw flags flying, hats being thrown in mid-air, women screaming for glory and vengeance against the Sassenagh who had petted the Protestant north and made it a manufacturing centre, and had made the rest of the country an agricultural section where every new plough and every whitewashed house, and every tilled field was the cause of additional rackrenting. It was a terrible sight to Cahal, and as he himself became intense and quiet, he

shuddered to see that huge crowd grow still, terrible-looking and dry-lipped. The lad moved to the front of the platform and let loose the torrents that had surged within him for years, his hatred of the Saxon, his love of liberty, his passion for his own land, his belief in its eventual triumph—his cry of “the land for the people,” all were hurled forth with fierce invective, with fire and unpremeditated eloquence. If he blundered over the right word to use, it only gave him more power, for then he used a more common and a stronger one; if he did not always follow a direct line of thought, it was because he thought as he went on, and drew illustrations from the crowd before him, from the country around, from things they all knew about, and yells of “Hear, hear,” “Bravo, Desmond,” “Erin Go Bragh,” made the welkin ring.

Then he spoke of absentee landlords, of the Crowbar brigade, that devastated whole villages, of the shameful serfdom the tenant farmers were under, of outrages offered to their daughters by the landlord slave-owners, and as he grew quiet with the eloquent indignation of dumbness, the crowd growled fiercely. When he had finished, they wanted to take him on their shoulders,—they went mad over him, they forgot Parnell and everyone else, and for a moment Cahal was tempted to run away and hide himself. As he was seriously considering this, the presiding officer got up to speak, and, when the crowd had grown quieter, someone touched Cahal on the shoulder. Turning around he found himself looking at a tall, black-bearded man, who spoke with a slight brogue that had a distinct Yankee twang in it.

“My name is O’Grady, Mr. Desmond, and I have been commissioned to seek you out—you made a grand speech.”

“Seek me out?” said Cahal questioningly.

"Yes, I was commissioned by friends, some in America, some here. Danny Hickey is one of us."

Cahal was on his guard instantly, and smiled wisely, for he concluded at once that the suave man before him was a British detective.

"Danny is a friend of mine, of course," said Cahal.

"You are afraid of me, Desmond, but you do not need to be—go over and ask Parnell who I am."

Cahal went over immediately, the black-bearded man following, and a moment later the two returned and engaged in close conversation. Then the stranger strolled around in the crowd and Cahal sat quietly with his hand resting on his chin until the meeting was over.

The great pulsing, surging crowd dispersed—some into shops and public houses, some out into the country roads where little knots of people were gathering together and discussing the new agitation, and in the general disintegration, Cahal and O'Grady boarded a side car and drove to a house on Carleton street, where refreshments of a liquid and solid kind were dispensed. The two men ordered sandwiches and ginger ale, and after the barmaid had served both and departed, O'Grady turned to Cahal:

"Desmond," he said, "you are the man we want. Parnell is all right in his way, and I hope he will do some good with the land agitation, but I am a Fenian and always will be. I am a member of the American Clan Na Gael, and we want physical force and nothing else. I am here establishing branches of the Moonlighters. I want you to become Captain Moonlight. Kerry is ripe for rebellion, and I have heard your name dozens of times. I have seen your articles in the local papers, and to-day's speech proves to me that you are my man."

"Does Parnell agree with you?" asked Cahal.

"Parnell wants to keep our friendship, but he is too oily for us. We never know where he stands, for though he will not join us, he neither condemns nor upholds us. He is a personal friend of mine, and I like him, but he is a statesman, and not a soldier, Desmond."

"I—agree—with—you," said Cahal, slowly.

"You renounce Parnell's policy, then?"

"Yes," said Cahal. "I renounce it as the prime movement. I think it can be a great aid to us, though."

"Exactly," said O'Grady, "and I have no objection to your making speeches. We need to rouse public opinion, and so long as your *work* is done under the auspices of the Fenians, we do not care if your *speechmaking* is done under the parliamentarians."

At that moment a man entered the room and after whispering to O'Grady for a few moments, left as quietly as he came.

"That fellow is a Fenian, Desmond," said Cahal's newly found friend. "He says we are watched by the peelers and no doubt you are a marked man from now on. I am simply an American tourist—you are a friend of Parnell—Parnell is a parliamentarian."

"I understand," said Cahal.

"Very well. Now I guess we will set these fellows chasing their noses. We must get out to the Fenian meeting-place to-night, and we must go without the peelers' company, so you stroll around town until six, then go up to the railroad station, and act as if you were going to take the train to your home. A covered car will approach you and the driver will say: "Want a car for the wedding, sir?" At that you will jump in and the jarvey will do the rest."

"Very well," said Cahal delightedly. The spirit of conspiracy had entered into his head, and his adventurous

nature was all on fire at the thought of what was to come, so he said good-bye to O'Grady with a light heart and went out into the street. Ballydanawn was within fifteen miles of his own home, and thoughts of seeing Naneen next day made his head swim with delight. He was quite ready for his father's displeasure, and even for giving up his studies, for he was a very philosophical lad, and while he would do nearly anything to please The Desmond, he saw himself dragged along toward a destiny his father neither shaped nor approved of, but which he himself coveted to grasp. It was either to accept his father's dictum and become a peaceably dull, dissatisfied country gentleman, or rush into the alluring untried fields of fighting for the land he loved. The former, Cahal felt, would be unbearable, the latter his throbbing pulse and the spring song in his heart told him was life for him. After letting his mind dwell on these and kindred subjects for some time, Cahal became conscious of the fact that some one was dogging his footsteps. Behind him a man in plain clothes was walking; a tall, fair man, with a white soft hat and a careless air, and Cahal knew that one of the myrmidons of the law was doing him the honor of keeping up with him. He felt impelled to turn around and ask the fellow how he dared track him as if he were a common thief, but a few moments' thought assured him that this would be a very bad plan indeed, as it would undoubtedly end in his assaulting Her Majesty's Royal Irish Constable, and the Fenian's plans would be substituted for a night in jail. So Cahal put his hands in his pockets peaceably, and turned in the direction of Parnell's hotel. So did the man in the white hat. After half an hour's talk, Parnell and Cahal said good-bye, and not the slightest allusion was made to O'Grady by either one.

"You are apt to be arrested, Desmond," said the parliamentarian, as they parted.

"Why?"

"Why, man, you said awful things."

"I know it—awful truths."

Parnell smiled. "If you are arrested, let me know at once," he said, "and—er—go slow in all these things."

"You mean with——"

Parnell did not let him add O'Grady's name, yet his interruption seemed to be a very natural one.

"With everything," he said. "Be sure of your ground, and—er—watch our progress. We will need you in our campaign. We will need you—er, your youth, and influence, and determination to back up our demands."

"You talk to me as if I were Lord Lieutenant, Mr. Parnell."

"We will need you to back up our demands—our *demands*," repeated Parnell, and he put a strong accent on the last word.

Cahal looked at him: "Play fair, Mr. Parnell," he said. "You mean——"

"We need you—I need you; now be careful—go slow, make them all play fair."

"I will—I see," said Cahal. "Good-bye."

"Good-bye, Desmond."

And then they parted, and again the man with the white hat tracked Cahal to the railway station. As they approached the station, Cahal consulted his watch several times and looked at a time-table, and the white hat man looked pleased, but a second later he was standing in open-mouthed wonder gazing after two galloping horses that threatened every moment to pitch the covered car they drew into the street, and under the pedestrians' feet. It was all

over in a moment. The jehu had said something, Cahal had sprung into the car without responding, and immediately the horses were whipped into a gallop and in a few moments they were out of sight.

"Blast your eyes," cried Sub-Constable Kelly to the White Hat, for our old friend was lurking in the station and taking faithful care of the interests of his beloved chief.

"How could I anticipate such a hurried action?" said the White Hat distractedly.

"How the divvel could an idjit have brains, why don't you say?" said Kelly, his ugly face growing dark. "I suppose ye thought that Desmond was as big a lump as yerself—did ye, now?"

The White Hat man turned furiously and with red face and trembling voice said, "If it wasn't for the honor of the service, I'd knock you down, you hound."

"Thin ye'd die a sudden death for the service, me youngster," said Kelly.

Meanwhile Cahal was being driven through the dark, tree-shaded roads into the open country, and after about an hour's drive, the steaming horses were drawn up before a long, low thatched house, whose small square-paned windows were shaded with blinds, and from whose walls no sound of life proceeded. A few hawthorn and elder trees sheltered the place in front, and a pleasant orchard ran around the back of the house, and from the general appearance Cahal knew it to be the home of some well-to-do farmer.

"Knock four times on the latch," said the jarvey, and when Cahal did so, O'Grady himself opened the door and cordially welcomed the new-comer. Without a word he led him through the living-room of the house where innu-

merable, glistening cooking tins and gayly decorated wooden drinking-mugs and beakers shone on the wall beside a picturesque old China dresser. From the sanded floor of the room they entered the parlor which had a wooden floor, and which had many evidences of comfort, and from this through two bed-rooms into an unused apartment, from which ran a sort of wide porch that communicated with the orchard outside. In the room were twelve men smoking clay pipes, fine, strong looking peasants, nearly every one under thirty years of age. All rose when Cahal entered. They were strangers to him, with the exception of Danny Hickey, who greeted him affectionately, and who explained that he was leader of the Castlemullin moonlighters, and that the other men were leaders of other secret bands in that section of the county.

"These twelve men represent five hundred others, Mr. Desmond," said O'Grady, "and all want you as general leader, but we can allow no double oaths—one to England and one to us. Some of our number have gone to Parliament with the foolish thought that they could thus benefit Ireland, and though they had already sworn as one of us to owe no allegiance to England, they broke their oath and promised loyalty to the Queen in the House. I understand that you have ambitions to go to Parliament—Parnell told me so."

"Did he?" asked Cahal. "I never told him so."

O'Grady laughed. "No; but Parnell does not need to be told things in order to know them. He would like to see you in Parliament, too."

Cahal thought for several moments, and then repeated the words he had spoken to Naneen in Castlemullin: "I will never go where I cannot take Ireland." Then he added slowly: "I will not go to Parliament."

A low cheer came from the men around him, but not one present knew what the sacrifice meant to Cahal, for only to his own soul had he confided his parliamentary dreams, of an applauding, proud Naneen seated in the Ladies' Gallery in the House of Commons.

"We want you because you are young, unmarried, brave, gifted and true," said O'Grady, "and you are to swear to be true to the Fenians, whose Head Centre I am, to give your life if necessary for the cause, to remain unmarried, to organize all Ireland into secret societies, to purchase and secrete ammunition, and to rid the land of tyrants. Men, stand up."

The tall, sturdy, but rough-looking peasants made a circle around the athletic, handsome patrician, and every man had his hand on a gun, and swore on a Catholic massbook to be loyal followers of young Desmond.

"Protestants will not swear on that," said Cahal, "and I want a United Ireland, not a sectarian one. We must have a Bible, also."

"Then we shall have one," said O'Grady, smiling.

"I thought ye hated Protestants, Misther Desmond," said Danny Hickey. "Crummil an' the like you do be tellin' me about."

"I hate what they stand for *politically* in Ireland, Danny," said Cahal, "but bless your soul, man, most of the United Irishmen were Protestants—Wolf Tone and Emmet were Protestants, so is Parnell. What man here will not say 'God bless them.'"

"God bless and God rest the souls of the dead patriots," said the men reverently, for under Cahal's magic spell, priest and parson, prejudice and partisanship were forgotten.

"Desmond, kneel and take the oath," commanded O'Grady.

"Wait a moment," said Cahal. "We are all brothers here. I have a secret to confide first."

"The Brotherhood will protect you," said O'Grady.

"I am a married man," said Cahal.

CHAPTER IX.

CAPTAIN MOONLIGHT'S ARMY.

"A MARRIED man!" echoed O'Grady and Danny Hickey simultaneously, while the other men stared in mute surprise.

"Yes," said Cahal, and then with an indescribable dignity of bearing he told the story of his secret marriage to Naneen.

"Naneen Nolan," cried Danny with a perplexed look, "why—why, I thought——"

Cahal smiled at Danny's surprise but did not question his perplexed look. Instead he gave a few of the reasons why he wanted the marriage kept secret.

When he had finished O'Grady said: "Desmond, keep it secret for a year longer. Your country needs you, and a wife with whom you lived would want to know your whereabouts. That cannot be. You will go into dangerous places and on dangerous missions and you must be free."

Cahal did not agree at first, but after he and O'Grady had had a conversation alone in the next room, he saw nothing but the armed Clan Na Gael men in America ready for the fray and only awaiting a leader, Ireland lying bleeding in her chains, and he (Cahal Desmond) the one man who could rescue her. When he returned to the room he took

the awful secret oath which bound him to the Fenians at home and abroad, and proclaimed him to them as Captain Moonlight.

"Captain Moonlight, here is your ring and seal," said O'Grady. "You are now in charge of the secret affairs of Ireland. I am the American Head Centre and am ready to advise with you, so I think it would be well if we heard the complaints of the men before us and take action on some one to-night."

"Very well," said Cahal, and the young farmer to whom the house belonged was the first to report. He was a tall, strong-limbed, fair-faced fellow, and as he stood up before the company there was a rough dignity about him that Cahal liked.

"Down be the glin there lives a widow woman named Cotter," he said, "and she has sixty acres of land, some arable, but mostly bog and only good for turf. The potatoes failed this year, and she couldn't pay the full rent, and then the landlord ordered her to send her horse to work for him in the height of the hay season. She sent the horse for a week and then begged to let her have him for a day to dhraw out her own bitteen o' hay that was rotting in the meadows. The bucko wouldn't do it, and after her horse as well as her son had worked for him two weeks, he demanded the gale o' rent. Of course the widow she couldn't give it, so he thrun her out on the roadside and 'tis only me own barn she has to sleep in. Her furniture was smashed be the Crowbar min too. Tom Connor of Coolboggan has rented the place and will move in to-morrow, unless we do something."

"We will," said Cahal; "this land grabbing must stop, and we must be the ones to stop it. How in the name of heaven can a peasant woman pay a rent the land is incapa-

ble of producing? Tell me, Brother, had Mrs. Cotter a lease?"

"O' coorse not, Captain. They wouldn't give her a lease because that would spoil their chances o' risin' the rint whin she improved the land. O' coorse she stopped improvin' because she was taxed all the more whin she did, so whin the praties failed, famine came."

"Boys," said Cahal, "this condition of things is terrible, terrible."

"It is a black crime," said the young farmer; "d'ye know that ould Lord Hartley's dogs are housed a thousand times bettther than the childeens of our neighbors."

Cahal nodded but said not a word.

"Now," said the farmer, "we must do something. We must band the farmers together and they must not pay any rent whatever until a proper valuation of land has been decided upon."

"And then they must only pay that," said Cahal. "If the people are evicted we must put up national cottages for them and——"

"Shoot the Emergency Men sent from Dublin to take the land and guard the landlord's blooded cattle who take the place of the farmer's starved ones," said O'Grady.

"If needs be we will do that," said Cahal, grimly, "but we will warn them first. Now let us go and warn Tom Connor."

The men prepared face-masks out of handkerchiefs, turned their coats inside out, and with loaded guns and revolvers made their way in the shadow of the furze bushes and trees to the home of Tom Connor, which was three miles away. Connor was a frightened looking man when the men put in an appearance. They woke him out of a sound sleep, and when they explained the nature of their

mission, his wife promptly fainted, and seven little Connors howled in concert. The moonlighters quieted the children and revived the mother, and then Connor was solemnly warned that if he rented the widow's farm he would be shot dead. He swore an oath not to do so and the moonlighters departed peaceably. Then they marched to the land agent's country home, set fire to his stables, and after letting the cattle loose, shot holes through his windows and put a threatening notice on his door which read:

"Beware! Captain Moonlight is on your track. If you do not reinstate Widow Cotter in her farm and stop your rackrenting you will be shot within the month.

"(Signed) CAPTAIN MOONLIGHT."

After this was done a hasty departure was made, the arms and ammunition were secreted in a rick of turf in a bog near-by, and all the men went to the farmhouse to sleep, with the exception of Cahal and O'Grady, who drove back to Ballydanawn and stole into the Head Centre's lodgings in the suburbs just as the dawn was breaking.

Both men were up by nine o'clock as they did not want to arouse suspicion by remaining in bed, for they knew perfectly well that the peelers had the news of the raids carried to them and would scour the country looking for the raiders.

"You took a drive last night and remained here as my guest; Parnell introduced us," said O'Grady in his quick, suggestive way.

"Yes," said Cahal, "and I think we had better see your landlady and load her with information."

"Better not," said O'Grady. "I do not think she can be bribed."

"Neither do I," said Cahal, "but an Irish peasant would die for one of the 'Quality' who is loyal to Ireland."

"Another reason we wanted you—you are one of the quality," said O'Grady, and he rang for Mrs. Brennan, who appeared in a few moments.

"Mrs. Brennan," said Cahal, smiling at her in his own heart-winning way, "I am Cahal Desmond, the eldest son of The Desmond of Castlemullin."

Mrs. Brennan curtsied low and said, "Sure, I heard yer honor spake yestherday; ye bate Parnell hollow."

It was now Cahal's turn to bow, and he did, and after looking impressively at the landlady he said: "This gentleman and I were in bed at 10.30 last night. You let us in, you remember. You remember the hour, because the clock in the hall had stopped, and you asked me the time."

"I—I—sir, what ails ye at—all, at all?"

"Have you been out to-day, Mrs. Brennan?" asked Cahal, looking at the floor.

"Yes, sir, and terrible things happened in these parts lasht night. People do be thinkin' the Whiteboys are back, but 'tis no one is sorry, but 'tis everyone is glad, for that divvel of a lan'lord is the worst in Ireland."

"Exactly," interrupted Cahal, "and this gentleman and I were in bed at 10.30 last night. You let us in, you remember. You remember the hour because the clock in the hall had stopped and you asked me the time."

Mrs. Brennan stared blankly for a moment, and then the light of a perfect translation shone on her face.

"It was so, yer honor, an' I remarked that ye didn't look a bit like yer mother, God rest her soul in paradise to-night."

"Mrs. Brennan, you will dance at my wedding."

"If the Lord spares me a pair o' good legs, I will, sir," said Mrs. Brennan, and O'Grady and Cahal smiled.

A little later the two took a stroll down toward the Strand and were promptly arrested by Head Constable Broderick, Sub-Constable Kelly and five other local police, and before either could send word to anyone they were put on the train for Dublin and were lodged in Kilmainham jail that night. It was all done so suddenly that the town knew nothing about it until late in the afternoon, and then it flashed through the country like wildfire that an American tourist named O'Grady, and Cahal Desmond, the son of a loyal magistrate and aristocrat, were arrested for the raid on the land-grabber and landlord. Next day Castlemullin had the news. Head Constable Broderick walked up to Dr. Nolan's house and carried the sad tidings personally to Naneen. He had to do his duty, he said, but he was greatly pained because of it.

"I am sorry to say, Miss Nolan, that Desmond admitted his guilt after being arrested, and we have positive proof that he robbed Paddy the Geese before he went back to Dublin."

"How dare you!" cried Naneen, springing to her feet.

"You noble girl," said the Head sadly. "It is like you to defend him, but you will find him to be a—a—pardon me for saying it, a *scoundrel*."

Naneen's face flushed and she stood in speechless anger before the Queen's representative, and he, with one hand on his cane and a letter in the other one, waited quietly.

"Do not speak, Miss Nolan, but read this." Naneen turned to leave the room.

"Miss Nolan," cried the Head, "you would not go without giving me a chance to defend myself. Am I a rascal to make charges without foundation?"

Mechanically Naneen read the letter. It was only a few words in Cahal's handwriting, and ran as follows:

"MY LOVE: Meet me at the entrance to the Phoenix, where we met last night. Have patience with me and we will be married as soon as I get a little more money from home. Do not say I have spoiled your life. I love you and am as anxious to marry you as you are to marry me.

"YOUR ADORING CAHAL."

Half blindly Naneen read the letter again. Yes, it was Cahal's handwriting, and dated only three days before. "Your adoring Cahal," just what he used to write to her—"Your adoring Cahal," and he her (Naneen's) husband. Ruined a woman's life, her Cahal!—Blinding lightning seemed to play around Naneen for a moment, and out of it she seemed to have drawn a forged sword that defended her soul and strengthened her arm, for no tears came, no weakness was felt,—the frightened girl had gone and the woman was born.

"Go! leave my presence!" she cried. "Go at once, liar, scoundrel, plotter! Go get your promotion; but when you go to traduce a noble-souled man again, do not go *to his wife, who loves and knows him.*"

"Why, Naneen!" fairly shrieked Doctor Nolan, who had been standing breathless in the doorway. With rare presence of mind Naneen tore up the note and threw it in the fire and without paying any attention to her father, said: "There, Head Constable Broderick, forge another one."

"Naneen, are you mad?" cried the doctor.

"No, father, I am not."

"Miss Nolan is excited and——"

"I am Mrs. Desmond, sir," said Naneen, and then she

turned her back to him and drummed on a table, while her father, white with rage, stood looking at her.

"Naneen," he cried, seizing her by the arm, "do you dare to——"

"Father," said Naneen, calmly, "I am Cahal Desmond's wife. I will say no more until you turn that fellow near you out of the house."

Speechless with astonishment and grief the doctor sank into a chair, and the Head Constable took his departure with head bowed and with oaths on his lips that would have damned a better man.

After he had gone out of the garden Naneen turned to her father, and it seemed to him as if years and years had elapsed since he saw her face last. She had the self-possession of a woman of thirty, and her voice was as calm as if she were discussing the universal weather problem.

"Cahal needs me now, papa. I belong to him, and no one can keep me any longer in the state of cowardice I have been."

"Did you marry Cahal Desmond, Naneen?" asked the father, looking into her eyes.

A little of the old fear made the girl quail, but it was only for a moment, and drawing herself up proudly she said, "Yes, papa, and I am ready to bear everything that may come because I did."

When Dr. Nolan could speak he said: "Tell me about it."

"I will, papa, if you protect the priest."

"Protect him? How?"

"You must promise me to protect him—when I tell you the story, you will understand."

"I promise," said the doctor, and then Naneen related the story of her moonlight wedding, and despite her re-

solve and self-possession a blush mantled her cheek as she told the sweet tale.

"McClare a priest!" cried the doctor. "My child, it is a plot of young Desmond's. He and McClare are rebels and villains."

"Papa, I will not listen to you slander my—my husband and that dear, good man."

"McClare married you—why, child, you are mad. Come with me at once to his school. I will force him to tell the truth."

Quietly Naneen obeyed, for she was perfectly sure of the outcome, and it was with peace in her heart, and love and life and loyalty coursing in her soul, that she entered the village school. There was not a soul in sight, there was not a sound of life, there was no clue to the mystery of an empty schoolhouse in Castlemullin at two o'clock on a Tuesday afternoon.

"He has gone to Dublin to see Cahal, no doubt," faltered Naneen.

"Hey, what is this?" cried the doctor, picking up a letter addressed to Naneen herself. Her father handed it to her and when she glanced at it, she sank into a chair with a cry of agony. The doctor seized the note from her and read:

"Naneen, forgive an old impostor who planned with his friend to deceive you. We both meant well, but he is in jail now, and because I fear I will be there soon, I leave for America. I never was a priest. Forgive me. I am sorry.

"B. M."

"The master's own writing, Cahal's own writing," poor Naneen repeated over and over, and when her father wept over her, and called her his own colleen ban, she cried:

"Not that, papa. *He*, my Cahal, used to say that. The master's own writing, Cahal's own writing."

Quietly she allowed her father to lead her home and put her to bed, and the evolution of the girl into the woman was marked by an attack of brain fever that called forth cries from Naneen's sick mother, who knew nothing of the cause, and fierce vows of vengeance from Naneen's father, who did.

CHAPTER X.

WHEN LOVE STABS.

MANY long weeks dragged their wearisome length along while Naneen lay among the borderland flowers. Cahal was pacing his cell in Kilmainham jail day after day, hungering for a word from her. He had written to her and to the master, but no word came; his father ignored all his letters, and at last he sent for the councillor the Fenians had procured for him and begged him to go to Castlemullin and see Naneen. The councillor went and he never forgot the visit. He had scarcely entered Dr. Nolan's home and given his card when the doctor entered the parlor and stood before him in a belligerent attitude, that struck terror into the heart of the man of law, who was big in lore and opinions, but small in body and courage.

"Where are you from?" asked the doctor, in just such a voice as the lawyer used often to bully witnesses.

"From—from Dublin."

"I thought so—come from Cahal Desmond, haven't you?"

"I—I——"

"I thought so; get out!" yelled the doctor, and taking the lawyer by his sky-blue suspenders he dropped him into the garden outside. Great wrath bubbled within the heart of the learned little man just then, and it grew and grew as

he saw himself at a safe distance from the irate six feet and two inches of medical man.

"I'll have the law on you for this," he cried.

"Wait a minute, and I'll give you good cause," returned the doctor, and he ran into another room for his shot-gun, but when he got back, the lawyer was on a donkey's back and heading for the town.

After the doctor's retort the Dublin man knew that speed was what he needed most, and, as the nearest repository of it was a grazing donkey, he leaped on his back and used his city boots and walking cane to convince the lazy beast that the police barrack was the loveliest spot on earth. The donkey was convinced until in an unlucky moment the lawyer let go of his mane and seized his ears. If he was a resident of Castlemullin he would have known that was an attempt at suicide, but he was not, so when he found the donkey's heels up in the air and he himself crookedly hanging on to a fast-disappearing law of gravitation, he thought his end had come. Of course he decided that the mad old doctor would shoot him where he stood. As a matter of fact he stood nowhere for two seconds in succession, so he was perfectly safe. Not knowing what was maddening the donkey, he grasped the beast's ears more viciously and the donkey, enraged by this persistency, gave a furious lunge and deposited the lawyer in a stream of water by the roadside, and then ran back to the field in which he had been captured. Dr. Nolan approached a little later with a goodly feed of oats and he and the donkey parted excellent friends. So did the lawyer and Head Constable Broderick, for it was the latter who helped the little adventurer out of the water. The Head was in civilian's clothes and with a few adroit questions he learned who the lawyer was and what his business was,

"I am a friend of the family," he said blandly, "and I am sorry for the inhospitable treatment you received. I am a temperance man myself, but I would not care to be made to take watah in that way—ha, ha, ha!"

The lawyer responded with a feeble "ha, ha!" and then the Head confidentially informed the lawyer that Naneen was engaged to a prominent police officer; that she had confessed to her father about a mock marriage a renegade schoolmaster had performed between her and Cahal, that the schoolmaster had fled, no one knew whither, and that the Bishop of Kerry had assured Dr. Nolan only a few days before that no priest of the name of Bernard McClare had been ordained in Ireland within fifty years, and that no tragic desertion such as he described was known to the ecclesiastical authorities in Ireland. The story about the Bishop of Kerry was quite true, though Naneen knew nothing of it. Indeed it was only known to Dr. Nolan and the Head, who were vainly searching everywhere for the master. So the tale the attorney carried back to Cahal was no bright one, nor did his experience help him in the telling of it. He blurted it all out while Cahal stood at his barred cell door, white-faced and anxious, and when he had finished the pallor of the prisoner was awful to see.

"Is it true?" asked Cahal, wetting his dry lips with his tongue.

"Yes, I saw the Bishop of Kerry about McClare; it is all true."

"And her engagement——"

"I bribed Maurice Casey, at whose miserable hotel I stayed——"

"He hates me," interrupted Cahal.

"Maybe, but I never mentioned your name. I bribed him to ask Mrs. Nolan, and she smiled and said 'Head

Constable Broderick might be in the family yet." Then I sent Casey to ask Broderick and Broderick would not deny it. Danny Hickey told me that Miss Nolan and her mother used to walk and drive constantly with the Head and that he spent nearly every night at the house."

"Thank you—you have been put to a great deal of trouble. You have my hearty thanks," said Cahal. "Come around to-morrow."

There was an afflicted, husky sound to Cahal's voice that touched the little attorney, and he said, "Never mind, old man, you are young. You will get over it."

Cahal idly wondered why people give advice when other people's hearts are bleeding, but he was gracious as ever and smiled as he said, "Yes, yes, you are very kind. Are you sure you did not get a cold from the wetting?"

"Oh, no, I am hardy."

"Glad to hear it—good-night."

"Good-night."

Stupid, numb, stunned, blind of soul, murdered in faith, but far too much alive in body, Cahal sat down in his cell chair. Naneen engaged to another. Naneen, who had lain on his breast, whose soul had mingled with his, whose soft arms still thrilled his neck and face. Naneen, whose first love he was; Naneen, whose maiden heart had never beat the love-notes till he touched the sleeping chords 'mid the shadows of Desmond wood. "Impossible," he cried aloud, "impossible." Then doubt crept up close to him, and leered in his face. Did Naneen not say in her letter that she liked the Head? Did she not praise him as being kind-hearted? Did Danny Hickey (his faithful Danny) not know what he was talking about? He remembered now with a start that Danny had looked considerably surprised

when he announced his wife's name at the Fenian meeting. Why would the Head not deny it if it was not so?

"I will kill him, the hound!" Cahal cried under his teeth, and, indeed, thoughts of killing the man who had stolen his treasure possessed his mind for awhile with a sort of delighted madness. "Kill him like a dog and kill her," something suggested to him, but he recoiled from it in a moment. Kill her, his fond Naneen, his sweet young wife—kill her? Oh, no, better to suffer and die slowly, awfully, maddeningly, as he knew he would, than to do that.

"Master, Master," he cried, as another would have cried to God, "I wish I could believe at least that *you* are true. Were you insane or—did you cover up another tale with the one you invented when you were caught? Has all the world gone mad?"

"Curse God, and die," said some Job's wife of the invisible world to him then, and Cahal cursed God, but he did not die. Flesh and blood can stand a great deal when it is unwrinkled and red, and Cahal went through his court-house trial, strong and apparently unruffled.

Dr. Nolan and his family had gone to France when Kerry lighted her bonfires in honor of young Desmond's release, for he was released in spite of hired witnesses who swore they saw him before the landlord's house setting fire to the barn. Another witness swore that Cahal was the one who shot a man in his neighborhood four months before, and Paddy the Geese said he knew he was the man who robbed him. Paddy had no more knowledge of who robbed him than of where his conscience was, but the Head paid him well to swear Cahal into jail. The grey trousers Cahal wore in jail were carefully described to Paddy and the other witnesses, so that when masked men were lined up for identification they could pick Cahal out; but the law-

yer was too astute for them, and early in the morning he had a new black pair of trousers sent to Cahal, with the result that a Dublin peeler was picked out by Paddy as the "limb" who robbed him, and picked out by the other witnesses as a murderer, a barn-burner, and the doer of various other crimes too gentle to mention. So the Crown lost its case. It might have won it, had Paddy not taken a drop too much and yelled in the witness-box: "I want police protection goin' home. Cahal Desmond'll rip me open for this, bad luck to it all."

"You should have been more careful," said his Lordship.

"Careful! I picked out the color of breeches th' ould cock-eyed sergeant tould me to."

Here Cahal's lawyer took hold of Paddy, the cat came out of the bag, and Cahal and the Head Centre came out of jail.

Next day the Dublin papers had a pathetic account of the young rebel's little romance, and ended it with the information that Naneen and the Head were to be married in France within the week. Cahal read it idly, but O'Grady, who was looking over his shoulder, knew that it was the last stroke.

"I will find out if it is true. I will go to the Head's hotel," said O'Grady. "You will feel better when you know the truth—without a doubt, won't you?"

"Yes," said Cahal.

An hour later O'Grady returned, and the moment Cahal caught sight of his face, he said: "It is all true, O'Grady."

"Yes, he has gone to France to be married."

Cahal went to the window and looked out and no word escaped his lips, but when he turned around the cynical

look of a man of the world was drilling its lines around his mouth.

* * * * *

Ireland went wild over Cahal, but it did not disturb him. He took lodgings in Ballydanawn and became editor of a weekly paper, the funds being supplied by the Fenians. He organized well-drilled branches of moonlighters throughout Munster. He was the terror of every landlord in the country and yet the closest police surveillance failed to entrap him. From a hot-headed, outspoken boy he became cold and non-communicative, and then, as O'Grady reported to the Clan in America, "he was a valuable man, for he did not care a button for either wine or women."

Months passed around and Dr. Nolan and his family remained on the Continent, and Cahal never turned his face in the direction of Castlemullin. In his office, in his midnight raid, in his council meetings his heart was breaking and no one knew it. More than once he looked longingly at his revolver and then at his heart, but each time his manhood would assert itself and he would turn to his work with renewed zeal. One night O'Grady came into his room suddenly and found him lying on the floor with his face as transfixed and dead-looking as a corpse. It was a terribly hopeless, murdered kind of look, and O'Grady, who truly loved Cahal, ran to him and said gruffly, but with a tear in his eye, "Poor Desmond—she is not worth it."

"Don't speak of it, O'Grady," said Cahal, rising. "I thought the door was locked. Don't speak of it again—ever again, do you hear?"

"Yes," said O'Grady stiffly.

Cahal put his arms on his shoulders affectionately. "Dear O'G.," he said playfully, "I would not hurt you for

the world. Smile now—show the gentleman what you can do.”

O’Grady laughed and then grew serious as he watched Cahal prepare a bachelor supper and get out a pack of cards for a game, and all the while telling amusing, quaint stories of the peasantry.

“That fellow is bent on cheering me,” thought the Fenian. “’Pon my word, I do not believe he knows he needs sympathy. Pathetic! Pitiful!”

“Desmond,” he said suddenly.

“Yes.”

“Come here.”

Desmond came and said, “Well.”

“Desmond, you are the salt of the earth.”

“Without a salt-cellar,” said Cahal, a little wearily.

“You are too big for a cellar,” said O’Grady; “too big, I tell you, to die little by little, as you are doing. I *will* speak, Desmond, whether you want me to or not. The making of a hero is in you, and you must not let that girl spoil your life. Now do not speak. We both love Ireland, we both can do wonderful things for her, but——”

Cahal looked at him with a white, sad face, and for the first time he broke down.

“O’Grady, it is hard to be heroic when your heart is breaking. I will stand with you, I will fight to the end, but I almost wish the end would come.”

“Nonsense, Desmond,” said O’Grady kindly; “you will outgrow it.”

“I loved her, O’G.,” said Cahal simply.

“Listen to me, Desmond. When I was a lad as young as you are I too fell in love. Everybody does. The fates separated us, as they usually do. Scarcely anyone marries his first love. Two years later I fell in love with an-

other girl. I did not move in her set and there was no chance for me. She was fond of me and let me kiss her, and if I had the knowledge of human nature that I have to-day I could have had her. But I did not and we separated."

"Did you love her?" asked Cahal.

"Indeed I did."

"But how about the first one?"

"Oh, the first was lost in the second. I sometimes thought of her, but more as a book I had read or a dream I had dreamt. My third was a married woman. You are a Puritan, Desmond, and you will not like that revelation of your comrade."

"I am no man's judge," said Cahal.

"Well, she and I loved each other for three years—a pretty good limit for most romances. Then her husband returned from India where his regiment was and I turned my face to America. I was awfully lonesome for some time, for I had got very much attached to the colonel's wife, but new scenes and new people helped me along wonderfully. I was a pretty wise chap in affairs of the heart by this time and knew more about emotions than some fellows of my age knew about football, so I laid my heart at the feet of a handsome American girl whose father had more money than he knew what to do with."

"Did you like the girl?" asked Cahal.

"Like her—I loved her."

"Really, O'G."

"'Pon my soul I did. The money was really an afterthought; it always is with an Irishman—even a renegade one."

"But an important afterthought, I suppose?" smiled Cahal.

"Oh, of course."

"Well, the girl fell in love with me. She was not going to, but I decided she would and she did. It is a great thing, Cahal, to know when to give in and when not to—to know when to write a letter and when to keep your beloved on the anxious seat. There is a whole year of diplomacy in a smile or a sigh, if you only knew it."

"Pshaw, but is that love?" asked Cahal contemptuously.

"Love is an art, Desmond. No woman likes to be caressed clumsily or carelessly, nor does she want you to crouch at her feet. You must be master always, and even if she rejects you, she will look at your photograph years after she marries the other fellow and think how noble and fine looking you were. And if you drop around then, you can get all the kisses you want."

Cahal sprang to his feet. "Do you mean that advice for me, and are you thinking of—of her?" he cried with ill-concealed rage.

"No—but, Desmond, I want to cure you."

"I would rather be sick forever than to be cured at the expense of my self-respect," said Cahal, and he threw up the window to let in the air.

O'Grady lit his pipe and commenced to smoke quietly. After a few seconds had passed he proceeded as if nothing had happened.

"The girl returned my love until it really grew tiresome. She gave me more than I bargained for; she haunted me day and night, and wearied me with her constant protestations of affection. We became secretly engaged, but it became a question with me whether I had not better break it off. I needed the money sadly, for I

had contracted expensive habits, but I longed for freedom and——”

“You never thought of her feelings at all, of course,” said Desmond bitterly.

“Indeed I did,” said O’Grady warmly. “I am no brute, Desmond, but what the blazes was there to do? I could not lie to her and tell her I loved her.”

“How virtuous,” said Cahal.

“Besides, she would be more miserable afterwards when she found out she had to marry and live with a man who had tired of her. So I went to her and told her a downright lie about claiming another woman had on me, that I could not deceive so true a girl as she was, and that I would set her free. She was awfully shocked and hurt, but said I was the noblest of men, and she would save me by marrying me. I protested that she was too good. I could not sacrifice her, etc., and she let me go. I managed to look half dead when I met her on the street later.”

“Why?” asked Cahal.

“Oh, it made her pain less to know I was suffering, too, and of course I hated to have her suffer. Besides, it helped her to keep her ideals.”

“In other words, you are a conceited, posing rascal,” said Desmond frankly.

“Thanks awfully—wait till you are thirty, your halo will not be big enough to cork an ink-bottle.”

After O’Grady had delivered himself of this he poured out a glass of whiskey, and tried so hard to look penitent, and succeeded so well in looking pleased with himself, that Cahal could not help laughing.

“Your halo would not make a bee wink this moment,” he said, and O’Grady continued:

“The story got out somehow among my friends.”

"You opened the door for it, no doubt," said Cahal.

"You are a cynic already, Desmond. The story leaked out and all the girls went wild over me. I was the most interesting man they ever met. Have you ever noticed that when a man is a handsome, young, impenitent sinner, he is interesting?"

"How about women?" asked Cahal.

"They are, too. It is only the penitent, weeping ones who are stepped on. Why, Desmond, society is full of sinning women, too clever and gay and piquant to be dispensed with. There is no double standard of morals except where the woman is a fool. If men went around doing the weeping, sorry-for-their-black-past act, no woman would have them. The woman who plays a brave game can sway hearts and hold her place anywhere."

"Good Lord, what a degenerate world you have lived in, O'Grady."

"You will come to it, Desmond, and be glad of my instructions. Well, to make a long story short, I met a woman—an immensely clever one. She loved me, but she knew how to manage me. She had money and social influence, and I went to the Senate through both. I married her and I love her and always will. She does not let me see too much of her (she is now travelling in Egypt) and she never lets me know the inner secrets of her heart. I am no more sure of herself or her love to-day than if I was never married to her. She's as clever and sweet a woman as ever lived."

"Moral?" asked Cahal.

"Moral—get over your nonsense; the right one is coming. You will be the happiest man in Ireland ten years from now."

"I would not go through what you have for continents," said Cahal.

"No? Oh, don't be a fool, Desmond. You will find a peculiar sweetness in life if you kiss a pretty girl every day. I wish you would come with me some time and make a trip through London. I have a number of friends there who know how to cheer a fellow's heart."

"And your wife?" asked Cahal.

"I love my wife," said O'Grady with decision.

Over Cahal's pale, tired face there came a look of supreme disgust, but he said nothing, and O'Grady, who really cared for the boy, and honestly believed he was helping him, said kindly: "You do not sleep, Desmond, you do not rest. I cannot bear to see it. What does she care? She is happy to-night with *him*."

The thought seemed to drive Cahal insane, and he jumped to his feet with a wild look in his eyes.

"Sit down, comrade, I said too much," said O'Grady, almost tenderly, and without a word the boy obeyed him.

He sat for awhile with his head on his hands, and when he spoke it was to say to O'Grady: "I say, O'G., tell me honestly why you are risking life and limb with us over here?"

"Because I am an Irishman, or at least the son of one, and because the love of adventure is in my blood; and to tell you the truth, Desmond, because I am a born agitator and have ambitions."

"I thought so," said Cahal simply, and then under his breath he said: "Oh, for a hundred men brave enough to be unpopular, left side men."

CHAPTER XI.

A TALK IN THE MOONLIGHT.

THREE years passed and coercion and land acts were as thick as sloes in Ireland. Everybody was wearing the green and shouting for it, and as a matter of course getting arrested into the bargain. Buckshot Forster and his tender British laws were holding forth with much benignity, and the people were writhing angrily under them and, in consequence, Cahal Desmond was a greater rebel than ever.

But his mind was sorely troubled, for instead of unity among the moonlighters there were queer murmurings and whisperings, outrages of various kinds committed by bands of men who called themselves his followers, but whose actions made him blush for shame. Cows' tails were docked in the name of "holy Ireland," country girls had their hair cut off because they spoke to one of Her Majesty's policemen, and they were dubbed "peeler hunters" all over the surrounding country. The very best moonlighters had gone to America, disgusted with the lack of unity and with the shameful proceedings, and Cahal decided that something had to be done. He was entirely alone, for the Head Centre was back in America, with his beloved wife, and he would have consulted Parnell, for he knew the Parliamentarian was as distressed over affairs as he was, but he

thought he had better not turn the eye of the Government on the young Irish leader any more than was necessary. Isaac Butt was dead and Parnell was the idol of the land; old women prayed for him, young women idolized him, and the fashionable world stared at the strange, quiet man who fascinated it without caring anything for it. He had sent for Cahal several times, hoping to form a closer alliance, but the blood of the Kerry man would have nothing short of rebellion.

It was while he was pondering over all these things that Cahal and Danny Hickey took a walk one late summer evening along Lord Hartley's estate, which was situated between Ballydanawn and Castlemullin. Cahal was fresh and strong-looking and the desire to die had evidently left him, for health and fun beamed in every bit of his face. "Danny," he said, "this night air is grand; it makes a fellow feel like jumping over haycocks."

"'Tis you have the life in ye, Masther Cahal," said Danny, "an' 'tis me that is wonderin' no colleen ban has taken the heart out of ye yet."

"How about yourself, Danny?"

"Why, thin, I do be thinking 'tis Herself I've met," said Danny with a merry laugh.

"Ah, indeed."

"Faith, it is. She lives beyant Castlemullin be two miles or so, an' be the same token she tells me the blaggards that's pretendin' to be moonlighters are scaring the people to disthraction—they're gettin' divvlish sthrong."

"Oh, Danny, is it not awful?" said Cahal, sighing deeply. "What is the use of our trying to do anything—of what use is it if we risk our lives and step in the way of death every day, if these miserable fellows spoil everything?"

"They're the biggest inimies the counthry has," said Danny with decision. "Why, if they have a bit o' private spite ag'in a man at Castlemullin now, they jist pay some o' the dirty limbs around there to shoot him. Some o' thim would do it for a pint o' porther."

"And they do it all in the name of Captain Moonlight, Danny."

"They do that, but our lads are throe all the same, Masther Cahal; keep up yer heart."

"But those fellows——"

"They're a lot o' jail ruffians, Masther, an' they're the koinde that go to America an' have us jedged by thim."

"Oh, but they think a lot of us in America, Danny."

"So I thought until Yankee Sullivan came back, an' he says they jedge us by the Irish saloon min."

Cahal laughed proudly. "Oh, the unlettered, untraveled American may do that, Danny. I have met them at Kilarney and in Dublin—retired pickle sellers, pig killers and the like. They are not the American people, however—not by any means."

"Ah, they are a weeny scrawny lot," said Danny contemptuously. "Sure I niver saw one nor a picther o' one born there that wasn't long an' thin an' weak-eyed."

"Oh, oh, Danny," said Cahal, laughing, "now there was O'Grady."

"O'Grady! Do ye know, Masther Cahal, I didn't like him. I often felt like givin' him a first class beltin' for his remarks about women—what's that? Be the head o' me mother-in-law, but it's a shot!"

"So it is," said Cahal, standing still, "and it comes from——"

"From the Great House," said Danny, looking up toward the palatial abode of Lord Hartley which reared

its stately towers near by. Immediately there was a shrill shriek, the sound of many voices and then all was quiet.

"Let us rush up there," cried Cahal; "perhaps it is the work of the scoundrels we have been speaking about."

"You have no gun, Masther Cahal."

"Oh, come on," cried Cahal, and in a few minutes the two men were on the lawn that faced the Hartley residence. Peering through the shrubbery, Cahal saw a masked man on guard, his hand on his rifle, his whole attitude one of watchfulness, and without a word to Danny he sprang forward suddenly, dealt the fellow a mighty blow on the head, seized his rifle and pitched the unconscious man to one side. Danny seized a crowbar that was lying before the door, and the two men burst into the hall, and found themselves face to face with six masked men, who were instructing Lord Hartley and his guests to turn over their valuables and prepare to be shot afterwards. The besieged were all women, with the exception of a young curate and Lord Hartley, the latter being an old man, and Cahal's appearance was greeted with a groan, for they thought he was one of the enemy; but there was one white-faced, trembling, but angry-looking woman, who knew better. She was Beatrice Hurley.

"Mr. Desmond," she cried, springing to her feet with joy, and the next moment one of the masked blackguards struck her; but before he was able to see the result he was lying as flat as his comrade outside and Cahal had possession of his pistol. In an instant all was confusion of the most indescribable kind—Cahal and Danny felt that not only had they ruffians to punish, but they had discovered the fictitious moonlighters, and though at desperate odds they struggled with the four burly thieves before them. The curate ran to the rescue, Beatrice Hurley after him; and

when she saw Cahal in the arms of two of the raiders, she seized a poker, and, shutting her eyes before she lifted it, she brought it down on the head of the tallest. There was a horrid, crunching sound, and the man dropped, and in an instant the others were flying out of the house, more than one carrying a bullet in his body.

Lord Hartley was shaking as if with the palsy, the curate was playing the Good Samaritan to the helpless man on the floor, and Danny Hickey was looking at them with a self-satisfied, vengeful look when the police entered. They had been patrolling near by, and the sound of shot and cry had brought them thither. There were three of them heavily armed, and they approached Cahal to arrest him. Your Irish policeman has no fear—he is a soldier, an exciseman, a coast guardsman, a loyal follower of the Crown, and he has never been known to run. Otherwise the three Ballydanawn peelers would never have attacked Cahal Desmond while there was a rifle in his hand.

“Too late, my lads,” he said quietly. “The men have gone, except those two on the floor.”

“Very likely,” said one of the peelers, grinning.

“Mr. Desmond came to rescue us,” said Miss Hurley haughtily, and it was several minutes before she and the other guests could persuade them that this time Desmond was really on the side of law and order.

A horseman went back to town and in an hour the injured men were removed, a posse of police was left guarding the place, Danny Hickey was in bed, an honored guest of the great house, and Cahal and Beatrice Hurley were walking in the grounds together. She had complained of feeling faint and nervous, and he had suggested a walk, to which she agreed. She was leaning on his arm, walk-

ing under the dark trees, and the sensation was not an unpleasant one to him.

"We would have been murdered, had you not come," she said, shuddering.

"Poor child," he said tenderly, "you are nervous."

This was enough. The girl's overwrought nerves gave way under the tenderness of the man near her, and she burst into tears. He led her to a seat and took her hand in his. She did not withdraw it and he remembered with a little thrill of shame how he had refused to see her in Dublin—he remembered, too, that other day and that other one who had kept him from seeing the fairness in the girl beside him. A lump rose in his throat and almost unconsciously he tightened his hold on the hand he held. It trembled a little, but that was all. The moon came out softly behind the trees, the girl beside him sighed and drooped her head as if looking at the ground; but there was a convulsive movement of her chest that was not lost on Cahal. His impulsive heart beat quicker, his blood ran young and free again, his head thought a dozen new and nice things about the girl beside him, and an impulse came to him to rest it on her shoulder, for he was tired, weary of struggling, and he knew in some intuitive but sure way that Beatrice Hurley's shoulder was ready for him. He sat very still and both felt they could hear their own hearts beat. Twice, thrice Cahal opened his lips to call her by her name, several times her hand moved a little closer to his, and then she spoke as if by a powerful effort.

"I must be going into the house. It is late."

The spell was broken and Cahal said: "Yes, it is thoughtless of me to have forgotten the hour, and that you have no wrap."

They walked to the door together; he pressed her hand,

and, before he let go, he said: "Do you care to meet a rebel outlaw again, Miss Hurley, or will this be the last time?"

"I do care," she answered and then she fled to the house without further explanation.

Cahal went back and stood under the trees and bared his head. There was a queer, strange joy in his heart, a feeling of being well again, a great, exultant pride, and yet there was a sense of loneliness. What did it mean? Surely he was not treasuring the memory of the one who had played him false, who had blasted his hopes and his life, who had crushed him to the point of inward death. But oh, the memory of her, the memory of Naneen! His warm blood grew cool, his heart grew weary again, and throwing himself on a bench near by, he murmured chokingly—

"Naneen, Naneen, why did you make it impossible for me to be happy ever again? To-night I might part with even the memory of you, but it is you I will love forever."

Beatrice Hurley heard it all. She had returned to watch him walk while he thought of her, for she felt sure he would do that, and while the message of love was on her beautiful shy face, she had heard her doom.

Silently she returned to the house, and for the first time in her life remained open-eyed and dazed through the hours that followed.

The next morning she sent word downstairs that she was ill, and ill indeed she looked, but Beatrice Hurley was fashioned in a strongly-welded mould, and neither Cahal nor anyone else knew it was aught but the fear of the night before. He sent her a pencilled message and she sent back a few lines telling him that she would be glad to see him when she felt better, which would possibly be a few days hence.

As she drove away from the house she watched him, and no dead face was whiter than her own.

"Bonnie laddie," she said, wistfully. "I will never tell you I heard, and yet I must do something, for I dare not see you often now. I could not say I did not love you if you asked me."

Cahal sitting in his office a few days later, was thinking, too, about what she would say if he "asked" her. He remembered how soft her touch was, how beautiful she looked in the moonlight, and he was whistling a low, soft love ditty, as if he enjoyed it, when Danny Hickey entered unceremoniously.

"I'm going to be married; ha, ha, mamma," said Danny, unceremoniously.

"Indeed," asked Cahal, laughing—a few days before he would have frowned.

"Yes, she is outside."

"Bring her in, man alive," said Cahal, standing up, and the future Mrs. Hickey entered. She was a rosy-cheeked, grey-eyed, fresh-faced girl of eighteen, with a kindly look about her, and a touch of "whip" that made her a favorite wherever she went.

"This is Ellie, Masther, Ellie Carmody."

Cahal reached out his hand, and the girl blushed, tossed her head, and said: "'Tis plased to shake so good a hand I am."

"And it is pleased I am to kiss so fair a one," said Cahal, and he was surprised at himself, as he said later. She and Danny looked very much pleased, and their pleasure registered itself somewhere on Cahal's brain.

"Ye'll be me friend,—ye'll shtand up for me, will ye, now?" asked Danny.

"Indeed I will," said Cahal. "If you asked anyone else to be your best man I would be jealous."

"'Tis going to be next Wednesday, out at her father's house. He has a farm at Knockbreeda."

"I will be there, Danny."

"We'll have a dhrag, sir. Will you ride in it?"

"Certainly. Will the drag be composed of all men on horseback, or men and women?"

"Both, sir."

"Depend on me, Danny."

"Dipind on ye—I'd stake me life on yer smallest word," said Danny, and Ellie looked proud, Cahal pleased, and Danny half wild with joy when the trio parted.

CHAPTER XII.

THE WEDDING AT KNOCKBREEDA.

It was a beautiful coaxing Irish morning when Cahal drove out to Danny's wedding. All the old scenes around Castlemullin came back with trooping memories of Naneen to him, and in every furze bush and hawthorn tree he saw the fairest face he had ever laid eyes upon.

"Drive around the other way—around by Coolbawn," he said to the driver.

"It is nearer this way, Masther Cahal."

"No matter, drive around," he said, sharply, and the driver whipped his horses into a quicker gait and went among stranger quarters. Conny Carmody's farmhouse was crowded when he arrived, but every one made way for The Desmond's son, and a wild cheer went up from a hundred throats as he alighted. There were bouchaleens and colleens by the score, the bouchaleens clad in their best homespun frieze and carrying stout blackthorns or riding whips, and the colleens wearing the prettiest hats and ribbons the big draper's shop at Castlemullin could afford. Ellie looked unusually sweet in a pretty pink dress trimmed with lace, made by her own deft fingers under the guidance of the nuns of the Presentation Convent, and Danny in his homespun looked every inch a fine, strong peasant lad—open-faced and straight of limb. His stiff white collar and black cravat made him feel a bit uneasy,

but then, one does not get married every day, so he felt he could bear it, and to-morrow, to be sure, he would go back to his own collarless and comfortable flannel shirt. After Cahal had been at the place a little while, and while he was waiting for the Drag to begin, he was approached by Andy Griffin, the town beggarman. Andy was a privileged townsman—a big, lumbering, loose-mouthed fellow with gray side-whiskers, patched clothes that seemed to hang together by faith rather than works, and a gait that bespoke his calling. As a rule, he had a yellow meal-bag slung on a stick over his shoulder, but at the present time it was lying in a corner of the stable outside, while its owner moved among the wedding guests.

"Well, Andy, how are you?" said Cahal, reaching out his hand.

"Faith, thin, I'm murderous middlin', Masther Cahal. How is every rope's length of yourself?"

"I am very well, Andy."

"Ye look it," said Andy in his queer, squeaky voice, and as he peered at Cahal with his little crafty-looking eyes, he sung:

*"Of all the trades going, begging is the best,
For when a man is tired he can sit down and rest."*

"What optimism!" said Cahal, laughing, and Andy went on:

*"I'm first at the table, last for to lave it,
Idle and lazy and fond of the bed,
'A smoke out of a pipe is a bit out of a ha-penny,
'Tis awful desavin' an' made o' poor clay,
Get out to yer business when mornin' is early,
A shower for an hour will stagger the day."*

"Why, Andy, where did you get that wonderful verse?" asked Cahal, laughing.

"Med it up," said Andy, laconically, and again he continued:

*"Savin' young ladies from bullets and bayonets,
Gives a young lad a good right to ask for a kiss;
The lady was fair as an angel or Vanus,
Who'd blame him for takin' his share o' the bliss?"*

As Andy concluded Cahal looked at him with anger in his eyes, but the beggarman paid not the slightest attention. He took a roll of twist tobacco out of his pocket, and as he cut it slowly he said to Cahal: "Misther Cahal, how is Head Constable Broderick like the devil?"

"I don't know," said Cahal, stiffly.

"Because his head and hel-met," said Andy, drawing the last word out.

"Oh, Andy," said Cahal, laughing at the far fetched absurdity of the pun, but the beggarman looked very important, and proceeded calmly to smoke his dirty pipe. He had a wise air about him, and as Cahal knew Andy to be the repository of more secrets than anyone else in the township, as well as the best shannachee (country story teller) within miles, he put his hand into his trousers pocket and drew out a shilling and some coppers.

"For you, Andy," he said.

"For what?" said Andy.

"For a story—a true one."

"Once upon a time there was a lady went to France," commenced Andy; "her father wint with her, and another man——"

"Here," said Cahal, "tell the story straight; make it short, and there is another shilling."

"She was sick and didn't marry the man," said Andy, "but news kem be her ear of a sartain young man, be the same token the one I'm talkin' to, that he do be rescuin' young ladies an' kissin' thim aftherwards mebbe, an mebbe marrin' thim. I do be seein' her in France mesilf."

"You," said Cahal incredulously.

"Yis, me; mebbe I was paid to go over an' tell a tale, for iverybody knows I do be knowin' iverything. I'm like a fairy. I sits under dock leaves like a leprechaun an' I hear secrets——"

"Andy, out with the tale," cried Cahal, "there's more money."

"I don't be wantin' yer threepenny bits," said the beggar man with dignity. "I'll take a few fer tebaccky, but that's all—do you moind whin I broke me leg, an' ye made ould Desmond let me shleep in the barn, an' ye looked after me."

"I do," said Cahal, his throat getting a little husky, as he remembered it was *she* who inspired the tenderness.

"Well, thin, I'm yer friend. Don't ye know the gov-ernmint's goin' to hang ye whin it can."

"Never mind, tell me about *her*."

"Be yer oath, ye'll keep it a saycret?"

"I will."

"Broderick paid me to go to Queens County (for 'tis there she's visitin' an' not in France.) I was told to do some beggin' an' dthrop in be accident——"

"Has she not been in France?"

"Yis, but they returned for a few days before goin' on a long ocean voyage—honeymoon, I b'lieve."

"Well," said Cahal, stiffly.

"Well, I seen herself."

"Saw Naneen," said Cahal inwardly and he tightened his lips.

"She nearly hugged me, an' I tould her the news o' yer savin' Miss Hurley—I was paid for that."

"You old rascal."

"Divvel a bit of a rascal. I thought I'd kill two birds wid the wan stone, an' if she cared for ye I'd say as I was paid to tell the shtory. Howsomever, she seen it in the paper. She smiled whin I tould her and said, careless like, not a bit like what she used to be, 'Oh, I think they always liked each other; I'd like to know, though, if he proposed to her that night as the newspaper says.'

"'I'll write ye a letther,' I said, and she smiled tasin' like but I know she wanted it."

"She would satisfy her feminine curiosity," said Cahal bitterly within himself. Aloud he said: "Perhaps I did. It is disgraceful that newspapers are allowed to discuss these things."

"Why, Masther Cahal, they only med it up as a good shtory an' they happened to shtrike the thruth—I'll deny it to herself."

"No, Andy, do not—all right, Danny. Good day, Andy, Hickey is calling me."

"Yis, the dhrag is for goin', but I'll be here to-night. 'Tis the weddin' supper I'm goin' to tasthe. Divvel a wan has marrid for years that I haven't been in at the beginnin' o' the misfortune."

Cahal laughed and went over to his saddle horse and soon he and Danny and the bride were leading the long line of horses and "side cars" and people. The bride-to-be was seated behind Danny, and amid the cheers from the country people all along the way the procession moved on. When they had gone about a mile Danny asked Cahal to

take Ellie behind him on the saddle, as he wanted to out-race every other man present, it being the custom at Castlemullin from time immemorial for the bridegroom to do this. Cahal gallantly lifted Ellie onto his saddle and the race commenced. Six of the principal horsemen joined in it, and with the dust flying, wild shouting, whipping of horses and the enthusiasm and anxiety of an undecided contest, Danny Hickey went forward to win or let the victor kiss his wife after the ceremony and before his own lips had tasted that privilege. Patsy Hickey rode beside Cahal, looking with one protecting eye at his future sister-in-law, and using the other to watch the movements of his devoted brother.

"Danny will win," said Cahal.

"Is it Danny to win? O' course," said Patsy.

"He is only one from the front," said Cahal.

"D'ye mane only one?" said Patsy.

"He's the best lookin' o' the lot," said Ellie shyly but with decision.

"He is that," said Patsy; "if he wasn't would he put the gra (love) on yerself?"

This was an unusually long speech for Patsy, and while he was enjoying the consequent silence that followed Cahal leaned over and whispered: "Why do you not join us, Patsy?"

"Is it me join the Moonlighters?" asked Patsy.

"Yes."

"Sure, poor Danny is enough."

"Are you a coward?"

"Is it me?" asked Patsy contemptuously.

"Then why?"

"Bekase I knew he was about marrin'—if he's kilt I must look afther Herself," he said, nodding at Ellie.

"But you'll marry, yourself, yet."

"Not if anything happens him—besides there's the mother to care about."

"Patsy," said Cahal slowly, "it is such men as you that make me proud of Ireland."

"Is it *me*?" said Patsy, growing red. "Arrah, what talk have you?"

A wild shout from the front, a shout of "Hickey forever. Faugh a balla" (clear the way), and Ellie's face fairly burned and beamed with the joy of victory, for she knew that Danny had won the day.

The little chapel was crowded, there being five other marriages to perform besides Danny's, and the young priest, familiarly known as Father Tom, was putting on his robes in the sacristy when the fathers-in-law to be entered to bargain about the wedding fee. Crops were bad, they argued, it had been a long, hard winter, and several of the cows had died that calves were expected from.

"Why did you not send for Jack Ganey?" asked Father Tom, laughing.

"Ah, Jack Ganey is as much of a cow docthor as me gran'mother," said one old farmer contemptuously, and the others nodded.

"All right—but I want a pound apiece for joining your daughters in the bonds of holy matrimony," said Father Tom.

"A pound apiece," yelled the men in concert.

"Yes, Barney Sullivan, if you can give three hundred pounds to your daughter you can give one to the church."

"I might afther, but——"

"Oh, we don't want any of Paddy the Geese's Peter's pence," said the young priest merrily, and everybody

laughed, for Paddy's story was so well known that the old man could scarcely go outside his threshold without hearing about it.

"I'll pay ten an' sixpence," said Ned Reidy.

"Indeed you won't, Ned," said the priest. "'Tis a fine farm is coming to your son, and a fine girl."

"'Twas a hard bargain," said Ned, sighing.

Up strode Conny Carmody. "I med no hard bargains, Father Tom," said he. "Me little girl got the man she wanted, an' widout anything but the clothes on his back an' the horse he rides, but I'll pay a pound for her pleasure this day."

The other men looked very much ashamed and soon all of the required money was put down, the weddings performed and the parties on the road home, full of good-humored and pleasurable anticipation of the dances of the evening, the good supper awaiting them, and the kisses of sweethearts.

* * * * *

The great kitchen at Carmody's was crowded with the guests and tables were laid outside in the yard, big horn lanterns and candles in bottles casting a lurid light on the merry-making. The tables were loaded with boiled geese, bacon and cabbage, "murphys" galore, and mugs of good old English ale, but there was no hard drinking. Indeed the rare thing at Castlemullin weddings was a drunken man, and the one who exceeded the proprieties was not likely to be invited again. Fleet-footed young men and women danced "sets," jigs and what not in the house while the older folk satisfied the inner man in the yard outside. Old Bill Doody, the dancing-master, whose familiar green umbrella was known throughout the parish, played the music and recited some of his own poems between times.

Being the dancing-master, Bill's way of getting a fee was to have a benefit at the close of every season, and whoever gave him the most money received the greatest praise in the forthcoming song. This season it was Danny's wife that received the ovation, and while the dancers were resting, Bill recited her praises through his nose, or what there was of it, for nature had sent the fiddler into the world with a face on which the nose was so flattened that it looked on a cursory examination as if its owner had parted very suddenly with it. Bill, like most of the South of Ireland peasantry, sang all of his songs to one tune, and of course it was a "come all you." Leaning back against his chair, while the crowded house listened anxiously for the song of the season, he commenced:

*"Come all ye pretty fair maids and listen to my song,
An' if ye will listen I won't detain ye long.
'Tis about me own dancing school, which I held at Cool-
bawn,
Where I taught steps to youngsters from daylight till
dawn.*

*"I know all the art that a man can find out,
I can taich you to dance if you're small, thin or stout;
An' 'twas sweet Ellie Hickey that bate the whole lot,
'Tis the blessin' of Mary an' the angels she's got.*

*"Five shillin's of money she paid me in hand,
Which, bein' to my classes, ye all understand;
She'll always be crowned with the blessin' o' God——"*

"And," yelled Andy Griffin,

"Bill Doody has a nose like a hole in a sod."

In a minute all was confusion. Wild roars of laughter greeted Andy's remark, clapping of hands was heard all over the house, and Cahal offered a prize of ten shillings to decide whether the beggarman or the fiddler was the best poet of the two. Immediately all the interest was centred in the new contest, tables were deserted, music stopped and a committee formed to prepare a subject. "Let it be," said Danny Hickey, "on somethin' that happened hereabouts. Let Masther Cahal begin it, an' the one that fails to find a rhyme within a minute, he'll lose."

"Very well," said Cahal: "I will begin, Andy will follow, then Bill. The whole thing must not exceed four lines. Let it be about the wedding."

"To be sure," cried the crowd, and Cahal commenced:

"'Tis the day of the wedding of Carmody's daughter,"

Immediately Andy answered:

"She's a Christian bein' well baptized with fresh water,"

Said Bill:

"To-day is the day of her life that she'd rather

"Well," roared Andy,

"To-morrow, be jabers, will be the day after."

This unexpected finale left Bill speechless, and in the laughter that followed Andy was awarded the prize and he returned to his seat in the chimney-corner to continue his stories and be the life of the chimney-corner devotees for the rest of the night.

It was about five o'clock in the morning when Cahal stole out of the house after having said good-bye to Danny and his wife. He peeped into the outhouses as he passed, and there, on beds of bracken, lay the tired dancers—the young men who had beaten everybody in the breakdowns, and were now sleeping the peaceful rest of the healthy-bodied. Such men as these, thought Cahal, could drive every hated redcoat out of Ireland if only they would all enlist under their country's banner.

Leading his horse by the bridle he walked down the pebbly boreen leading from the house, and the heavily dewed grass, the softly-waking sky, the sweet early morning stillness, touched his heart with the old feeling of nature worship and he lifted his hat from his tired head as he used to do when he walked with her—but now he was *alone*.

Alone! His heart smote him. There was Beatrice Hurley. Cahal let his horse graze and thought idly that he would let the morrow take care of itself. Then he wondered if people ever married in his frame of mind, and then (he supposed it was because he was sleepy and tired) he wished that he might see his father, so with the impulsiveness so characteristic of himself he turned his horse in the direction of Castlemullin and Desmond woods.

CHAPTER XIII.

BOYCOTTED.

THE Desmond was eating an early breakfast when his son walked into the old-fashioned dining-room and said a bashful good-morning. The old man looked up and his face grew as dark as if a brush had been drawn across it, but in spite of that Moll Sullivan ran with her "welcome machree" and took Cahal's hand and kissed it. The Desmond looked at her fiercely, and she curtsied and left the room prepared to tell her beads for half an hour out of sheer thankfulness for the return of the lad. When she had left, Cahal went over to his father and said: "Dad, won't you shake hands?"

"Leave my house at once, you rake, you lawless fellow," cried the old man, white with rage.

"Lawless! Dad, you do not understand," said Cahal quietly.

"Any other girls to marry privately? Any other renegade schoolmasters to turn into priests? Any other geese-keepers to rob?"

"Father," said Cahal.

"You have disgraced the good name I squandered upon you. You have brought misery on my home and on others—leave this place and never set foot upon it again."

"Father, let me explain."

"Are you in need of money?" asked the old man in a sarcastic, cutting voice, and Cahal turned to the door with the movement of a man who had been struck a stunning blow. Down through the grand old line of oaks he walked, and then he mounted his horse and rode toward Ballydanawn.

He was weary, sick-hearted, angry, but the strongest feeling and the one that was gnawing at his soul was this one: "He never understood me—he thinks I am a ruffian."

When he threw himself on his bed to sleep that was the last thought in his mind, and as he was falling asleep from sheer weariness he said pitifully: "Maybe I am a ruffian or maybe I will be."

He did not know how long he had slept when he was awakened by a loud knocking at his door, and in response to his "come in" his landlord entered, appearing sullen and strange-looking.

"What is it?" asked Cahal.

"Yer to lave this place at wanst," said the landlord insolently.

"And why, pray?"

"Because yer a boycotted man, by ordher o' Captain Moonlight."

Cahal smiled and would have said, "Why, I am Captain Moonlight," but the secret society caution overshadowed his natural impulsiveness, so he said haughtily:

"What do you mean, sir?"

The superior blood frightened the innkeeper for a moment, but it was only for a moment, and plucking up courage he said:

"Some of the secret min have been here. They say yer a govermint spy, because ye nearly killed two o' the brave min that attacked ould Lord Hartley. They'd niver have

got into the hands o' the peelers only for ye. Now they'll get tin years sure."

"More power to the elbow of the judge who sentences them," said Cahal with fine scorn for the diplomacy that might have saved the day.

"Ha, ha,—so that's how ye show yer teeth," said the sycophant who used to bow to "Masther Cahal" here and "Masther Cahal" there, and almost kiss the feet of the man he was now treating like a traitor.

"Get out of my room, you dog," said Cahal, "or I'll pitch you out."

The innkeeper knew something about the man before him, so he changed his tactics and begged Cahal to leave the place or his trade would be ruined and he himself boycotted.

"Go out of my room, and I will leave your house as soon as I can dress," said Cahal. It did not take long for the young patriot to go out into the street, and when he did he met scowling faces around him everywhere.

"Informer! Spy!" yelled growling men and women, and a little bare-legged boy who passed him threw mud at him. Cahal was stunned, and his heart almost stopped beating when he went to his office to find the type all carried away, everything smashed and his staff gone without the formality of a good-bye. On nearly every wall and board and lamp-post that he passed was a white paper with a death's head and cross-bones, and underneath these the glaring words written in red ink:

NOTICE!

"Beware! You are to boycott Cahal Desmond, the spy who nearly murdered two of our country patriots and

delivered them into the hands of the police. Anyone befriending him or sheltering him will be shot.

“Signed, CAPTAIN MOONLIGHT.”

“Patriots!” said Cahal. “The low thieves, how dare they appropriate my official name to blackball myself,” and with high and mighty contempt of it all he went to a nearby hotel for breakfast, but no one would serve him, nor would anyone in town give him a horse for any amount of money. He could get one from the police, he knew, but he would rather die than turn to the enemies of his country for aid. All day he sat in his office hungry and weak and dazed, and when he went to a window to look out, the people ran as if he were a leper. The County Inspector called on him, and with flattery and words of kindly sympathy tried to get him to turn against his people.

“You have sacrificed all for them, and now they would ruin you. Come to the barracks and swear an information against them, and the Government will reward you according to your rank and station. It shall be anything you say,” said the “County,” rubbing his hands together.

Cahal was suffering too much to make any attempt at heroics, so he simply said, “I have nothing to say; please go and leave me here alone.”

The “County” went away assuring himself that no man could hold out against outraged pride, disloyalty, cruel wrong, hunger and loneliness, and that the greatest thing that could happen for British dominion in Kerry would happen soon. Next day Danny and Patsy Hickey came with provisions and Cahal ate greedily. He had slept in his office but his landlord had ordered him to move at once, so he concluded the open field would be his bed soon.

Danny begged him to go with him until Parnell and the

Head Centre could be notified, but Cahal said quietly and firmly that he would not.

"Go home, Danny, my lad, or the curse will fall on you, too—they do not know you were with me that night when we gave those rascals their deserts. Go home and they will never know it."

"Is it to desert ye in yer black hour, Masther Cahal," asked Danny.

"Is it sich a black act," said Patsy.

"You have a young wife, Danny. I will not appeal to Parnell. If my people do not want me, I want to go away."

"But us boys will shtand by ye forever; there's a hundred loyal lads who'd die for ye."

"Oh, but the people at large are against me, Danny. It is not the ruffians who wrote the notices I mind, but the people. I am a left side man—always on the left side of the popular tent. A public idol is a public bauble—the people, Danny, oh, the people hate me," he cried, pitifully.

"But, Misther Cahal, the people don't know the truth. They are led away by every new agitator, an' they're afraid o' the ruffians besides."

"Oh, Danny, it would only cause faction fights and party quarrels—no, no, go away, please do, and let me alone."

There was nothing to do but to go away, and with sobbing voices in their throats that rendered them speechless, the two men parted from the white-faced young leader who sat in his disordered office staring out of eyes hollowed from suffering. As they closed the door, Cahal called after Danny and handed him the society funds, including the profits of the newspaper, explaining to him that he only kept ten pounds, which was the amount of

his last two weeks salary. That evening he went to the National Hotel and asked the proprietor to give him a chance to speak to the people from the balcony. The man felt kindly toward him, and besides he felt it would be quite an advertisement for his hotel to have the papers throughout the United Kingdom tell the next day of the sensational meeting addressed by the boycotted patriot, turned spy. Crowds lined the streets. Everywhere one looked there were throngs of people, and a lowering, angry crowd greeted the speaker when he appeared.

The new school of moonlighters, namely the animal mutilating robbers were present in large numbers, and one of them threw an egg the moment Cahal appeared. It struck him on the face and the people jeered, but there was no movement of his hand or of his head to show that he noticed it. A policeman grabbed the offender and immediately the crowd was enraged, for it decided this showed the Government's care of Cahal.

Cahal himself did not care. "Let the hireling go, constable," he cried; "he supported his mother by cutting turf for my father, ay, and by my father's charity. I suppose he thinks this is a good way to repay it."

"Aristocrat! shoneen! ye foreign squire!" the crowd retorted, and the hateful screams became so loud that Cahal bowed quietly and went back into the hotel. He had scarcely reached the parlor floor when he was joined by Sub-Constable Kelly in plain clothes.

"How are you, Kelly," he said.

"Sorry for you, sir," said Kelly. "Here," as Cahal went to go into the street, "ye're not goin' out in that mad mob."

"I am," said Cahal quietly.

"If y'are I'm goin' with ye, or would ye have a peeler fight with ye?"

"Do you come as a peeler, Kelly?"

"No, me brave young lad, I come as yer friend," said Kelly, and the two walked out together.

When the people saw Cahal come out with the air of a young king, facing the roaring mob with all the coolness of a well-trained army of dragoons, they fell back respectfully, for the touch of fine courage that accompanies "blood" is always respected by an Irish gathering. No one noticed Kelly, and no word was said as the idol of a week before made his way to the railway station and bought a ticket for Queenstown.

"Yer goin' to——" Kelly hesitated.

"To America," answered Cahal.

"I wish I was goin' wid ye."

"Do you?"

"Yes. I thrust'd a man to be a brave man an' a thrue one. I've asked for a thransfer an' I've been sint to the West."

"You mean Broderick," asked Cahal.

"I—I can't say, Desmond. He's wronged yerself, but I feel, 'once a frind, forever a frind,' an' as I swore faith to him I'll niver break it. But blast his eyes if he comes near me."

"Kelly, you're one peeler I am glad to know. Good-bye. You are the only friend to see me off as I leave home forever."

This was said in a quivering, boyish voice, and the rough, ugly-looking policeman put his arms around him and kissed him. It surprised Cahal, for it had not yet gained possession of his mind that he had the power to create extraordinary devotion, and to arouse sentiment in

people who seemed to be devoid of it. He only knew himself to be a left side man, so he said nothing, only stood on the steps of his second-class railway carriage with his hand on Kelly's shoulder. There was a shrill whistle, a few short puffs, one long, loud whistle, and Cahal Desmond was borne away with no one to wave a good-bye to him but one of the sub-constables of the government he fought and hated.

It was telegraphed to Queenstown that he was coming, and the police officials met him there, and tempted every part of him. They pointed out to him the shameful way he had been treated, his justification as a patriot in ridding his country of such scoundrels. They offered him a commission in the Indian army, money to pay off the mortgage from the old place, a sure reconciliation with his father, and they assured him this was not a bribe—it was simply a reward and Ireland would be the winner.

Cahal *was* tempted. It was awful to go away penniless, lonely, deserted by all, branded as a traitor, his sweetheart false to him, his country hating him. The spirit of revenge rose within him, and it fought its fierce battle, but when it struck the inmost soul of Cahal Desmond it lost the day. Another temptation lost the day, too, and because it did, Beatrice Hurley received the following letter in England a week later:

“You are the only one I write a good-bye to, for you are the only friend I am sure of. If you have not already heard that I am branded as a traitor because of that night at Hartley's, you will doubtless do so soon. Thank God I was there, or thanks be to whatever fate took me there; for if there is any sweetness in this bitter hour it is that I punished the wretches who dared to raise their vile hands

against you. I like to think of you as my friend, for I know you are that. More I would not dare to expect, and more I could be to no woman. I cannot write more, for my hand is not steady or my heart happy. Good-bye, dear friend; the memory of you goes with me.

“CAHAL DESMOND.”

CHAPTER XIV.

FIRST GLIMPSES OF NEW YORK.

THE day he arrived in New York Harbor was one of the most inspiring days Cahal had ever remembered. In the midst of a jostling, jabbering throng of emigrants he leaned quietly on the steamer rail, looking at the Jersey shore and wondering what this new land was going to do for his sore heart and smitten faith.

Two young men were standing beside him, one a German Jew who had been in America for ten years and was returning to it after a visit to his old home, the other an Austrian Catholic, full of hope about the great land he was going to settle down in. They were talking in German, which Cahal understood fairly well, and he gathered from the conversation that the young Jew was a socialist. He had read of the socialists but had never met one, and he was interested in this bright-faced, dark-eyed, spectacled young fellow. As they approached the Bartholdi statue of Liberty, Cahal looked at it, his heart beating, for did not this mean that there was one land that belonged to the People, one land that welcomed every political refugee, one city of refuge for the wronged outcast of countries across the sea!

The young Jew watched his face. "You admire that?" he asked, and he shrugged his shoulders contemptuously.

Cahal nodded, but did not speak.

"It means nothing," said the Jew, "nothing. America is a land made by foreigners, but they hate us, and they hate us with good Christian hatred too."

"It is the only real home of liberty," said Cahal.

"She is poorly housed, then," said the Jew. "They will tell you, you ought to love it, because they will give you a job after awhile."

"I am ready to love it," said Cahal, "but I am under no obligation to any man for my brain and brawn. It is that that entitles me to wages, not an American's generosity."

"Just so—you've got the idea. You would make a good socialist," said the Jew. "Labor is capital. You bring yourself—they pay you for your body and soul. Yet they do you a favor, they say, because you are a foreigner."

"Oh, well, I will not sell my soul," laughed Cahal, "besides we cannot help having clannishness. I do not expect to find America perfect. I love it—all Irishmen do. It is our one refuge—its people have been generous to us ever."

The young Jew's face grew cynical. "That big city we are steaming into is full of corruption," he said. "Americans are so weak that they let the lowest element of your nation and of Germany rule them. They will not spend time in their city affairs, because they are a lot of money-makers; whereas an Irishman loves the fun of a political campaign and enjoys managing things. He does not care a snap for money but he loves power. He loves to manage a ward, to speak from a platform, to wear a uniform—he is born with the knack of doing these things and an American is not. Money and affairs have made him blasé and unpicturesque, so he stays away from the polls and allows himself to be managed."

"Do Irishman manage New York?" asked Cahal, in surprise.

"Oh, there are Germans, too, a number of Italian ward heelers, some Jewish deputy sheriffs and a smattering of others. Of course they are not new men like *you*," said the socialist hastily.

"Why not?"

"Oh, you are a gentleman. In Great Britain gentlemen go into politics as they go to the races, racing being a national sport; in America politics and racing attract those who want to put themselves up as stakes and come out winners."

"But gentlemen *ought* to go into politics," said Cahal. "It is a citizen's duty."

"Duty, ha, ha," laughed the socialist.

"But I say it is a duty," said Cahal stubbornly.

"Yes, I suppose so. Of course gentlemen become politicians, occasionally in America, and they get paid in—mud. Unless you are a member of the great political parties, the newspapers will tell you you are a crank, a liar, a traitor or a fool. All the political parties steal. Some steal from the lowest element and make no claims to honesty; others steal from the people at large and retain their churchmembership. That is the only difference."

"Oh, you are a pessimist," said Cahal, laughing.

"Yes, sir, I am," said the Jew. "I am thankful I am not satisfied with the condition of things in America."

"But it is the best country of them all, after all has been said," said Cahal.

"Perhaps—that is no great distinction," was the reply. "I do not blame your persecuted laboring class for coming here to rule us."

"But how can they?" asked Cahal in a puzzled way.

"At home our public men are all intelligent, educated men."

"Well," said the socialist slowly, "the most ordinary Irishman is a good fellow. He is teeming with personality. He has a lot of dash to him. He can fight, and mobs like a fighter; he has his regiment, and he is not afraid of the devil himself, that is why Irishmen of all classes make successful lovers and soldiers, orators and statesmen, but poor business men. The Irishmen fighting 'with muskets and shirts' at Cremona and saving the day, is a story that one often hears in France. Few Americans are fitted physically or temperamentally for public life. New York's common council is made up largely of Irishmen and Jews. *You* may marry an American heiress if you have a title. American men have all the romance squeezed out of them by their letter-presses."

"Then I presume *you* have captured a prize?" laughed Cahal.

"Me?" said the Jew contemptuously. "I am a believer in free love."

"Free love," said Cahal, wheeling around and facing him.

"Yes, sir."

"All socialists do not, do they?" asked Cahal.

"No."

"I am glad of that," said Cahal earnestly, "and you can be glad that Moses taught your people the sacredness of the home life and the sturdiness of morality."

"Why?"

"Because, had he advocated free love, your race would be wiped out. It would damn any nation."

"Do you admire Moses, then?"

"He is one of the few true patriots of history," said Cahal.

"If the world had treated you as it treated me," said the socialist, "you would advocate anything that would do away with the hypocrisy of compelling people to live together who despise each other and who suit each other in no way whatever and are just slaves to society."

"I care not how the world treats me, but I do care whether I take the weak, licentious way, or the strong, true one," said Cahal. "I may never reform society, but I want to keep——" His voice gave out and he turned away, but not before the socialist had noticed the trembling lip and blurred eye.

"Keep what?" he asked gently.

"From being managed by corrupt forces. You despise New York for being managed thus, why should you grant it to yourself?"

The socialist winced, but he said: "Oh, but I believe free love to be right."

"Does the New York professional politician not believe he is doing as well as the next man when he manages its citizens? He is probably right. Free love, man! Call it free license, free hell, anything—but not love—not love."

"You believe in love, then?"

"Oh, let us not argue it—an argument would not convince you, and the subject sickens me—forgive me for speaking so warmly, but——"

"Oh, it is all right," said the socialist quietly. "What is your name? Mine is Sigmund Hirsch."

"My name (Cahal's face grew red) is Charles White."

"I hope we will meet again."

"I hope so," said Cahal, and they said no more until the steamer was in port. Then they shook hands and parted.

CHAPTER XV.

THE SAMARITAN ACTRESS.

CAHAL did nothing for several days except to stroll around the city and view the sights in the metropolis of the New World, and then as his dollars were fast disappearing, he sought work and found it not. He tried the newspaper offices, and one city editor, whose father had been a mill hand in Hoboken, and who had himself blacked boots for a living once upon a time, noticed his brogue and said: "We do not employ Irish emigrants."

"Why not?" asked Cahal.

"They drink too much."

"Of course, in the set you move in," said Cahal, hotly, "you evidently have not had the advantage of meeting *gentlemen*."

"Oh, you are one," sneered the city editor. Cahal did not notice it, but said:

"Do you drink?"

"Mind your business, sir."

"I am," said Cahal quietly. "You insulted me and my country—I want to know what *you* are like. I have never tasted a glass of intoxicating liquor in my life."

"Maybe you are Saint Patrick," said the city editor, laughing at his own joke.

"I hope you are not a representative American journalist," said Cahal quietly. "In Ireland our writers and other professional men are gentlemen."

Before the city editor responded he spit a quid of tobacco out of his mouth and Cahal looked him over, and left the office.

There was not much in the young Irishman's look, but it left the city editor so red in the face that four glasses of lager had to be consumed before the redness abated. As a rule he went to bed drunk, but that night he retired in such a condition that it took him nearly a week to recover. Cahal went to bed in a German boarding-house, thinking deeply and with less hope animating him than usual.

Weeks passed by, during which his watch and books and overcoat went to the pawnshop, and in one of the richest cities in the world he found himself starving to death. He had brains and brawn and muscle to give to it, but it seemed it did not want him, and he decided that if his countrymen were ruling New York, other Irishmen were not profiting much by it. He applied at mills, car-stables and factories, but he was an untrained hand, and, worse than that, he did not have a vote or a "pull." Everywhere he applied he found twenty men seeking one position, so he learned some new lessons in political economy, and incidentally in hunger.

One evening (he had eaten nothing for two days) Cahal sat in Madison Square Park and listened to two men arguing socialism. He was weary and possessed of the shivery feeling that is the worst adjunct of hunger. His head was swimming and he had no desire to study problems, but what one of them said interested him:

"The Government need not own the individual and make a machine out of him, regulating his work and his time as if he were an institution ward," he said; "all it needs is to own the land. The rest will settle itself. There will be no beggars, no speculation in land, no

monopoly, and every man can rent a house or a flat at a reasonable rent, knowing that the fruits of his industry will not be eaten up by taxes imposed to support criminals made by society. In fact, there will be only one tax—a tax on land, and that will truly belong to the people.”

“The land for the people, the individual free,” thought Cahal; “that is a grand idea.” But the patriot’s heart could not throb very strongly, and his head could barely grasp the first thoughts, so he went away slowly, and as it was getting late he walked to East Fourth street and lay down in a hallway to sleep. He had slept there a few nights before and he had no trouble in finding a corner behind the cellar door where he would be undisturbed by tenants.

For many hours he slept from sheer weakness and it must have been about two o’clock in the morning that he woke up with a great longing to get away from the dirty tenement house atmosphere and go up to Central Park and die amid the fresh green so like what he had known at Desmond woods. He felt chilled through, and as he tramped up Second avenue, he shook as if with the ague. Occasionally a policeman looked at him—sometimes a drunken workingman staggered against him and muttered—sometimes a woman of the street saluted him with some maudlin remark, and from time to time a restaurant weakened him with the odor of steaming coffee and roast meat. He was weary—oh, so weary, and big, boyish tears were in his eyes; but, in spite of all, he was seeing his father’s quiet country home, where there was enough and to spare, and for a moment he was dreaming he was there, and then, when his brain reeled anew he was spearing for trout in the streams in the Castlemullin mountain or rallying his fellow moonlighters.

From one scene to another jumped his brain, and whole

weeks and months and years had stretched out before him when he arrived at the outskirts of Central Park. How he got up there he never knew, but he knew afterward that it was while he was wandering along Fifty-ninth street, that a handsome, well-dressed woman passed him and looked strangely at him. He returned the look idly, and then she spoke to him:

"Are you ill?" she asked him.

"Yes, I think so," he answered feebly.

"Poor lad, get into my carriage. I have been out to supper with some friends and thought I would like to walk a block before driving home."

Cahal looked into the street and saw a carriage with a coachman in livery and walked feebly toward it. The woman helped him in and put her arm behind him and sat thus until they got to the house.

"Your name?" she asked in a low voice.

"Charles White."

"I am Julia Herbert, the actress. Come, James (to the coachman), help my friend, Mr. White, into the house. He is ill."

James responded immediately and in a few minutes Cahal found himself in the boudoir of the most famous actress of the New World, and she beside him, mixing a jug of strong punch. When she offered it to him, he said weakly: "I have never taken any."

"So handsome a woman has never offered it to you," she said playfully, and Cahal drank it and felt strong and well again.

* * * * *

When he woke up next day around noon he had a dim recollection of having eaten a little biscuit and beef tea, and then he thought he remembered that a tall, sleek-looking

servant had helped him to remove his clothes, for he felt strangely weak, despite the comfortable feeling the punch had imparted to him. After settling all this in his mind he lay on the bed for awhile thinking. The room he was in was fitted up for a girl—he saw that at once by the various bits of feminine trumpery around him, and he blushed for his well-worn shoes and trousers and hat which reposed in a chair near by, as if they were in the habit of dwelling in such quarters. He had a comfortable physical sense of having eaten and being about to eat again, but his brain was not as clear as usual and he had a mental conception of having done something he ought not to have done. Then the thought of the glass of punch came to him, and he felt very much ashamed of himself. He was thirsty and his throat and tongue felt unclean, and he knew it was because he had drunk a whole jug of the punch the night before—and yet it made him feel so happy that he almost desired to take it again. Why, he knew he could blink as contentedly as a sleepy, happy infant if another glass was mixed for him.

“I think I would like to eat,” he said to himself. “Let me see; my name is Charles White.”

Just then the door opened softly and James looked in.

“Good morning,” said Cahal, “I will be up and dressed in a moment.”

“Very well, sir; I thought you were asleep,” said the man. “Miss Herbert will have breakfast with you in her private dining-room.”

“But surely she has breakfasted,” said Cahal. “It is late.”

“She has had her chocolate; she wishes to know if you are feeling better.”

“Quite well again, tell her,” said Cahal.

He was soon downstairs, where he found Miss Herbert waiting and ready to conduct him into the dining-room. It was a cosy tête-à-tête place, from which everyone was excluded, Miss Herbert herself pouring the coffee and attending to Cahal's wants, as if she had always been used to it. She chatted about various topics of the day and would have gone on indefinitely had Cahal not stopped her abruptly.

"How did you come to notice me last night?" he asked.

"I saw you lean on the park wall. I saw you were young and weary, and I thought you might be contemplating suicide—were you?"

"No, but I felt I was going to die," said Cahal. "I was hungry and homeless. You have picked up a tramp, Miss——"

"Herbert, Julia Herbert," said the actress. "I think I have picked up a hero. You are an Irishman, are you not?"

"Yes, another of my sins," said Cahal.

"Sins," said the actress warmly, "I call that a virtue."

"Do you now?" asked Cahal in a quick voice that had enough of the quaint brogue in it to make the actress smile.

"I do," she said. "Some of the most brilliant, warm-hearted men and women I ever met were from your land. Are you from the North?"

"No, I am not," said Cahal with decision; "I am sick of your good, Protestant North—your virtuous Scotch-Irish. Their pretensions sicken me."

"Ha, ha," thought the actress, smiling, "a young rebel. 'Is there a class called Scotch-Irish?' she asked innocently.

"Is there a class called bird-fish?" retorted Cahal.

"They first went to Scotland from Ireland, then they returned, married Irish women and their children came to America. If they turned out well, they were called Scotch-Irish; if they went to jail, they were called Irish. What were your parents, Miss Herbert?"

"English," said the actress.

"Then you are English, too?"

"Yes."

Cahal was nonplused for a moment, but he said: "And should you marry an American and live here, will your children be Americans?"

"Certainly," said the actress, blushing at the naïveté of the man before her and smiling at his catechism methods.

"Well, then, can you not see how absurd it is for Scotland to claim our generals and statesmen and writers who have become great in this land. Originally Irish, they went to Scotland, married Irish women, had children born in Ireland and yet—faugh."

"Do you not like Scotland?"

"Indeed I do," said Cahal warmly. "The Scotch are a fine, brave people. They are our cousin Celts; their genius and their clear-cut individuality have nothing of the Saxon in them."

"Saxon," she said, smiling, "I am a Saxon."

"The race may well be proud of it," said Cahal.

"Oh, Mr. White, I wish this horrible race prejudice was eliminated from the world."

"I wish the ignorance that causes it was, at least," said Cahal, and then he told her of his interview with the city editor, concluding with this:

"Suppose, Miss Herbert, that we at home judged Americans by their negro-burning mobs, and degraded, tobacco-chewing mountain whites—by the way, the latter

are Scotch and Protestant—wonder how *they* could ever degenerate?”

“You are sarcastic, now, Mr. White.”

Cahal smiled and there was silence between them for several minutes. Then the actress said:

“I was once in the condition you were, last night, Mr. White, only I was planning to commit suicide. God kept me from it.”

“God?” repeated Cahal, queerly.

“Yes, and He kept you from death, too. I want to be your friend now for the sake of that night in my own life and for your own sake, too, for I like you. I will lend you any money you need—you will need it, you know.”

“How—can I take money from you?” said Cahal, choking down the lump in his throat.

“By believing about yourself what I believe about you—it is merely a loan to a gentleman in trouble, a lonely boy the world has treated harshly—isn’t it?”

“But—but——” said Cahal.

“Would you offer it to me under similar circumstances?” asked Miss Herbert.

“Oh, yes.”

“You would have no right to degrade me by offering me what you would not accept yourself,” she said quietly. Then she laid her hand on his arm, and he, with his big, frank eyes, looked up into her kind, smiling brown ones, and though no word was spoken both knew it was settled.

Months passed by, during which Cahal worked as hotel waiter and office clerk in succession. He lived in bachelor quarters near by, but dined every day with the actress, and occasionally went to the play and sat quietly watching her while others applauded. One night a man passed an insulting remark about her character; Cahal promptly

knocked him down and was as promptly arrested. The next morning he was discharged, however, but the newspapers told Julia Herbert that he had spent a night in a prison cell for her. So she said to him at dinner that day, "Do you believe me to be a true woman?"

"Do I?" asked Cahal. "Do you need to ask me that?"

"You can continue to believe so," she said quietly—"few men do, though."

"What!" cried Cahal.

"Do you not know that all actresses are popularly supposed to be bad?"

"No."

"Well, they are—some *are* bad, of course."

"So are some women who are not actresses," said Cahal.

"Yes," said Miss Herbert, smiling. "The theatrical profession helps to make some of them bad, as the business and political world help some men to sell themselves."

Cahal was thinking and he spoke his thoughts:

"I would not like to see the girl I loved kissed on the stage, though," he said.

"Have you seen me kissed?"

"Yes, and I did not like it."

Miss Herbert smiled, but she did not misunderstand.

"Mr. White, have you ever had your shoes blacked?"

"Often."

"Well, a stage kiss feels like that. It is necessary for the polish—you have a feeling that it has been done, but you could easily have read a newspaper during the process."

Cahal laughed aloud, and then Julia Herbert said:

"Speaking of newspapers, Mr. White, I am going to es-

tablish one. It must be one that will create ideals and help people to live them."

"It is apt to be a financial failure," said Cahal. "People do not care to pay for being helped."

"I want you to be its editor and manager," said the actress, dismissing his remark with a slight smile.

"Why?"

"I think you have lived through enough to write a great many things, because you are clear souled and (smiling) because I think you have written before."

"Why?"

"Oh, because you called on that city editor you told me about, and because you have left scraps of paper lying around occasionally."

"Yes, I edited a newspaper before, Miss Herbert, and my name is not Charles White."

"I thought not," said the actress, "but let us not speak of that. Let us go on until the end of the chapter in this way, unless, indeed, you are eager to tell."

"I am not—but——"

"Then never mind, but let me say this: you never got that head and shoulders in a laborer's mud cabin; no, nor in a farmer's slated house."

Cahal said nothing. The remainder of the meal was eaten in silence, and a month later the first issue of the "Beacon" was issued.

Cahal had his own way of editing the paper and he had plenty to do, for he was editor, reporter, office-boy, collector and general manager.

Miss Herbert objected to this, but he had no intention of running up bills, he said, so he had his way. He spent all of his evenings in the cafés and clubs of swelldom and in the dives and low saloons of helldom, for he wanted real

stories of real men, and besides, he had a feeling that he would like to help some one as he had been helped. It would keep him from thinking, too, and that was no small boon in itself. He had been editor of the "Beacon" for three months when he decided to make a tour of the upper East side. The sights that he saw sickened him and he was returning home by way of First avenue when a tall, gaunt, dirty-looking young man of twenty-five or thereabouts approached him and said, "Give me a dollar,"

Cahal saw that he had a knife in his hand, but he said quietly, "Why should I give you a dollar?"

"To save your life."

"You are nervous, my man," said Cahal. "You are hungry, are you not?"

"Yes."

"Well, come with me and have supper."

"You'll hand me over to the cop."

"Who is he—oh, the peeler, that is, the policeman," said Cahal. "Indeed I will not—you can trust me."

The man waited a moment and then went to a little restaurant with him, and he scarcely said a word until he had literally bolted down a huge dish of beefsteak, half a loaf of bread and a bottle of beer. Then he spoke:

"That," pointing to the beer, "is the stuff that has fixed this boy."

"Then why do you drink it?"

"Why? Because I wouldn't live an hour without it. I live on it; my lungs are nearly gone." Here the poor fellow coughed violently.

"Poor fellow," said Cahal. The man looked strangely at him.

"Are you a missionary?" he asked.

"No, I am editor of a paper."

"And I am a saloon bum, a free lunch feeder, a sleeper in hallways who has not had his shirt washed for two months."

Cahal leaned over and poured out a second glass of beer for him. Then he sat in sympathetic silence that made the man talk more than any amount of coaxing could.

"I was a carpenter, earning good wages till I got in with a bad set," he said. "They prided in their low-down habits and laughed at me for a kid for not joining them. I was a soft, no-good fool, and I could not stand that, so I took to going to saloons with them. Then I saw my finish. I lost my job; I had no money, and I hung around the bar. When a fellow has no place to sleep, and a dirty shirt, he loses respect for himself, so I hung around here and there. God knows I often longed to do better, but I could not get a job with the kind of clothes I had, and, besides, I was broken down and nervous—imagine a strong man nervous. Once I could eat horse nails—now my stomach is as weak as my will. To-night I went out to kill or get money, for I had a bad day with my lungs and I wanted a ball."

"A ball?" asked Cahal.

"Yes, a swipe—I mean whiskey."

"Did the saloon-keeper do nothing for you?"

"He insured me and now he is waiting for me to die," said the man bitterly. "That is all Billy is good for now, and the proprietor of the Hell Gate Exchange knows it. He needs bums to put his brother in the Senate, but *dying* bums are of no use to him."

"Come home with *me*," said Cahal suddenly, and next day a well-dressed but sick-looking man was presented to Miss Herbert as "my friend Billy."

"You are beaconing the light already, Mr. White," she said, and these words remained in his mind and cheered

him. They came back to him one night several weeks later when Billy came to his room and between coughs told him he had become converted.

"Converted?" asked Cahal. "What do you mean?"

"I stopped at a little mission downtown and a man told me about the love of Jesus, and I've got it in my heart. Billy is no bum to Jesus any more than to you, Mr. White. You first made me think of Him—you make me feel religious, you do."

Again those words that stabbed like a sharp knife, those words the years were covering up, but that were as fresh to him as the leaves of the woods they were whispered in.

"I am glad, Billy," he said softly.

"Mr. White, I wish you had a change of heart."

"Am I so wicked, Billy?"

"Oh, no, but it's because you are good you ought to be better. Say, you're a natural born saint."

Cahal gave an inward glance and sighed but he smiled as he said:

"Then you do not think human nature is totally depraved even if it is unregenerate."

"Oh, say, of course I don't," said Billy. "The trouble with us is that we count our sins and never count the things we *don't* do and the places we get over without dirtying our feet. Some preachers say a man proves he's a man by being an out-and-out bad. I say he proves he isn't—not a Jesus man, anyhow."

"You are right," said Cahal, "and it is no credit to God to say that early breath of His has all been burned up by sulphur."

"Why, I believe I wasn't in my right mind since I took the first sup until to-night," said Billy. "Oh, Mr White, Jesus in my heart makes my lungs all right." Then, after

a long pause, Billy sobbed: "The—Blood—of—Christ—made—me—new—oh, I wish I could help you, my other savior."

Cahal was visibly affected, and he said, taking Billy's hand: "Billy, you *have* helped me; that night you told me drink ruined you I determined to touch it no more. I had been fooling with it a little."

"Oh, Mr. White, go the rest of the way; give your heart to Jesus."

Cahal waited a moment. "I will think it over, Billy," he said quietly. "It means a great deal and it means much I do not understand," and he went to his room to think it over. The next morning when he went to call Billy, he saw he had begun to live. The dead body seemed full of light. There was the light of a peace that passeth all human understanding on his face, and after the first shock was over it brought the moisture to Cahal's eyes.

"Did God care for Billy?" he whispered. "Did He care for that poor wreck of a tramp?"

"Did *you*?" some voice said to him.

"Yes, for I, too, have suffered," he answered, and then he remembered the master's words of long ago when he told him he would have to suffer in order to love. Cahal sat down before the dead man and commenced to think and this was the substance of his thoughts: "Billy is dead, killed by sin; sure enough the wages of sin is death, and a man reaps what he sows."

He looked at the light on Billy's face, and added, "But God seems to have made him a present of heaven."

Cahal did not know he was quoting Scripture when he said that, and he thought on and on. "Why should poor Billy die? *I* cared for him. Why did not the saloon-keeper die? Why do not the unrepentant rich sinners

die? They will, I suppose; yes, all men die—and this poor fellow is beyond any more pain. Oh, I am glad I brightened his last days. I never felt like this before. I wonder if I can find anyone else to take his place—poor, poor Billy. If you are in heaven and can hear, pray for me; poor Billy.”

CHAPTER XVI.

POLITICS.

CAHAL was sitting at his desk one evening around dusk deep in the mystery of papers, pen and ink when two men entered. On looking up he thought he knew one, the smaller and stouter of the visitors, but he could not remember where he had met him. Presently the man bustled up and spoke in a pleasant, frank and outspoken way, and then Cahal recognized his Hoboken-born city editor. It was he, but suave, smiling and jovial as befitted a man who was seeking a favor.

"I am Edward Mahlein, the city editor of the 'New York Bugle Blast,' and this is my friend, Congressman Williams," he began.

The Congressman was tall, thin and self-composed, and Cahal shook hands with both men but gave no sign of ever having met either. He gave them chairs and asked them why they honored him with their visit, and the city editor said jovially:

"Is it so strange a thing for one journalist to pay a visit of courtesy to another?"

"It ought not to be," said Cahal, smiling. "If you will excuse me, I will run downstairs and get a few cigars."

"No, indeed, you will not," said Editor Mahlein, pleasantly, drawing a bunch out of his pocket and handing

them around, the two visitors lighting theirs and Cahal snipping his off little by little with his ink eraser.

"I like your paper and your articles," commenced the editor.

"Ha," thought Cahal, "you are going to reveal the object of your visit." Thinking a little louder, he said: "I am glad to hear it."

"Yes, you have a chatty, convincing way of saying things."

Cahal bowed and the editor was about to say a few other nice things when Congressman Williams grew impatient.

"Get at the root of the matter, Mahlein," he said coldly.

Mahlein looked embarrassed and a trifle angry, and the Congressman said:

"It's this way, Mr. White. We seen your paper and we seen a chance to use you in the coming election. You've done up the question of Sunday closing so well, that we thought we might throw something in your way. What is your circulation?"

"Twenty thousand a week," said Cahal.

"All sold?"

"No, for the news companies return about seven thousand, but I usually utilize them as sample copies, and subscriptions keep coming in."

"The circulation ain't large," said the Congressman, musingly.

"No, not so very, but we have great influence; the paper is independent and always will be."

"That is what we want," said the Congressman. "No one will believe you could be paid for an article."

"No," said Cahal quietly.

"Now, you are acquainted with thousands of these hangers-on at the saloons."

"How do you know?"

"Oh, my ward heelers know you well; that's why I came. You can get us the respectable element and the other. What you did for Billy the consumptive will get us a thousand votes."

"Will it?" asked Cahal.

"Yes," said the Congressman brightly. "Now we can give you a civil service clerkship at \$150 a month and perquisites."

"But I could not fill the office—I have my newspaper work here."

"Oh, do not bother about that—wait until you're called upon. You can appear a few times a week at the office, can't you?"

"What else?" asked Cahal.

"Well, we'll pay you to get out an edition of one hundred thousand copies a week and we'll have the kids distribute them in every house in this city. You support me and our party—we'll treat you white, Mr. White—ha, ha."

There was unbroken silence for several seconds and then Cahal said: "You have mistaken your man, Congressman Williams. By the way, is your brother not the owner of the Hell Gate Exchange, the saloon where Billy used to sleep?"

"My brother?"

"Yes, sir, and he insured Billy—in fact, he has insured hundreds of such poor fellows. You are his silent partner."

"Well?"

"You will find the remainder in my paper next week. Mr. Mahlein," turning to the editor, "is this the way you mould public opinion? Is this the way you make it easy for

your Irish citizens to keep sober and become industrious? You do not remember me, do you?"

In an instant the city editor remembered, and then Cahal bowed both politicians to the door. Down to the street they went, swearing at each other, Mahlein declaring the Congressman had spoiled all by his bluntness and the Congressman vowing he would drive Cahal out of the city. As for Cahal he sat in his office and wondered if all governments were rotten to the core. Next day he called on the editors of various papers and was received so courteously that he decided that Mahlein was only one type of the American journalist. Colonel Egbert especially made a good impression. He was editor-in-chief of a large daily, which was very patriotic in tone and which was known to be the mouthpiece of "the common people." When he heard Cahal's story he said:

"Why do you not call a meeting of your saloon friends? You are not in the city long, and the thing seems so shocking to you, that you make it more shocking to me than I ever saw it before."

"It is shocking," said Cahal.

"Of course it is. I always encourage young out-of-town writers, because they get such a vivid impression of city affairs that they write things that stir people. Fellows who get familiar with things astonish nobody when they write."

"Let me write an article for your paper, Colonel Egbert," said Cahal suddenly.

"Go ahead," said the Colonel, and Cahal went into the reporters' room, took a bundle of copy paper and a stub of a black pencil and commenced to write. The table he sat at was crowded with "spikes," "exchange" clippings, dirty blotters and redolent of cigar smoke. The room had ten

other similar desks at which men in shirt sleeves were sitting and scratching a city's outbursts into "copy." Cahal wrote and wrote and occasionally he rumbled his hair with his fingers and smudged his forehead with blue pencil, but he went on and on writing, frowning, smiling for over twenty minutes. Then he took his copy in to Colonel Egbert. The veteran journalist cocked his feet on top of a huge wastebasket, screwed his eyes up tight and commenced to read.

"That's all right, White," he said, putting his finger over a few sentences.

"What?" asked Cahal.

"This," said the Colonel reading aloud: "'It is false to say that foreigners corrupt American politics, and when I say it is false I will back up my statements. I know a fellow named Jerry Harrigan, who came to America from Ireland two years ago. He was a big, jolly fellow with a personality that radiated for a block around, and he was sadly in need of a suit of clothes to cover it decently. He told his friends that he wanted a job and wanted it badly, and they told him there was only one man could get it for him. 'Who is that?' asked Jerry. 'The district leader.' 'And who is he?' 'Oh, he bosses this ward and looks after the people.' This sort of paternal care impressed Jerry, and he decided that the district leader was an American patriot. When he called on him he was more impressed than ever, for the leader had a diamond in his shirt front almost as large as a soda water bottle, and his hand grasped Jerry's with a warmth of a man of heart. He saw that Jerry could be useful and offered him a job in his saloon, but Jerry did not want it. He wanted to get on the police force and help the government. he said. 'You ought to be a citizen before we put you on the police force,' said

the district leader. 'Make me one, I'm willing,' said Jerry.

"'Nearly every Irishman in the world is on the New York police force now,' said the district leader, laughing. 'Yer wrong there, I have a cousin in the cemethery an' a brother in Tipperary,' said Jerry.

"'Look here,' said the district leader, after watching Jerry's twinkle, 'you don't even know the street names.'

"'An' isn't there lots o' citizens to enlighten me?' said Jerry.

"He got the appointment and for two years has served the district leader's party as a party 'cop' and honestly believes he is faithfully serving the national government and that the district leader is a bald eagle American.

"Ike Mendel met Jerry one day and this was how it happened. Ike came from Hungary and the first English words he learned were 'for crashus sike,' so that they called him 'crashus Ike' over on Chrystie street, where he lives. Ike started out selling suspenders and laces, and after a time his business grew into the area of a push-cart. He was moving it tremblingly through Allen street one day when he ran across Jerry, who was on post. Jerry needed laces and he smiled rather good naturedly while Ike sorted them. Then he drew a nickel out of his trousers pocket to pay for them. Ike nearly fainted on the spot and prayed that the cholera might take his father's son (which was himself, he explained) before he would take a policeman's money.

"'Damn ye,' said Jerry, 'Oim no idol—shtop prayin' at me.'

"'For crashus sike!' cried Ike in amazement.

"He was a new specimen to Jerry, so the policeman took him in a side door of a saloon and had a heart to heart talk

with him, and then he discovered that he had been lax in his duty, and for the good of the American Republic ought to make every peddler on his 'beat' pay a dollar a week to the Party and buy police excursion tickets for the sake of their health. Of course Ike had a license, but that really made no difference. Indeed he was better pleased to pay the bribe, for it gave him a chance to do business without being bothered, he said.

"'Ye feel all right about payin'?" asked Jerry.

"'Sure,' said Ike; 'dey lets me carry on de peezness if I pay an' votes for 'em. If I gets a goot many udder votes I ton't need to pay.'

"'And did ye get a great many other votes this year?' asked Jerry. 'No.' 'Then pay for the dhrinks an' cut off wid yer merchandise,' said Jerry.

"These two men are types of thousands of foreigners whose idea of American citizenship is obtained in this way, and who know they can neither get work or carry it on except they dance to the piping of the ward heelers. The stranger within our gates is not corrupt, but he becomes so in the natural order of things, because good Americans do not bother about him except at municipal elections, when they mourn the depraved tendency of the foreign vote,"

"Look here, White," said Colonel Egbert, "I want you to speak at Cooper Union. Rally your tramp friends and bring them there. I will appeal to the great public through my paper and——"

"And what?" asked Cahal.

"Well, I have ambitions. I would like to run for Mayor next term. I have big influence in the city—my paper would give me the powers of a boss."

Cahal grew red. "I thought," he began hesitatingly.

"You thought I was unselfish, White. Well, I am, but

look here; politics is a business and must have some elements of fame or gain in it. I want the fame—not that alone, for I would not go into it if I did not intend to work straight. If I go in I will remedy these things, but I must get more than abuse in return.”

Cahal said nothing for a minute. Then he said: “What do you want?”

“I would like to boss an honest party. I would rather do that than be Mayor. I would like to get the foreign vote *honestly*.”

“Why a boss?” asked Cahal.

“Because, man, there must be bosses. There are bosses in everything. A party without a boss is no party. It is made up of a bundle of cranks all turning in opposite directions. Gladstone is a boss, so is Parnell and the Pope, but they are of the right kind.”

Cahal was quick to grasp the other’s logic and quick to knock a prejudice down with reason, so he passed his hand over his head a few times and said: “It is a pity, Colonel Egbert, that a man has to trim down his ideals, but I am commencing to believe he has to use the devil’s weapons to fight the devil sometimes.”

“Thanks,” said Colonel Egbert, laughing.

“You are very welcome,” said Cahal, joining in the laugh.

Then he thought to himself: “I ought not to have given up the land. I should have stayed and become a land owner and fought them from the inside. There is no power *on the outside*—and some one else gets in anyhow. But what am I saying? I am a left side man.”

“What are you thinking of?” asked the Colonel.

“I am thinking I would like to see you a boss—a straight one.”

"Straight as a die," said the Colonel, "I promise you. But keep my ambitions mum. I will get up the meeting for you."

A few weeks later Cooper Union was crowded with every type of man, from the curious merchant, lazy about the affairs of his city, to the three-cent schooner type of tramp who haunts the low saloons.

As he got up to speak Cahal recalled his first speech and his last. He heard again the cheers of his dearly loved people and then the low, angry growls; he saw the peelers lined up to keep the peace; he heard the old beats of his own heart for freedom, and yet here before him were men who had gained it and were selling it, some because they were too lazy to guard it, others because they were the swine before whom the pearls were cast, and others, alas, because in their slum dens liberty was never heard of and freedom was only a name. A longing to step in the breach and help his adopted country came to him, and before he knew it he was thrilling that immense audience with accounts of America's greatness, of her wonderful possibilities, of her noble sons, of her glorious destiny. Fiercely and pitilessly he arraigned "saloon politics."

"Men," he cried, coming to the front of the platform, "men made in the image and likeness of God, men with brains of your own, men with consciences that no whisky can drown! Men, men, *men*! Tell me, will you sell out to that poor, ignorant lout of a man behind the bar? Will you give him your vote for a five dollar bill you will hand back to him again for the stuff that debases you? Will you give that for which royal-hearted men gave up home and love and country and life in order that Congressmen may own Hell Gate Exchanges. Exchange?

That is a good name. Some of you have exchanged health for a free lunch sausage and a glass of lager drained from a dirty keg; you entered the exchange a decent workingman—now you are glad to sweep out the sawdust and receive a bow from the dirty-aproned steak-fed fellow behind the bar. Some of you chaps here to-night knew Billy, and you know what he exchanged; and, listen, what you exchange there you never get back—not in this world. If Christ exchanged his life for Billy's eternal life there is manhood in a tramp. He is worth saving. You are not tramps; God never willed it so; it is the saloon and the party boss that have stamped you thus; throw off their yoke and be men. I stand for no party. The merchant who sells out to a party that will tickle him with favorable laws and tells its inspectors and Attorney Generals to avoid scrutinizing his sweat shop or railroad, is as bad as the Congressman who buys manhood at the dive—they are both murderers. Oh, when will the world realize the worth of a man!"

With hands upraised Cahal stood silent for several seconds, and then the pure helplessness of being able to explain what his soul felt came over him; he hungered over the multitude, but he felt unable to help it any more, and so he sat down without another word.

The scene was dramatic in the extreme, and Colonel Egbert, the chairman, felt more like saying "let us pray" than anything else. There was emotion in his voice when he drew his tall commanding looking figure to its full height. For a moment he looked out on the vast assemblage and then he said in a voice that was not calm: "Let us sing 'America.'"

There was a reverent hush on the whole assemblage, and when the music of the soul-inspiring song filled the

hall every one felt that it was a grand thing to be an American.

Cahal marched up Third avenue at the head of several hundred tramp admirers, every one cheering him and yelling "Down with the bum who sells his vote!" And when the strange procession was about to break up he inquired how many of the men had a place to sleep. One tall, muscular looking fellow responded for the whole party:

"That ain't nothing to do with it," he said. "If we wants to be men, we'll carry the banner for the principle o' the thing."

"Carry the banner?" asked Cahal, inquiringly.

"Yes; I mean walk the street. Ain't that the racket, fellers?"

"That's so," came a deep, bass response, and the words stirred the heart of Cahal with reverence and love for his kind. But reverence and love were getting mixed up with very practical things in his soul, and so he overcame the prejudices of the enthusiastic "banner-carrier" and opened Colonel Egbert's purse wide and provided food and shelter for the throng.

* * * * *

Williams lost the election and Charles White was from henceforth one of New York's prominent citizens. Women with drawing-rooms and desirous of filling them invited him, men of position sought him, but neither rarely found him. They could come to him and his hand and heart were ready to say and act "friend," but he was not going to be shown off on the dime museum plan.

Colonel Egbert called for his aid often, and always got it, but Cahal was not a politician, so he rarely went near the headquarters of the future boss. He did not care a snap for men's opinions of him, so, of course men cared

for him; he never sought to brighten a woman's look, so women's eyes brightened when he appeared. He could not explain it to himself, but he was never so happy as when he was hidden away with a book in some obscure restaurant, or talking with some stray tramp, some street gamin or some saloon keeper.

One night he dropped into ex-Congressman Williams' saloon. It was the spirit of adventure more than anything else that made him do it, and when he went to the bar and ordered a glass of vichy the barkeeper looked him over carefully. Cahal paid no attention, but mixed a little milk with his vichy and sipped it.

"Say! ain't you the man what soaked me boss at th' election?"

"I am Charles White," said Cahal.

"Well, say! ain't ye got a nerve to put yerself up against this bar, eh?"

"I am not lacking in nerve," said Cahal.

"Yez better clear out o' here or ye'll need a new head," said the barkeeper, putting his hand on a stout billy.

"Just so," said Cahal, "that is the kind of politics I am fighting. Now, are you not ashamed of yourself to go to assault a man because he advised men not to sell their votes? Besides, if you fight, use your fists, man."

"I wouldn't dirty 'em on you," said the barkeeper.

"Oh, come now! That is all right for you to say to the poor tramps who hang around here. A statement like that never could insult a man. I will not fight with you. I am sorry for you."

"Sorry for me! Why?"

Cahal looked him squarely in the face and said:

"You are pouring out liquid murder daily; you stand here all day and have to put up with every rough who has

a dollar to spend; you have to refuse the wretch who craves for liquor, but has no money; you live in an atmosphere that would make a devil out of anyone—yet you, yourself wish no man harm. I know you do not.”

The barkeeper’s clenched fist grew soft and he looked at the floor.

“You possibly get twelve dollars a week,” said Cahal. “You may get more. Most barkeepers steal three dollars a day beside this.”

“So do street car conductors,” said the barkeeper.

“Yes,” said Cahal, “and a good many other people when they get a chance, but we are speaking of *you* now, You have not saved a dollar and never will, possibly. You are injuring mothers and children——”

“Say! I ain’t out for to do harm,” said the barkeeper. “Them temperance cranks t’inks we’re all devils and dat we jest get into de graft to make widders an’ orphans an’ tear down ‘God bless our home’ from every wall in the block.”

“Yes,” said Cahal, encouraging him to talk. “I know they do.”

“Well, say! dat’s all de idjits know. Dey know nottin’ about a saloon except what de Bible says about red eyes. A feller has to make his rent an’ make a livin’—outside o’ dat he has nothin’ against his customers. Dat’s the same way wid every trade. Temperancers say we spill beer outside the door so’s to tempt people in. Dat shows how little dey know. Fellers w’at likes beer don’t need to be brought in by a smell; udders would be chased away by it.”

“But now, leaving these cranks out of the question, is the saloon not a curse?”

“Sure thing, but, say, ye’ll never get it away by blabbin’. De best thing is high license an’ to arrest every drunken

man and make the saloon keeper what gave him the last drink pay the fine. Why don't you good fellers have places for people to go where dey can sit around after spendin' a nickel an' listen to a fiddle, and have bright lights and a cheery jay of their own kind to welcome 'em. De church people ud be sure to make reformatories of any amusement house dey opened. Say, if fellers was taught how to live clean an' how to treat deir stomachs an' keep clean, dey wouldn't need booze to brace 'em up."

"They need more than temperance instruction," said Cahal. "Medical students have plenty of that, and yet they are notoriously intemperate."

"Oh, dem young guys! Say, dem college kids of all kinds make me sick," said the barkeeper, disgustedly. "I likes to give 'em sawdust to chew when dey comes in here."

"Why?" asked Cahal.

"Oh, dey goes to church wid der mamas an' goils on Sunday, an' den come here on Monday to see de sights an' swear dictionary oaths to pretend they're grown up. Why didn't de church do somet'in' for dem? We ain't de only horrible examples, I tell yer."

"You are right," said Cahal, meditatively.

Then he added, abruptly: "I believe in the church. Its zeal makes it silly sometimes, and its lukewarmness despised, but it does good. It is all we have. There was poor Billy; I shall never forget his face as he lay dead."

"How was it like?" asked the barkeeper.

"Oh, shining, beamy, beautiful."

"And Billy was a bum," said the barkeeper, wonderingly.

"Yes, but he is not now; I believe Billy is with God."

"Do you, honest?"

"Yes."

The barkeeper lit a cigar and stood watching the smoke curl upward, then he went to serve a customer and left Cahal standing alone. When he returned he said: "Say, Mr. White, excuse me tongue. I didn't know what I was sayin'. I take it back. I'm a big mouthed mug, I am."

"All right, old man, all right," said Cahal, in a friendly touched voice that made the barkeeper flush with pleasure. And then the men parted.

Before he went to bed that night the barkeeper's question, "Do you, honest?" came back to Cahal, and he repeated it over and over, "Do you, honest?" "Do you, honest?" "Do you, honest?" Cahal Desmond, do you really believe it, or are you getting sentimental? Do you believe Billy is with God? You cursed God once. Answer that question, Cahal Desmond: "Do you, *honest?*"

"I do, *honestly* I do," said Cahal, half aloud.

"Since when, Cahal Desmond?"

"Oh, I do not know—maybe since the morning Julia Herbert talked to me about God saving me; maybe since the night Billy asked me to give my heart to Jesus. Or was it after, when I saw him dead, looking so transfixed and so good. Who knows? I think I used to pray *within* when I was a moonlighter, and that night at Cooper Union I saw something—I saw—I do not know what it was, but I saw the worth of a man to God." He opened Billy's Bible. It was a small, dirty little Book, and it opened naturally at what Billy used to call "the wonder place." Cahal read: "The wind bloweth where it listeth and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth, so is everyone that is born of the spirit."

Cahal knelt down. There was no great soul suffering in his face or heart, no excitement, no fears; the Light seemed to steal in on him as unconsciously and imperceptibly as it comes upon the dawn watcher. Whenever he thought about it afterwards he recalled a great, glad loneliness stealing over him and he saw himself (as in the long ago days of his babyhood) stretching out his arms "to mamma and to God."

CHAPTER XVII.

AFTER MANY YEARS.

SEVEN years had come and gone since Cahal and Naneen had said good-bye in Desmond Woods, and Cahal was spending the anniversary of it in his newspaper office facing a problem. He had become so used to facing problems that he thought he could scarcely get on without them, though this one was an unusually hard one.

Julia Herbert had decided to marry, and her husband-to-be had decided that he did not like Cahal and that he would manage the newspaper himself. Cahal knew that he (his name was John William Henderson) did not know any more about managing a newspaper than he did about the worth of the girl he had won, and as Cahal had fought for principle amid rising and falling torrents of abuse, advertising patronage and circulation, he felt it was like surrendering his soul to surrender his position. Besides, he had dreams of owning the paper himself. He was out of Miss Herbert's debt and he had been encouraged by her to become proprietor of "The Beacon." He took up her note and read it aloud while he leaned back in his office chair. "Dear Charles," read Cahal, and then he commented, "she ought to call me Cahal, Charles never sounds homey, though I suppose it ought to be by this time. I would like to know if John William Henderson cares

about our addressing each other by our first names." Before he had a chance to read the rest of the letter the man in question entered. Cahal gave him a smiling greeting and as he arranged a chair for his visitor he mentally concluded that he would try a little diplomacy this time, more for Julia Herbert's sake than for his own, though, for that matter, he was quite ready to admit he was personally interested in the outcome. Mr. Henderson was tall, brusque and self-assertive in manner, but quite good-looking. He was a theatrical manager, and very proud of the good reputation he had won for practicality, punctuality, ideality and lack of rascality. He liked to talk about art, he liked to be thought well of, he liked to be looked upon as a lion among women, and he never liked to be crossed in his wishes. He gave Cahal that to understand when the conversation opened. "Miss Herbert has told you all about me, and my intention to run the paper, has she not?" he asked.

"She told me she was going to honor you with her hand," said Cahal. "She also said you had personal desires regarding 'The Beacon.'"

"Then that is enough. Now, when could you retire, Mr. White?"

Cahal leaned back in his chair. "It is hard for me to retire. I have built the paper up, and given it a high standing——"

"It has too religious a tone," snapped Mr. Henderson, interrupting him.

"Miss Herbert feels religiously about the work of the world; so do I."

"I am afraid, Mr. White, you are in the habit of coupling your name with that of Miss Herbert, My friends have chaffed me about it. I do not like it."

Cahal rested his chin on his hand for a few moments and then said quietly: "No woman's name has ever been injured by being coupled with mine. I feel honored by the friendship of Miss Herbert."

"Of course," assented Mr. Henderson, "but I do not believe in Platonic friendships, and——"

"I think you had better talk those things over with Miss Herbert," said Cahal quietly, "and let us get to business."

The theatrical manager was squelched, but he said nothing. He lit a cigar, and after a few puffs said: "Please do not think I do not trust my fiancée or that I do not want her to have friends. I will not let marriage interfere with my friends."

"I do not see how love can do aught but trust, neither do I see how any man could do aught but trust Julia Herbert, and as for not wanting her to have friends, that is absurd."

"Why?"

"Because woman has ceased to be man's chattel."

Cahal was fast losing his resolve to be diplomatic, and he moved the paper on his desk with an irritable movement. Then he said: "All small people are monopolists and I cannot imagine Miss Herbert choosing a small-souled man."

It looked as if there would be an open quarrel, but the theatrical manager smiled in a superior way and calmed himself by a mighty effort. "What I do not like," he said, "is this: Miss Herbert has never told me how she met you. I know you have been intimate friends—I want to know about this."

"Ha," thought Cahal, "it is our friendship and not the paper you want to edit." When he spoke it was to say: "Have you asked Miss Herbert to tell you?"

"Yes, and she requested me not to demand an answer."

"It would have been better then to trust her."

"I trust her, but I do not like mystery."

"No, you do not trust her," said Cahal. "The woman who shields a friend from having his pride and self-respect wounded may well be trusted by a husband. There is no mystery in it. I was hungry, and she took me in."

"You!" cried Mr. Henderson, in very visible astonishment.

"Yes." Cahal's face was a little red, but that was all. Little as it was, Mr. Henderson noticed it, and he felt genuinely ashamed of himself. "I am sorry I asked. It is not——"

Whatever he was going to say was cut short by the sight of Cahal's whitening face and by the transfixed look in his eyes. Mr. Henderson followed his eyes and saw a young woman approaching—a wonderfully pretty, but frightened-looking young woman.

"Cahal!" she cried, as she came near.

"Naneen!" he responded, springing to his feet.

All the suspicions of years fled from both at sight and sound of each other, and Mr. Henderson found himself in a more embarrassing place than ever when he saw the lovers in each other's arms. Cahal was the first to recover, and his voice trembled as he said: "We have not met for seven years—she is my wife, Mr. Henderson."

With astonishment doubly stamped on his features, Mr. Henderson said something about "glad" and "Mrs. White."

"Not Mrs. White—Mrs. Desmond," said Cahal, proudly. "My father is The Desmond' of Castlemullin."

If Cahal had said the Czar of all the Russias, he could not look as proud as he did. He never doubted for a

moment but that The Desmond of Castlemullin was known to everybody. It happened that he was known to Mr. Henderson, for the latter had been in London when Cahal first left home and when his story was being told in the papers of the United Kingdom.

"You, young Desmond, the rebel?" he said, and with outstretched hand and a very much relieved mind he told Cahal to edit the paper forever, but even as he said it there was a cynical, worldly wise smile at Cahal's expense. "Mad as ever. Primitive idealist!" were his mental comments as he went out.

And they were alone. The office boy (for Cahal had that luxury now) was sent for mucilage and pens, and given a half holiday to buy them.

"Let me look at you," said Cahal, putting Naneen a few feet away from him. Bless the boy, it never occurred to him to ask her "when," "where," "how" or "why." It was as if they had stepped out of Desmond Woods an hour before.

"You look bonny, but a wee bit older, Naneen," he said.

"And you do not talk exactly like you used to, Cahal, and you look a bit older, too, but you have the same dear eyes and you are—why you are sweeter—looking."

"How?"

"Oh, I do not know, but you are. Cahal, tell me about yourself; why did you go away without trying to see me?"

"Were you not going to marry Broderick?"

"Oh, Cahal, how can you ask me? Were you not going to marry Beatrice Hurley?"

"I thought about it."

"Cahal, and you my husband."

"Everybody said I was not. Your family said you would marry Broderick. You remained away. I did not love

Beatrice Hurley, beautiful and noble as she was; I thought for a few moments of asking her to marry me. She might have refused me."

"Cahal," said Naneen, "let us talk this over properly." It sounded very business-like, very un-Naneen-like and though she looked as sweet and girlish as ever, there was a new decisiveness in her voice, a new expression in her face. Cahal told her his side of the story and as he dwelt on his loneliness when she left him, the tears ran down his face. She was here to pity and pet him now, his own, dear Naneen, and he made no pretense of restraining his sorrow. No tears came to her, but her look was one of intense pain—pain so visible that it almost wrote its name on her face.

"God has kept me and cared for me, Naneen," he said, "and all my life is His."

"Oh, Cahal, that is like *you*. Broderick drank and swore, and became a greater ruffian than ever when he saw there was no chance, but you endured it all, and came out pure gold."

"Tell me about him, Naneen," said Cahal, and then she told him about the forged letters, about the story of his marriage to Beatrice Hurley, which even Andy Griffin corroborated, about her visit to France, where Broderick followed, and whose shadowing her father encouraged.

"After I read in the papers about you and Beatrice Hurley, I did not frown on Head Constable Broderick," said Naneen, "because I felt I had wronged him. I allowed my father to invite him to visit us in Queens County, because I wanted someone to remind me of your faithlessness, for I wanted to forget you. I doubted you, Cahal."

"Things looked black, Naneen."

"The most awful tales got into the paper about your desertion of the national cause. Beatrice Hurley and her brother went to Australia where they have property, and it was said you went with them and that you had given up the people's cause for a colonial office. You never wrote to anyone, so how was I to know you were in America?"

"No," said Cahal; "I wanted to forget it all."

"I could not believe all the blackness, but I doubted you, my love."

"I doubted you, too, Naneen. Oh, God, help us, we are so weak, so blind, so poor in faith; but how did you find me here?"

"I refused Mr. Broderick. He knew it was final, and then he told me he had separated us forever and that the master had gone to America. He stole a letter of yours one evening when he was calling on me, and in this way he discovered that the master had married us. I found out afterwards he had the master arrested as a political suspect, which means, as you know, that he could be held for any length of time and be tried in any way the Crown desired, and by a packed jury. It was only a few hours before I went to the schoolhouse and found the forged note, that they had taken him off to Dublin. During his imprisonment he was shown various letters purporting to come from you to the Government officials, and offering to sell your country for a colonial office. A letter was sent to the master with my signature begging him not to appear, but to leave the country and save you from a charge of bigamy, as you were privately married to another besides me. Broderick, who is one of the Government's professional expert forgers, wrote all these, and offered his freedom to the master if he would go away and not appear as a witness against you, as the Government wanted to re-

ward your loyalty, so he went. Poor, dear master; he thought that was the best way he could prove his love for you and for me."

"Poor master," said Cahal, softly. "Poor, dear master. But tell me the rest, Naneen."

"Well, when Broderick let me know the master was in America I told my father, and as it dawned upon him that possibly you had been awfully wronged, he inserted notices in the American papers asking the master to write to him. They found him in Chicago, and he wrote, telling us why he went away, and maintaining that he was a priest and that his full name was Bernard McClare O'Meara. My father investigated and found that he had been ordained as he said, and had a parish in Queens County, but disappeared mysteriously many years ago. Everybody thought he had been drowned while swimming, as it was a custom of his to swim across a lake on his parish, and after repeated draggings the body of a man was found. It had been too long in the water to be identified, but everybody concluded it was Father O'Meara."

"Then you *are* my wife, Naneen."

"Yes, Cahal, yours forever. False or true, I never would marry another."

"My Naneen. My queen, my wife."

Naneen kissed him, and continued: "I came to America with father and mother two months ago, and met the master, who is a street preacher in Chicago. We advertised for you in the Australian papers, never thinking you were here, but one day papa found a New York newspaper with an account of Charles White's political crusade. It had a picture of you, a miserable one, love, but enough like you to make me know it was you and that the name underneath it ought to be Cahal Desmond, not Charles White.

We came on to New York, and located your office to-day. I wanted to come here alone, so the others are waiting for us at our hotel."

"Oh, love, I only want *you*," cried Cahal, throwing his arms around her. "Naneen, are you really here?"

"Yes, my lover, my husband, my noble darling."

He looked up at her. There was pride, and joy, and strength on her face. She was the same dear Naneen, but instead of letting him caress and comfort her as in the old days, she was mistress of the situation now.

"You are changed, Naneen, you are——"

"Say it, love," she said, laughing. "I am stronger. Strength has come to me through suffering—oh, such suffering, Cahal."

"My dear little heart," he said, and he drew her close to him and touched her cheek with his hand and kissed the love-lighted eyes. Then they sat in silence, and all the years were bridged over, all the tears washed away, all the sobs banished, and they were happy.

* * * * *

It was an hour later that the master and Cahal met. Cahal had no very clear recollection of how it all happened, for he was nearly wild with joy. He only knew that the old dear sound of "Ladeen, ladeen, my grand ladeen," was ringing in his ears, and that while the noble old man before him was weeping tears of joy, he was passed from him to Dr. Nolan, who nearly wrung his hand off, and then to Mrs. Nolan, who kissed him, and said how tall he was and asked him if he stopped growing. Of course they had tea, and somehow or another Cahal drank two cups. Maybe it was because Naneen poured it; anyhow, he got through the ordeal, and then they all got together to talk the situation over. Doctor Nolan was for having another ceremony,

lest the Church should dispute the validity of the first, but Cahal and Naneen stoutly resisted spoiling their woodland wedding.

"Then let it be a civil marriage," said the doctor, and to this everyone agreed. A messenger was despatched for a Justice of the Peace, but though Naneen bore it sweetly, she refused to put on a white dress or do anything else that would make it appear that this new "American marriage" meant anything to her.

"I will not listen to a word, Cahal," she said, "and don't you listen either. Let us think of Desmond Wood and ourselves. As if a J. P. could marry us who are one in every way."

"They do not call them J. P.'s here, Naneen, simply Justices."

"Well, Mr. Simply Justice can earn his fee, but he will not impress me," said Naneen, loftily, and Cahal said: "Of course, no one could impress you, but me, my heart."

"Say that again, Cahal," she said, hungrily.

"My heart, my own dear heart."

"My lover," she whispered, and while the music of it was in Cahal's ears the Justice entered.

That night Cahal went to his bachelor apartments for the last time, and spent most of the night planning a honeymoon trip to be spent at a delightful country hotel to which he had often stolen away from his work. Neither he nor she wanted a wedding trip in the conventional meaning of the term. They wanted to be alone together in the country, and lo! this house was in the heart of Jersey's pine woods. They wanted to have each other, to delight in the luxury of each other's presence and to be glad, glad, glad! Oh, would to-morrow never come?

* * * * *

The room was dark, save for the faint streak of moon-beam that stole in and played softly around the bed where the two lay—these two who were wondering why God should have blessed them with the overwhelming sense of happiness and contentment they were enveloped in. Not a sound came in from outside, save the sound of silence that greets one in the quiet country, and maybe there was a faint whisper from the trout stream down the road. He thought there was, and said softly: "Can you hear the stream, my heart?"

"Is that the stream, love?" she responded.

"Yes, I think so. What a pretty little rustic bridge there is there—how beautiful it looked to-night."

"I saw nothing but you,—my—my lover."

These two people had really been given names at baptism, and the Church and the law had given them the name of husband and wife, but they were simply "my heart" and "my lover" to each other.

He told her a story of a little stream he used to fish in when he was a careless little rascal of twelve, and she crept closer to him and said: "It must have been a beautiful spot, but I did not love you then; and besides, I have never seen it, that I remember."

"Haven't you, now," he asked ruefully. "But you will go there yet. It is on the way to Coolbawn. We will see it together yet—maybe when we are old."

She brightened up. "And will you kiss me as tenderly then as you did at the trout stream?"

"Why, my heart, of course I will."

There was perfect silence for several minutes, and then he drew her hand up to his lips and kissed it. When she drew it away it was wet, and she gave a little cry of

pain and murmured: "My lover, why do you cry? Oh, please do not cry; what is it—tell me, tell your heart?"

"It is foolish," he said, "and you will not think me strong."

"Strong," she exclaimed. "You are my tower of strength. I do not need to think about that." There was great pride in her voice, and he kissed her gently and whispered: "The tears fell because I am so happy and because I thought how men have been false and weak, often for lack of such a heart as I have found. If the world was loved as tenderly as this, it would be saved."

She lay in the stillness with her head close to his heart, and after a time she said: "Christ loved it even better—oh, so much better, my lover."

"Yes," he said, "but it does not understand the Saviour. That is it; it does not understand; it thinks of Christ as a judge, not as a brother. I understand your love, and you do mine, for we are equals; and besides, we grew up for each other."

She did not see much logic in the last statement, but she stroked his face and listened to his whispered love words.

"We have not said our prayers, love," she said to him, and he, drawing her up into his arms and kissing her lips and eyes, and hair, said: "No, my heart was so full of praise and thanksgiving that I felt I could say nothing, but I feel it, and to-morrow we will pray together."

He put his hand under his pillow and drew out a little leather Testament, and he opened it and by the moonlight he read: "Beloved, let us love one another, for love is of God."

"Love suffereth long and is kind, and the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy and peace," she responded, and then

they put the book away and she put her soft, clinging arm around his neck and looked up into his face while he kissed her. Every kiss was a coaxing caress, a soft love-sentence, a mute testimony of the reverence he felt for her, and she felt his soul speaking to hers, and hers responding as the beautiful seconds passed.

It was then he told her of his spiritual experience, of the love of God that had been shed abroad in his heart, and which he longed to impart to others, and something came into Naneen's love as she listened to him that she had never felt before. She had always admired Cahal, but now she felt as if there was a halo about his face that the semi-darkness could not hide, and when he kissed her and said: "Lord, she is Thine, too; Thine first, Thy little one," she rested her soul in a love she felt was eternal. They fell asleep with their hands clasped, and it was along in the early morning that he felt her tighten her arms around his neck and say, "My lover, my lover."

He answered not, for it was all coming back to him—the first day he played tennis with her; their first kiss, their courtship, their long, delicious rambles, their separation, and—there she was beside him, waking him up with the exquisite gladness of her voice, with the sweet love-name that only she had ever called him. Trials had often wakened him, sickness had a few times, the sorrows of others had, too, but to-day (O, glad to-day) it was she, his "heart," who awoke him. How pale and frail she looked in her soft white muslin and lace, how wistful was the look in her blue eyes, how tender the sound of her voice.

"Did I wake you too soon, my lover?" she asked him.

"No, no, my heart, not too soon—have you slept?"

"I was too glad to sleep, but I will sleep this afternoon

while you read, and then we will take a stroll and you will tell me what you read. Shall we get up and have an early breakfast?"

"If you want to; I am not hungry."

"Oh, you will be, for I am going to serve you coffee and break your rolls, and put the sweetness on your berries."

"And what shall I do?"

"You will praise me, my—my love."

'And he did. They were alone at breakfast; the dining-room was small, cosy, fragrant, with the breath of summer flowers. They sat close together and he held her hand while she bravely struggled to make the other one do all the work. It did not succeed, so he helped her with his free hand, and it was thus that they ate their first all-alone breakfast together. Then they went out into the early morning wonderland, where all the woods were green "and every common bush aflame with God."

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE OLD FIRE REKINDLED.

DR. AND MRS. NOLAN had written many letters from their little Irish home addressed to Mrs. Cahal Desmond, New York, and received many answers since the events of the last chapter happened, for another year had passed around and passed around happily. Cahal had done little more than to sympathise with the Irish cause, and to eagerly read all the news he found anywhere about it. He watched every movement of Gladstone's, for the Grand Old Man had already raised his voice for the freedom of Erin, and it was with a terrible sense of inaction that he followed the Parnell plan of campaign and the shaving of the British lion's beard.

The master had made him as enthusiastic a street preacher as he himself was, but all the same, Cahal's blood was fired with the martial desires, and often when the old man was looking at him and saying, "Lord, I thank thee for answering my life prayers," the subject of these same prayers was saying, "Lord, let me save men, but oh, let me save *Ireland*, too." In vain did Colonel Egbert try to draw him into New York politics; neither fame, power, nor office could touch him, for his heart was across the sea, and it was only where the direct rights of men were involved that Cahal would go stumping or fighting. They did not make a boss of the Colonel, nor even a Mayor, because the party he chose decided he was a very good

journalist, a very fine man, and a number of other "very" things, but he was not a professional politician.

"They say it is a profession in itself," he explained to Cahal, "and that I do not know the ropes."

"Or the rope-pullers," said Cahal. "Stay out of politics, Egbert, and be a good citizen. The best man that ever lived would have to crawl on his knees to some lawbreaker if he was going to be a successful politician. The *citizen* need crawl to no man, and if he does his duty he can make crawling impossible."

They were sitting in Colonel Egbert's office, and the Colonel was looking thoughtful and not a little disturbed.

"They used me and my paper. They promised me the nomination for Mayor, and then told me, after I had turned my paper into a party organ that it was best for the party another man should be nominated, as the boys were fighting at the primaries and the people did not like me because I was a 'college man.'"

Cahal looked down at the floor. Then he looked at the Colonel and winked roguishly, and both laughed. After awhile Cahal said: "The biggest sharper is always 'the people's man' at the primaries as he is God's man in national governments. Why, man, I was reading a book just yesterday that proved to the author's satisfaction that Britishers are the lost tribes of Israel and God's chosen."

"Reason?" asked the Colonel.

"They are prosperous—the Lord's treasurer."

"That is a good reason," said the Colonel, ironically.

"Yes, that is so; it was Judas' office; he carried the bag," said Cahal.

"Oh, Desmond," cried the Colonel, in mock horror, "you must not say such awful things. Rich nations are always God's Chosen."

"Have I not chosen you, and one of you is a devil?" quoted Cahal. Then he dropped his bantering tone, and bringing down his fist on the table with a bang, he cried: "The British bag-keeper will yet have to reckon with God, for India, and Ireland, and Africa, and her grasping palm will not be able to hide the thirty pieces of silver. She has had spiritual light; so had Judas."

The words had scarcely left his lips when the office-boy came in to announce Julia Herbert. She was flushed, excited and weeping, and Cahal cried *the one name*—"Naneen?" when he saw her.

"Your—wife—is—well," she gasped. "It is my husband. He has left me for another woman. I heard you were here, and——"

Here she broke down. Colonel Egbert stole out, and Cahal reached out his hand to her and said, in a voice from which all the anger of a moment before had gone: "My poor girl, my poor girl."

"I shall kill myself—I am going mad. I——"

"Where is he?" asked Cahal.

"Oh, I do not know, but it does not matter now; I never could be his wife—no—no more."

"But, Julia, are you sure?"

"Oh, yes, he sent me this."

Cahal took the note from her hand and read:

"DEAR JULIA: I cannot bring myself to tell you what I want to say, and yet I ought to be true and tell you. I love you still, but not as I ought to, and not as I love the girl I am going away with. Do not blame me too much, Julia, and do not measure me by Desmond's standard. Desmond is a man of the fields and woods; I am a man of the theatre and hotel lobby, and those places do not

foster the domestic spirit. You are one actress in a thousand, and far too good for me. I am sorry for your sake that we ever met, but maybe you will meet someone yet who can appreciate your noble heart——”

“Faugh!” cried Cahal, tossing the letter on the floor. Then he looked at Julia. She was white, and cold, and weak, but as she looked down at the written lines on the floor she said: “He tells the truth; few theatrical people have any idea of marriage, of love such as I—I—hoped for. It is the fashion to be divorced and try again.” She laughed bitterly. “I am in the fashion now,” she said. “I will star, and I will be like the others. Oh, it is hard to be good, Cahal, but I was, and I never thought this would come to me.”

She was becoming hysterical, and Cahal said: “Come home with me, Julia, come home to my wife. Naneen and I will comfort you, as you did me. Come home, dear child.”

“Dear friend,” she said. “But I do not want to live. I shall kill myself—I do not want to live.”

“Julia, you once told me *He* kept you from that, let Him keep you again. Poor, poor girl; I know the ache. Oh, I know it, Julia. Come home with me.”

Blinded by scalding tears the once famous actress fell helpless into a chair, and Cahal rung for a cab and took her home to Naneen. For many months love and care and prayers were lavished on her, and no brother could have been kinder or more tender than Cahal. Even Ireland was forgotten, and nothing happened during Julia’s illness to make him interested in life, except a glimpse of a tall theatrical man he got one evening as he was going home.

He had been standing on the platform of a Forty-second street car when he noticed a tall man and a little woman

go into the station. He started, blinking for a moment, and then was after them like a flash of lightning. Without any preliminaries he seized the man by the collar of the coat and pummelled him, while the woman screamed and danced alternately. When he was tired, and the man was reclining on the station floor, he growled: "Henderson, you dog."

"You have killed him!" screamed the woman.

"No danger, but he killed his wife's heart for you, and he will kill you in the same way, and you will both learn there is a hell yet!"

A crowd had gathered and they listened to this, the most decidedly orthodox speech Cahal had ever uttered, and neither they nor the policeman on duty made any attempt to block his way when he walked off. The policeman followed him, however, and whispered, and what he whispered was this: "More power to yer elbow, sir."

"Oh, hello, Jerry," said Cahal; "how is Crashus Ike?"

"All right, sir. So're you," said Jerry.

When Cahal reached home he told the master what he did, and then, with eyes lighted with boyish enthusiasm he said, "Master, it is the first fight I've had in many a day and I thank God for it. I thrashed that fellow to the glory of God."

"Well, well—never mind it now, ladeen," said the master cautiously, but his face was glowing with things that are not included in the doctrine of non-resistance.

The way of the world became easier to Julia to bear after awhile, and she responded to the tenderness of her friends with some of her old-time enthusiasm, and even fell into Cahal's trap of writing reminiscences for his paper and helping in various ways.

"It is the bread returning after many days," said Cahal

to her, when she complained that she was overpaid for her poor efforts.

"Ah, yes, but not water-logged like most of the many days' bread returns," she said.

Cahal repeated the epigram to Naneen. And Naneen worshipped as ever and said: "*For you are you, my lover; and there is no one like you.*"

To Cahal, too, the old life came back and he was never so happy as when his day's work was done, and sat by his own little fireplace talking to the master and Julia and Naneen, and feeling the old fire burn in his veins again and the old love of action coming back.

One evening he came home looking tired and troubled. He took his tea in silence, kissing his wife absently, and when the little light-footed maid removed the things, Naneen turned to him and said: "Something troubles you, dear."

"Yes, love."

"Tell me."

"I would rather not now—not now, dear."

"But I want to know," she said, imperiously. "I married you to help you bear your burdens as well as enjoy your joys, Cahal. I am not a frightened infant any longer. I am your wife."

"My own dear wife," he said, putting her hands to his face and holding them there while he thought. After a few minutes he said: "You will not worry, dear."

"No," said Naneen, "and I know what it is. The Old Land is calling you again."

"Yes," he said, quietly. He did not ask her how she knew—she was his other self; why should she not understand, after all?

"Tell me about it, Cahal."

"Well," he said, his eyes lighting, "I met O'Grady to-day. The Clan is strong in America and hope is in my heart."

"Do you believe in O'Grady, Cahal?"

"I believe in his plans," said Cahal, slowly, "but——"

"Where did you meet him?"

"On the street."

"Do you think, Cahal, that a man's heart can be full of cynicism and selfishness and moral weakness and be a true patriot or a safe man to be said by?"

Cahal was silent. After a time he said:

"I fear I pictured O'Grady in a bad light to you, Naneen."

"You said what you thought, did you not?"

"Yes, but, Naneen,"—Cahal's eyes were all aglow. "Danny Hickey is here—he came a month ago to treat with the Clan. He goes back in a week but I will see him tomorrow."

"Danny is as staunch as the Rock of Gibraltar," said Naneen, "but, Cahal, how about Gladstone?"

Cahal started and then laughed aloud.

"Why, Naneen, what do you know about Gladstone?"

"I have been studying the question," she said. "I knew the blood in you would rise again and this time I wanted to go into the danger with you."

What Cahal said and looked then would occupy a chapter in itself, so we will pass it over, if you please, and listen to his first *political* remark.

"Gladstone, Naneen,—can we expect anything from an English statesman?"

"A good Scotch-Englishman, a Christian statesman, an honest man," were Naneen's comments.

"The sword, Naneen, the sword. The land for the peo-

ple. A peasant proprietary is not what I want. The land for the people is my slogan."

"Cahal," said Naneen, "you may as well expect to make the world Christian in a week as to expect to conquer the greatest power in the world. If Ireland were Canada, now there might be a chance, but she is not. She is right at England's door and you cannot import arms or men or ships without first passing the time o' day with her servants."

"Yes, yes," said Cahal abstractedly, "that is what Parnell thinks."

"And Parnell is right," said Naneen heartily.

"Right you are," came in a deep bass brogue. Both started. There at the door of their little Paradise stood Danny Hickey, brown, bronzed, grey-eyed and strong as a young giant. He seized Naneen in his arms and Naneen threw hers around his neck.

"Dear Danny, my Cahal's loyal friend," she said, kissing him until the young farmer blushed and drew away to get Cahal's grip and then to receive a bogwood pipe Naneen insisted on his lighting.

"In a lady's parlor—wisha, d'ye think oi have no manners?" asked Danny.

"'Tis manners to do what the lady tells you," said Naneen, "and that is my father's pipe and came all the way from Castlemullin, so smoke it, sir. Cahal, light a match."

Cahal obeyed laughingly and soon the three formed themselves into a political group and discussed the affairs of the land across the sea with a warmth and welcome that would do credit to a trio of moonlighters.

Naneen was for Parnell and Gladstone. Danny gave her fair support but Cahal was still a revolutionist.

"You will never get anything from a bully until you

knock him down," said Cahal. "England is a blustering bully."

"But you cannot knock this bully down," said Naneen. "Besides, Cahal, Englishmen are fair-minded——"

"Faugh, Naneen," growled Cahal.

"But they are," persisted Naneen. "It is the government machinery that is greased with——"

"Lies, mock piety, missionary enterprise, the blood of weaker men," said Cahal.

"But the English people do not know these things, Cahal."

"Faith they don't, and they aren't dyin' to find out," said Danny.

Cahal smiled and was about to speak when Naneen said:

"Now there is your father, Cahal. Is he not as unsympathetic as any Englishman?"

"The Desmond is invincibly ignorant," said Cahal, but even in his laugh there was a note of sadness.

"Julia Herbert is English, Cahal; what do you think of her?"

"Julia Herbert is an angel," said Cahal with decision; "an angel, Naneen."

"Very well, then," said Naneen triumphantly. "Do you suppose she is the *only* English angel? Did you not find scoundrels at home——"

"Black divvels, ivery mother's son o' thim," said Danny Hickey fiercely. "Min who pretinded they were pathriots an' moonlighters—disgraces limbs o' hell. No Englishman could be worse."

Cahal looked moodily at the floor. The wound he had received in the house of his friends was still a sore one and it hurt then. He said nothing and Naneen continued in a gentle voice:

"The one Man who did more to right wrongs than any other thousand men never struck a blow."

"You mean Christ?" asked Cahal.

"I mean Christ, dear."

"Yes," said Cahal triumphantly, "but if the Book of Revelation means anything He is coming as an avenger of the wrongs of His people yet."

"But He gave peace a fair chance of several thousand years," said Naneen quietly.

"Now, now, Mrs. Desmond," said Danny, growing uncomfortable, "that may all be in the Bible, but it was meant for Jews, an' Assyrians, an' Presbyterians, an' the loike. They're paceable be raison o' physical onfitness, but sure we all know there's a special dispensation for an Irishman."

Cahal and Naneen laughed aloud but Danny was not joking—far from it.

"'Tis thrue," he said stoutly. "D'ye think the Lord is goin' to judge The Desmond's son as if he was an Orangeman or a Yankee ribbon-seller or that kind of a perrywinkle. The Desmond's son—huh—faith, that's good doctrine."

"The priests would not agree with you, Danny, I fear," said Naneen, smiling.

"The priests," laughed Danny, "are as bad moonlighters as the rest of us—the right ones are, anyhow. Sure if a priest told me that oi was to live an' ate an' dhrink an' marry an' be given in marriage like Abraham, Isaac an' Jacob was, I'd tell him he ought to have sinse—so I would. Faith the Pope tried to interfere an' condemn the Parnell movement, but sorra a wan moinded the blessed ould man. England nearly succeeded in makin' a tool o' him, but he'd betther attend to tellin' us about the Pathriarchs."

Naneen's sense of humor was being touched, and she said:

"Do you think they were inspired men, Danny?"

"Faith, thin I do, an' bad scran to me if I'd take their characthers away on 'em, but they were inspoired for their own toime an' people an' peculiar distempers. Faith, it's too bad we don't have sinse about the Bible. Look now—sure if we did as they did we'd never get a shtep ahead, an' I'd be makin' a Baalam's prophet o' me poor ould Bill at home who's just a fine dacent donkey at dhrawin' praties. Look at Moses——"

"Beware, Danny," said Cahal, teasingly, yet seriously. "He is one of my heroes."

"Faith, he's moine too. I think he had more courage in his little finger than ould Napoleon had in his whole ween-shie carcass," said Danny. "Moses wint to the inimy wid a bould, thrue face an' an army o' frogs, while Bonypart wint wid lies an' diplomacy an' beef thrimmed soldiers. 'Tis he spoke up to ould Fairy like a Dutch daddy to a sick pig, an' 'tis he gave 'em the primary lesson in inspiration. Wasn't his brother th' ould fool, though?"

"How?" asked Naneen, chokingly.

"How? To tell Moses he put the gold in the fire an' it walked out a calf. Th' ould idolator must have been scared into smithereen smash, not to tell a betther lie than that."

"You believe that story, then, Danny?" asked Cahal.

"Believe it?" said Danny, "an' is it a monkey-headed infidel ye take me for—indeed oi do an' I b'lieve it an' ivery other blissed word in the Bible, but, Misther Cahal, I don't believe I'm expected to do on the banks o' the river Liffey what Moses did on the Red Sea."

"Except in inward righteousness, and then you are ex-

pected to do a great deal better, for the greater light has come, Danny," said Cahal, earnestly.

"Why, thin, God help me, oi'd loike to," said Danny simply.

"What good has Parnell done anyway?" asked Naneen after the three had sat in silence for a few moments.

"Good?" said Danny, in indignation.

"Yes, good," repeated Naneen, delighted at the fact that she was stirring up Danny in defence of Parliamentaryism without his knowing it.

"Why, woman alive, what talk have ye?" said Danny excitedly. "Sure he has swept sorra off the face of Oireland. 'Tis the poorhouses are gettin' emptied, the laborers' slated cottages that are everywhere, the crops rich an' the factions dyin' out. Priest an' Fenian are good friends. Landlordism an' land grabbin' have their dirty backs broke. His Holiness is prayin' for us an' ready to have five o'clock tay wid the moonlighters, though England nearly bought the foolish ould man over. He sint a rescript, but no wan rescripted, an' the pathriot priests kept up the work in the quiet. An', be Jimminy, 'thwas a Protestant done it all—the good Protestant Parnell. He's the cleverest man iver lived, an' Miss Naneen, arrah, Mrs. Desmond, I mane, 'tis many a day he spint in jail for th' ould land. Yes, an' he befriended England, too, for wasn't it he that fought 'em in Parliamint until they stopped the floggin' o' the soldiers."

Cahal's face was grave and tender. He was thinking of his hero and thinking of many other things.

"How about Gladstone, Danny?" asked Naneen.

"The Grand Ould Muddler has done some foine things," said Danny. "The blessed peelers shot a number o' people for houldin' a meetin' in Mitchellstown lately an' th' Ould

Man has taken it up an' he's makin' the fur fly in England. He's tellin' thim so much truth about their Irish government that I hears they goes to bed in the dark in London, they're that ashamed o' seein' thimselves in the natural."

Cahal laughed, Naneen escaped and set a pot of tea to draw, and when she returned Danny was singing a "Come all ye." From this he drifted into the heroic lay of "The Mountains of Pomeroy" and after that Cahal went to the piano and played a breakdown and Danny danced up and down the room until the light and shadows of Castlemullin were playing in every nook and corner. He sat down panting and when Cahal saw the lateness of the hour he went into his room to get his Bible.

"Let me choose the passage to-night," said his wife. He handed it to her and she opened the book at the thirty-fifth chapter of Isaiah. He looked at it and handed it back, saying gently, "You read it, darling."

Naneen read the glorious promises with an emphasis that Cahal could not mistake. "The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them," she read, and paused. She did not pause again until she came to the eighth verse, "and a highway shall be there and a way, and it shall be called the way of holiness, *the unclean shall not pass over it.*"

Cahal knew she was thinking of O'Grady and when he prayed he said: "Oh, Lord God, be Thou the guide of Thy people, be Thou our pillar of fire."

"Amin, amin," said Danny Hickey reverently.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE IDOL FALLEN.

It was in 1890 that the call of the old land came to Cahal's heart, but it came in a way he never thought it would. Parnell had fallen. The idol of his country was struggling with the débris of his ruined temple. He who was to find the Holy Grail of freedom and bring it back in triumph had lost his claim to knighthood, and a holier messenger would have to be found. Cahal could scarcely believe the newspaper accounts of the blighting sorrow that had fallen on Ireland, and as he sat in the parlor of his little home reading the cruel black lines his head swam with indignation, sorrow and anger. "Parnell Found Guilty." "The Court Grants Captain O'Shea a Divorce." "The question asked by everybody is: 'Will the Irish leader marry the woman whose slave he has been for ten years?'" "Ireland is divided on the Divorce Court issue, but the general opinion is that the fallen Sir Galahad will be deposed."

Over and over again Cahal read them until a sickening, giddy sensation made him drop the newspaper and lean back heavily in his chair. Naneen, who had been bending over him saw the action and stroked his forehead and ruffled his hair and kissed his weary eyes, and all the time he said nothing. It had been slowly growing upon him that Parnell was right; that wars and murders should be left to the dark ages of the past, and that mind and soul

and heart would win the battles of the future. He had been planning to return some day and in his mind's eye he saw a parliament in College Green, restored manufactures, land nationalization and a free and united Ireland. Now, ugh!

"He is a scoundrel, Naneen," he groaned with a heavy, groaning sound that Naneen thought must have come from some dying animal.

Naneen was silent.

"A scoundrel, a traitor, Ireland's worst foe—do you hear, Naneen?"

"I hear, darling."

"Ireland divided!" he cried, springing up. "Of course that is the result. It is not that his own damning sin will fall on his own false head. That is well deserved. A man who would do what he has done is a—a——"

He stopped short.

Naneen looked tenderly at him, and he threw up his hands and cried helplessly:

"Prince Charlie—bonnie Prince Charlie—I cannot call *him* hard names, Naneen."

Again Naneen kissed him and he leaned his head on her hands, after which he spoke out of the depth of old memories: "I remember when we used to sing in Castlemullin 'We'll have no prince but Charlie.' Oh, I remember it well, Naneen, and all the old women used to prophesy about what kind of a wife he would bring home and what a welcome we would give her. For he was Merlin then and he was following the gleam."

"Cahal," said Naneen quietly, "we do not know his temptation—you know much of the beatings of the world and so you can understand in a measure."

"I would not condemn Parnell for sinning—it is the

treachery of it, Naneen. Do you not think that I know that the perjured British Pharisees who tried to hound him with their rotten press are as bad as he—nay, worse in their multiplication of vileness. But he was under bonds of honor to be a nation's champion. He alone could lead the people. They will not follow him now. I know the Celt—he may not measure up by a long foot-rule to his own ideals, but his leaders must all be spotless heroes. The Pope knows that and he will never let the Irish priests marry. That would make them common men."

"But," said Naneen, "if unmarried priests and spotless heroes only make Celts believers in the ideal and do not make them measure up, of what use are they?"

"Oh, no use at all," laughed Cahal, a bit bitterly, "but that is not what I am thinking of now, Naneen."

"What are you thinking of, darling?"

"Oh, I am thinking of that day at the garden party, love, when my hero looked so brave and true and calm. Naneen, you looked like a witch that day."

"How about the witch to-day, Cahal?"

"Sweeter, dearer, truer than ever," said her husband, putting her at arm's length for a moment and then kissing her tenderly.

"Are you not as ready to follow where she leads to-day as then?"

"More so, my heart."

"Then, Cahal, you will go and lie down for awhile and you will pray to God for guidance, and when the call comes I will let you go."

"My own brave love. You will yet me go."

"Yes, Cahal, go when you are needed."

"*He* needs me now, Naneen. In spite of all, he is my hero still."

It was many months before Cahal went, however—months in which he watched and yearned and prayed and loved. He saw Parnell's magnetic star descending slowly, he saw Ireland torn by dissension, the English press glorying in the terrible breach, desolation all over the land and all because of one man's sin.

"Will you not come with me, Naneen?" Cahal pleaded the night before he left America.

"No, Cahal," she said, suppressing the choking in her throat—"the paper and our home need me. I will stay with Julia."

"She is happy, Naneen, is she not?"

"Julia will never be truly happy again," said Naneen. "She loved him, Cahal."

"But he was not worthy of it, dear heart."

"No, but Julia's faith and soul were involved in it, and he cut both. Oh, there is but one Cahal."

Cahal blushed. "You will be good to her, Naneen."

"The woman who took my darling to her home has a claim on my love and life," said Naneen quietly.

"And the boys—my run-down friends who come to the office, I mean—will you take care of them? I think we have one hundred dollars to give away."

"How do you give it, Cahal?"

"Oh, I have no system. Method in dealing with souls is too much like rules for kissing and books on etiquette at a loved one's deathbed. I ask our Father for guidance and I give as He has given to me—cheerily and gladly. When I have no more to give, I tell them so, and I give such as I have."

"And what is that, love?"

"A friend's welcome, a part of my dinner, the inspiration of being a man—a Christian man."

"I think you have kept the best for the last, love."

"Oh, but," said Cahal, laughing, "I try to give the last even when I have money to give."

A few hours later the master arrived from the West where he had been preaching among the mining towns. No one was expecting him, but he asked them indignantly if they thought he would leave the ladeen's wife uncared for in a big city like New York.

"Uncared for," said Naneen, with as much indignation as her voice could crowd in around the love. "I suppose you think I am the same Naneen Nolan that used to cry for days when he went away and then use up baskets of handkerchiefs and boxes of iron pills. Indeed then, I am not, Master; not a bit of it."

"Ah, but my girlie, it will not do you a bit of harm to have the master around, for big as you have grown you might want to cry, and whose shoulder ought to be ready for you, only mine?"

And it had need to be ready often and often, that week, for when the big ship pulled out of the New York dock Naneen Nolan was uppermost and the master had to bundle away to the laundress many a handkerchief that its owner would have scorned to lay claim to.

* * * * *

The night before he landed in Ireland Cahal spent sleepless in his cabin, and when the sun that shines nowhere else as it does over the Cove of Cork, welcomed him from stranger paths, with its bright autumn gleaming, his heart thrilled with the old thrill and he was ready to say that if it was "Ireland or heaven," he would choose Ireland first, temporarily at least. The apple-venders, the milk-sellers, the souvenir fakirs, the blarneying beggars all met him with their blandishments and everyone of them got some of

the fruits of his labors and a pleasant word into the bargain. Then he drove to Cork, which a jarvey assured him was "God's town and the devil's people," and from there he took the afternoon train for Dublin and arrived in time to find out that Parnell was at Morrison's Hotel and probably not in bed yet. They were not so sure of that at the hotel. The lackey who met Cahal at the door was coldly non-committal until a half-crown was pressed into his soft, yielding palm, and then he mellowed like old wine.

"He's tired out, so he is, yer honor. He's been makin' wonderful spaiches, but the people's done wid him an' he knows it. A public populace is the ongratefulest corollary iver related in history."

Cahal did not stop to enquire the meaning of an ungrateful corollary. He had a slight idea of its meaning, for he recalled his own long-gone-by experience with a people's favor and his heart bellowsed up a new warmth for Parnell.

"You really think they will overthrow him," asked Cahal.

"Sure'n I know they will. Why, sir, a people is like a woman—they may get jealous o' ye an' be cruel to ye, an' yet love ye to death, but whin they sit shneeringly whin ye make a spaich wid yer heart in yer eyes, yer done for. 'Twould cut yer own heart to pieces to see poor Prince Charlie talkin' to a crowd o' thousands t'other night an' the heart o' him hungerin' for the love they spoiled him wid all these years an' there bein' no answerin' look at all, at all."

"He has paid dearly," said Cahal.

"He has that, but she loves him. They are married, and happy."

"I am very glad. I guess it is all that is left to him now," said Cahal, absently.

"Guess? Ah, yer a Yankee. Tell me, do they thrate their idols to doses like this in Ameriky? Are they as fickle as we are?"

"Ungrateful corollaries are the same the world over," said Cahal.

"Faith thin, I believe yer right."

"May I see Mr. Parnell now?" asked Cahal.

"I'll do what I can fer ye," said the lackey graciously. "Ye'll find him thin an' tired, I think, but 'tis he has the spirit yet. Sure he led a band ag'in wan o' the thraitor Nationalist newspapers lately an' sint the black-hearted owners an' printhers gallivantin' while he seized type an' papers an' turned out an issue in favor o' himself."

"You don't say," cried Cahal with delight.

"I do that," said the lackey. "Ah, sure, his own friends ought not to have turned ag'in him. Between you an' me, the common people love him yet an' they'll never have a prince but Charlie. 'Tis th' agitators an' th' English that's makin' throuble. Bad luck to'm entirely. He was the finest gentleman I ever waited on."

"May I see him now?" asked Cahal with increased persistency in his voice.

"'Tis surprised ye'll be if ye ever saw him in the good old days, an' faith, 'tis me own heart is nearly bruk lookin' at him."

"May I see him now—right now, immediately, at once?" asked Cahal.

"Gimme yer card," was the answer. Cahal did so and at the same time wrote a few lines on it. They acted like magic, for the lackey returned in a few moments bowing obsequiously and saying:

"Indeed then, Prince Charlie will be glad to see yer honor—why the divil didn't ye tell me ye was a special frind. His eyes got flamin' wid joy at sight o' yer name."

When Cahal went into his hero's room he found him sitting before a large, open fireplace with his frock coat buttoned tightly around his attenuated, worn-looking figure. He had been gazing absently into the embers, but when the door opened he straightened himself up and looked around. Then he rose slowly to his feet and advancing toward Cahal said:

"Young Desmond, welcome back."

"Thank you, Prince Charlie," responded Cahal, and he noticed that the silent man grew red with pleasure.

"Why did you come?" he asked abruptly, when they had seated themselves.

"Because I thought you needed me and because I will stand by you to the death. Maybe I can rally the moonlighters, maybe I can stir the Clan. I am here to do something. I—I love my country's champion."

The fallen leader was visibly moved. He acted like a man unable to control himself. He turned around in his chair several times and then let his face rest quietly on his right hand. He was sure of no one but of her for whom he gave up all. He was very sure of her, and they were suffering together and suffering alone. On no one else could he count. The few friends who remained were nearly all hopeful of some political preferment, but here was a man who had nothing to gain, who returned to a country which had spurned him, to tell its unthroned king he would stand by him in his hour of need.

Parnell rang for lunch, and as they were eating it, he said abruptly:

"You married your little sweetheart, did you not, Desmond? Beautiful story, I know it all."

"I am one of the happiest men on earth," said Cahal.

Parnell looked at him as if he would read his soul and then he said: "But you suffered greatly."

Cahal was about to say something about the triple strength of a just quarrel, but he caught himself before he had stabbed his host and simply said: "Yes, but it is all over."

"I would have helped you if I knew where you were," said the Chief quietly.

"Would you?" asked Cahal looking into his eyes.

"I wrote and wired and went to the South about it, but I could do nothing," said Parnell.

"I am glad you cared," said Cahal in a low voice. "I was terribly hurt."

"Poor lad," said Parnell, with rare tenderness in his voice—a tenderness few but his wife knew he was capable of. "Poor lad, I know it must have been hard."

Again they sat in silence as they broke bread together, and it was Parnell who spoke first.

"Desmond," he said, "do you think the priests ought to turn against me—you are a genuine Christian, I believe."

Cahal was silent for some minutes, during which his loyal, loving heart fought a new battle for the crushed man before him. Then he said kindly, but with a voice clear as a fine-toned bell: "You did wrong, Mr. Parnell, very wrong, but I would want to see the soul of a priest or politician before I would find an excuse for their stone-throwing."

"You think I ought to suffer, then——" this a little cynically.

"I have not come to judge, but to help Prince Charlie," Cahal answered.

"Yes, I need help; I will fight, fight, fight, Desmond. I tell you I will fight."

Parnell sprang up, his eyes blazing, and Cahal looked on sadly, for the great quiet assurance of the man and Chief was lost in the sick, fallen leader.

"Dear Prince Charlie, yes, you will fight, and I will fight with you," he said, standing up as if to emphasize his words.

"Yes, yes, there is a good fight in us yet!" cried Parnell. "A good fight, Desmond. You will rally the South. We will plant the green flag on the Parliament House yet. These hirelings who pretended to follow me will fall. They would disturb Ireland with factions for their own ambition."

"No one is able to take your place," said Cahal; "no one is big enough."

"Desmond," said Parnell slowly, "they say I made a secret peace treaty with the Government; they say I am ambitious, and deny I loved Ireland. But, my God, I did and do. They talk of Her—of my wife, as they would of—of——"

"The low dogs. Where is their chivalry, their manhood? Prince Charlie, may I—may I?"

Cahal raised a glass of water to his lips.

"Drink her health? Yes, dear Desmond, of course you may." Parnell poured out a glass of wine for himself with trembling, nervous fingers, and the two men drank. Then they stood looking at each other, and neither saw the tears in the eyes of the other, very clearly, because his own blinded him.

For weeks Parnell and Cahal met and strengthened their

friendship and planned their campaign with other loyal Parnellites, and then one day Prince Charlie decided he would go to England and to *Her* for a brief rest before throwing himself into the heat of the work.

"I will be back Saturday a week," he said, and he kept his word, for a good boat brought his dead body over the Channel "on Saturday a week."

Cahal stood at the dock in Kingston when the dead Chief was brought to the land he loved. He looked at the throngs of people, listened to the low wailing of the friends of the dead man, noted curiously the sombre emblems of mourning and shivered at the sight, but nothing was clear to him. He said he would be back on Saturday a week! Was that thing the men were silently bearing out of the boat his carriage? Was that the way he came back? Was Prince Charlie really in *that thing*? Had he ever been to a garden party in Desmond Woods—was anything real? Yes, yes, Prince Charlie was *dead*, as dead as Billy—Cahal never forgot Billy.

There were two things he wanted to do, and he went to his room to do them; one was to pour out his heart in a letter to his wife, and the other to pour out his heart in prayer to God for Prince Charlie's wife. Prince Charlie's wife—poor, wounded, lonely heart.

Cahal walked around as if in a dream during the succeeding days, and when the quiet Sabbath came, and they buried Prince Charlie in Glasnevin, within hailing distance of the resting-place of Daniel O'Connell, the Irish Liberator, he turned his face to Castlemullin again for the second time in ten years.

CHAPTER XX.

HOME AGAIN.

THE air was briskly chilling, and the fields and woods were full of autumn leaves blown hither and thither by the approaching winter breath. The lakes and ponds were as clear and cool as if they were awaiting the coming of the wood nymphs whose baths the Irish country people say have to be "just as cool as new milk—no more, no less." The little woodland squirrels and rabbits and all the feathered tribes of the Kingdom of Kerry were burrowing holes or building nests in shady places, for they knew that the green earth would soon be as brown as their own bodies.

And this was the color of the whole land when Cahal arrived within the bounds of his own native barony. As the train reached Castlemullin he was seized with a series of wild desires to run away. His knees knocked together, his heart beat an unmerciful tattoo that outdistanced and outsounded his American watch, and then he sorely wished that he had prevailed on Naneen to come with him. Cahal was experiencing the helplessness of a married man. There was a time when he was well able to manage his own affairs and when every new trial only nerved him on to greater action and more strength; but he had a wife now, and she was petting him, and her pettings and witch-

eries made him feel strangely halved and strangely unable to get on without her. In order to gain some strength for the remaining five miles of the journey he took Naneen's last letter out of his pocket and put it to his lips for at least the twentieth time that week. Then he read it:

"MY OWN DEAR WANDERER: You have been gone only a few weeks, but every day has been as long as any two months since our marriage that I can recall. The house has a dreary look in spite of all the fixings (you see I am getting to be quite an American) I give it, and all the men I see seem to dwindle away into weenshiness, because I measure them by you. Only the master seems worth looking at. I know you would call me a partisan if you were here, but why should I not be a partisan, I would like to know? The master and Julia are managing the paper, and seem to enjoy it greatly. I tell the master we will not let him go back to Chicago any more, and I do not see why we should, and I am sure neither of us can ever love him enough. I have to laugh when he calls you his ladeen—as if you were still in knee-breeches. I think if you were fifty he would speak of you in the same way. Darling, bring me back a sod of earth from Desmond Woods. I wish you could make up with your father, and that we could settle down and live at home, for, to tell you the truth, my love, I never breathe free in this big, queer city. Not but that I am happy wherever my husband is, but New York reminds me of a big problem mill. They are always planning something or another and never getting it done. I have been talking a lot with your Socialist friends of all colors, from the fiery red kind to the mild, changeable shades, and it seems to me they are rather illogical in expecting perfection from Government ownership of things

when that same government is made up of men as bribable and unregenerate as the 'bloated plutocrats' and 'almighty pound and dollar statesmen.'

"But I am preaching a sermon to my preacher. I am afraid Parnell's star has sunk and, darling, don't you go into any wild schemes with anyone else. Don't stay away too long, either, and if you get a cold don't forget that I packed liniment and flannel in your trunk. Be sure to go to bed early, and take a warm bath every night. Oh, dear, I know you will be sitting up all night, taking care of old women and gossiping with moonlighters, and being watched by peelers, and I won't be there to take care of you. The other day I had a drive with the master out on Long Island, and we passed that little restaurant where you and I have had a stolen lovers' meal from time to time. Dear, dear love, it was hard to pass it and realize you were so far away, and the choking in my throat and the tears that would come made me most undesirable company for the rest of the journey.

"Everything calls out for you, darling, most particularly my heart and my arms, and I want to live sweeter and truer because of you. I feel ever so much bigger and worth so much more since I know how you love me. As I was about to drop off to sleep in my lonely couch last night I prayed for you, and felt sleepily for your last letter under my pillow. When I read the books we planned to read together I miss your helping explainifying mind, and your dear arms around me, and so many times I want to turn to you and say—'what does that mean, darling?' Oh, Cahal, your love is such a comfort. 'Tis so good to feel so sure of it; to just curl up and pull it over me, sure that it will be always as warm and comforting as it is now——"

"Castlemullin—all out for Castlemullin!" called the guard, and Cahal put the letter hastily in his inside pocket and stepped out on the station. The peeler on duty there eyed him carefully, but said nothing, and he made his way quickly to the market-place outside where the jarvies were looking for fares. Prominent among them was Maurice Casey, as dark-looking and glum as ever, and when the tall bronzed-looking strange man walked toward him, he started and looked with renewed interest at the clear, strong face so strongly marked with the Desmond lineaments.

"'Pon me sowl," he said, opening his mouth—" 'pon me sowl."

"What the blazes the matther wid ye, Maurice?" asked the jarvey next to him.

"How do you do, Maurice?" said Cahal, bowing pleasantly to his old enemy.

"Y'are The Desmond's son, thin?" said Maurice.

"I am."

"The Desmond's son," cried the jarvies in chorus. "Cahal Desmond."

Cahal stood quietly looking at them, and then one man came out of the crowd.

"Welkim back, sir," he said, offering his hand. "'Tis the divvel's own way ye were thrated. That Head Constable cooked yer goose for ye—may the road rise wid him and shtrike him in the heels—and shtrike his followers, too." Here he glared at Casey.

"What is your name?" asked Cahal—"let me see, you are one of the Morrisseys, of Kilbeg."

"I am thin. Me name is Mort, but I was a wee conawn whin I saw ye last. Sure, that's like yersilf. There wasn't a mother's son of us but ye knew. Let me dhrive ye home, sir; divil a ha'penny 'twill cost ye."

"Thank you, Mort," said Cahal, "but it is only a short walk, and I want to think as I go home—I have not seen my father for so long that I want to think about him."

The simplicity and frankness of the man before them won the hearts and confidence of the rough mountain-folk, and when he left the group every man was a friend. Up the flags he walked, looking to the right and left of him, his throat choking, his eyes full of light. Oh, the feeling of being home again—home, home, home, dear, dear old Castlemullin! It treated him harshly, it sent him away from kith and kin, but there was no other place like it in all the world.

Above the town archway was Bess Humphrey's little shop, and by sheer force of habit he opened the half door and went in. Bess was behind the counter knitting the heel of a stocking, and looked up lazily when her customer entered.

"Bess," he said, "gimme a penn'orth of bullseyes."

"Masther Cahal—Holy Mother o' Moses, but it is yerself?"

"It is, Bess—how is your ludeen?"

"Oh, Masther Cahal, is it yerself, is it yerself?" cried Bess, hugging him, and leaving the odor of pork pies, tobacco, salt pork and groceries all over him.

"How is your ludeen, Bess?"

"Me ludeen. To be sure, ye bruk it years ago, an' 'pon me soul, I've loved it besht ever since."

"Oh, Bess, what base flattery," said Cahal, laughing, and then he permitted Bess to turn him around and admire him for several minutes.

"'Tis a fine lookin' bouchaleen ye are, Masther Cahal, an' me blessin' on the face an' heart o' the girl that owns ye. God bless ivery rope's length o' the pair o' ye."

Cahal cut Bess' prayers short by buying threepence worth of bullseyes and eating the sweets with a delight he had never experienced since the last day he had entered the shop. He remembered now that that was the day before his woodland marriage, and his heart softened toward the whole earth and the world around him. Saying a "good morrow to ye" to Bess, he started on his way home, and instead of going out "the top of the town" and passing Dr. Nolan's house, he cut through the fields, up a little rye patch, down a haggart devoted to the growing of Swedish turnips, across the little fishing stream he had told Naneen about on their honeymoon night, then through a long meadow and from thence to Desmond Woods. The sight of them struck Cahal to the heart and the warm soul in him sent him down on his knees just to feel the green earth of his own home.

Democrat though he was, he loved to think that dead and gone Desmonds had stood here; that they had won fair women and brought them home to this place and pointed with pride to the rows of "Desmond oaks" that had been planted in the infancy of kings long since passed from the glory of earth. Would he ever bring *his* wife here—his Naneen, his love? Would she ever dwell with him in the home of his fathers? When he thought of this he turned his face heavenwards and prayed to the God whose servant he was, that it might yet be his joy to bring her there. Then the thought of his father came to him, and again he pleaded that he might shake his father's hand in love, even if he went back into an exile's life again. For a long time he remained standing thus, and when he put on his hat and started to walk toward the path that led to his father's house, he was startled at seeing The Desmond

standing between two trees, white-faced, trembling and weak-looking.

"Father," cried Cahal, running toward him, and the old man held out his hands weakly and said: "My boy, my son." That was all, but the father and son held each other with a grip of love and longing satisfaction that neither could express, but that overwhelmed the souls of both.

"You—look—well," faltered the old man, after some seconds had passed.

"I *am* well," said Cahal, speaking in the embarrassed way people talk who have made up a quarrel, and have not much to boast about their part in it.

"Your wife—where is she, Cahal?"

"In America, sir."

"Well, why did you not bring her home?"

Here Cahal went into an explanation of Naneen's reasons for remaining in America, the old man listening intently.

"Did you come to see Parnell or—or me, Cahal?"

"Both, sir."

"But would you have come had there been no Parnell?"

"Yes, father," said Cahal, his voice shaking. "Not even to my wife did I say it, but the hope in my heart for you was the thing that first turned my heart homewards—I wanted *you*, father."

The Desmond took his meerschaum out of his inside pocket, struck a match on his embossed silver matchbox, which, like the cane he carried, was a family relic and of which he was immensely proud. Cahal knew that fumbling with that was his father's way of getting calm. He knew, too, when he forgot to light his pipe that he was struggling with an emotion no match could equal. Again and again

a match was lit and thrown away, and then Cahal said, "Let me light it for you, sir."

Just then The Desmond remembered how his little son used to light this same pipe for him years ago, and crow with delight at being allowed to smell the sulphur and create the light. His lip trembled a bit at the recollection, but he handed Cahal the matchbox and pipe, and Cahal struck the match as if his life depended on getting it lit at the proper angle.

"Here, sir, pull it now."

"Don't you smoke, Cahal?"

"No."

"I hear you are something of a lay preacher."

"Yes, something."

"Are you allowed to smoke?"

"Oh, yes," laughed Cahal. "No one has any dictatorship over me and I do not object to tobacco from a spiritual standpoint, so much as from a physical."

"You *are* quite a giant, Cahal," said the old man, looking proudly at him.

"Giant! I feel like one," cried Cahal, springing into the air, seizing the branch of a tree and swinging himself like a mischievous boy of ten. It suddenly occurred to him that he would have to do something to lighten the heavy atmosphere and take the uncertain look away from his father's face, so he availed himself of the limb of the tree. Presently he yelled with a yell that made the welkin ring, then he dropped his coat and hat off with one hand and performed so many antics with the branches of the tree that his father sat down on a log and laughed until he shook. Down jumped Cahal. He had won the day and he was going to make the most of his victory, so he stood on his head and tumbled himself back on his feet, wagering with his father

that *he* could not do that. Then he sat down and breathlessly recounted tales of his early experiences with walking on his head, and we hope he will be forgiven if he brushed up a few adventures that were not an actual part and parcel of his boyhood days. It was pathetic in the extreme to see him seize on every smile of his father's and follow it up with a tale that kept the smile there, and it was more pathetic to see it slowly dawning upon his father what the heart of his son was like, and what was really the cause of all these gymnastics.

"Cahal," he said, after one of his son's stories, "sit down and light the pipe for me."

Cahal obeyed, and when his father commenced to puff slowly, he said: "How is Terry—and the girls, how are they?"

"Well, Cahal, well, but——"

"But what, father?"

"*But you, Cahal.*"

Cahal understood. He had looked into his father's heart at last. For years it had been shut to him and the covering was so thick and forbidding that he feared he would never see it removed, but now he looked to his heart's content and was satisfied. His father loved him. His heart throbbed away down to his finger tips at the thought and then these same finger tips clasped The Desmond's tightly, and in a voice as contained and clear as if his father's remark was a casual one about the weather, he sang:

*"And doth not a meeting like this make amends
For all the long years I've been wandering away?"*

Down at the great house was Moll Sullivan when the voice reached her. She promptly crossed herself, threw

some salt behind the fire and then sat down while her knees shook against each other.

Terry was eating jam in the kitchen, for, though he was talking about entering the army, he had not yet given up his fondness for sweet things.

"I say, Moll, what's giving ye fidgets?" he asked.

"Fi-fidgets," said Moll, weakly; "don't ye hear it?"

"What?"

"The banshee."

"Banshee?"

"Yis, sure Masther Cahal's dead—whisht, don't ye hear his banshee singin'?"

Terry listened and flung the remaining bread in his hand at the cat. "Banshee nothing," he yelled. "That's Cahal as sure as I'm a gentleman," and with this appreciative remark he ran toward where the voice came from, with Moll at his heels. Both seized Cahal at the same time (he pretending to protest vigorously) and they carried him to the house in triumph, The Desmond bringing up the rear, beating the earth with his cane and treating his pipe as if it were a steam engine.

That night Dr. Nolan and his wife came to tea and there in solemn council it was decided to send for Naneen to come over and become mistress of the Great House, and to bring Julia as her friend and the master as her escort and future henchman of The Desmond—that Desmond whose baptismal name was Cahal.

Great were the welcomes accorded to Cahal by the warm-hearted people who had quite forgotten that they ever suspected his loyalty, and generous were the responses of Cahal who was ready and willing to forget his side of it. But, though he was glad for all the welcomes, he stoutly objected to his sisters' plans for anything formal. Nothing should

be planned till Naneen came—he would take part in nothing, he would not recognize anything. His sisters had long ago learned that Cahal was immovable in some things, and so, though both had married army officers, whom they managed and commanded as their husbands managed their companies, they quietly agreed. When Naneen came, he insisted on meeting her alone, after adroitly sending Terry and the servants off on various missions. His father he cajoled into going to Dublin for some things for Naneen's welcome, for he wanted to bring his wife to their home with not even the eyes of a loved one on them. He met Naneen and Julia and the master at a station away off in the hills, and, after putting the master up at a hotel in the mountain town and leaving Julia with his sister, he put himself and Naneen into the tender care of Mort Morrissey, the jarvey, who took them to Castlemullin in a roundabout way that helped them to escape detection. As they approached the end of their journey and got nearer and nearer to their home they thought with tenderness of the time when one hour together among these hills meant days of gladness, and then they thought with a sense of overwhelming joy of the coming days of constant companionship.

Naneen was almost beside herself with joy, and Cahal smiled as he listened to her plans to combine work and pleasure.

"You shall write and study all morning, Cahal, and when I am through housekeeping I will come to help and study, too—no, no, not sociological problems; your American socialist friends have made me tired of them, besides, I never understand them very well in books, but when you forget your dinner and talk as fast as you can, I grasp an

idea of what is waiting to be ordered and righted. You know you talk best at the dinner-table."

"We will have dinner soon, love," said Cahal.

"Well, I can hardly wait, Cahal, though (slyly) I know it will not be of problems you will talk. Tell me how *our* room is—what does it look like, Cahal?"

"No, little love, you must be patient. It is all my thought for you and it awaits your touch to make it perfect—shall we dismiss Mort? It is only about ten minutes' walk now, dear, and we can walk together to our paradise, with no stranger eyes to share our first sight of it."

"Yes, yes, do, love," said Naneen, and Mort concealed his lurking smile, for he had heard every word of it, though they thought the rattle of the mountain jaunting-car would drown five pairs of lovers' voices. But Mort's ears were as keen as his heart was warm, and Cahal's explanation was quite unnecessary. However, he took his liberal fee gravely though smilingly, and then he clasped Cahal's hand in a peculiar clasp. Cahal looked up in surprise and Mort said: "Grass is green, sir."

"You are a moonlighter?" whispered Cahal, now fully alive to the signals. Mort nodded, slipped something into his hand, and then drove away. Naneen had not noticed the whispers and though Cahal was slightly troubled he said nothing and they walked through Desmond Woods in silence.

"There, Cahal, there," cried Naneen, as they came into the open space where they were married that night long ago.

"I have avoided it since I came home; I wanted first to see it with you," said Cahal, and then he stooped down and kissed the ground where Naneen had stood when she plighted her troth to him. Then they walked to the house hand in hand, and when they stood before it, Cahal's im-

petuosity burst forth and he drew his wife close in his arms.

"Darling," she said mischievously, "I know you would breathe for me if you could, but a breath, please, and then I would love to be smothered again."

"My little flower, I forgot my strength."

"But I love your strength, Cahal, for it speaks of your love—your boundless, inexhaustible love. Where is the key of the house?"

"Here, Naneen—you must unlock it as you did my heart; oh, there is a prophetic ray of sunshine—go into it, and let it envelop you. I want to see you standing there alone, for a moment. My wife, mistress of Desmond House, I bid you welcome."

She stretched out her hands to him and when he ran and took them she said: "They are yours and my eyes and heart and life. This is my court and you are—my king."

"My queen, my queen," responded Cahal.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE O'GRADY PRIMER.

WHEN Cahal went to read the document put in his hands by Mort Morrissey he was startled at discovering that it was a letter from O'Grady to the Castlemullin moonlighters. Pinned to it was a pencilled line that Mort had evidently written during the drive to The Desmond's home. It simply said, "Return this to me when you have read it, be careful about yourself and don't tell a living soul I did this kindness to you—tear this up."

Cahal tore the bit of paper up into very small pieces and then turned to O'Grady's letter. The Head Centre had written a long letter dealing with generalizations in a rather spread-eagle, screamingly patriotic fashion, but when his pen turned to Cahal, he dropped into his own easy, philosophical style:

"I like C. D.," he wrote, "but my hopes for him have died. A fellow who thinks he has a mission to humanity will stumble over an island only three hundred miles long. He thinks in continents (capital New Jerusalem) and no man is fit to shoot a tyrant, he thinks, until he has first shot sanctification all through himself. He doesn't believe in the spoils of a political row, which shows he knows nothing about the thing at all. The other fellow has the spoils,

and we want them, and we are not playing philanthropist to a public that would pick our pockets if it got a chance. Have nothing to do with C. D. when he arrives. He ain't in it any longer. A man who gets broken-hearted when fellows ain't on the square is no man for moonlighting. You've got to use the round fellows as well as the square ones and you can't get a body of picked men this side of D.'s metal and gold-plated heaven. Lots of men have heaps of reasons for doing a job for you besides *your* reason, but don't you care so long as they do it. I'm willing to let a man manage his own morals if he reports at camp sober, treats me white and keeps his mouth shut.

"If the world's work is going to be done by self-sacrificing ideal plugs, I want to know and I'll shuffle out of it before I see how badly the longitude and latitude will get twisted. Men have to have a motive, and motives live in the region of the heart and pocket, and the heart and pocket have rapid transit connections. We have love of country and revenge first. We want to chase England's lazy, stupid, grubby robbers and give the soil of Ireland to the sons of the soil, but we would be the biggest fools ever planned and executed if we did not consider ourselves worthy of the hire of the pioneer. The enthusiast drops out and dies of a broken heart or broken wind, but the fellow who has got 'something in it' sticks, and the profit to the people is the same in the end.

"D. thought he would reform America. Now, America is the grandest country in the world. I'm not much of a theologian myself, but I think it's the Garden of Eden—or, rather, two Gardens. One is the Garden before the Fall, when Adam had nothing to do but admire his un-seal-skinned, inexpensive and altogether charming Rib—and occasionally to name a new animal. I live in *that* Eden,

and the principal animals I name are reformers and jays. Never mind what I call 'em. I know there is a second Eden in America, a fallen, sweat-of-his-brow one. Transport the Irish landlords there as quick as you can—it is nearly time they paid for their iniquity.

“We have our little faults in America, of course, and we have our big sins, too; that’s what makes us so attractive. I grant you that we are not very polite about the way we do things—we haven’t learned to lie in the style of the Old World yet, and we are too full of energy to carry the goods out the back door and sneak away. How would the press live if we didn’t do things?

“C. D. said to me once that there were some American editors whom he believed to be lineal descendants of the Edenic serpent, and that they had better and newer ways of instilling original sin into people. Now that is a big mistake. The editors are virtuous men who are constantly reforming sinners, offering money for the detection of criminals, rescuing the wronged, and giving expert testimony of their own moral sprightliness. D. thinks they only do that for the long green dollar, and that if there were no crime they would bribe someone to sin so as to reform him and sell the story of his reformation. That’s like D. He is a pessimist. How much love would there be in the world if some dear little fool woman was not thinking her lover would die or be ruined if she did not agree that when father and mother had dropped him she would take him up and mend his clothes?

“I write this because D. has a tongue like that of an oiled angel and a manner that sets the unenlightened on fire and feeds them on snowballs and Bible promises afterwards. He’s dead square, and if I ever get to heaven there’s not another man I’d rather sit near to, to get my

first training from, but down here, lads, it's 'Look out for your hat and coat.' Do not recognize him as a moonlighter, but keep him a friend if possible, and treat him right, for he deserves white treatment, but if he tries to introduce sanctified and patriotic suppression, don't be any more gentle with him than you would be with any other good man gone wrong.

"I don't want you to hurt his 'feelings' seriously, or in a place that can't be mended, but put the Cause before anything.

"There is a sort of British feeling growing over here. Americans are getting money now and they like to buy up some of Charlotte Braeme's and Bertha Clay's baronets. In the old days a nice house, a good cook and accessories, a suit of broadcloth, a team, and a statement that your great-grandfather was present at the signing of the Declaration was enough for any rich American. Now he has learned to drop a line into the ocean and notify the fish to come up and receive his brand; he has learned that he can float banana plantation and patent doorknob stock and get a million of Eden's animals to 'get in on the ground floor,' and he likes his ability. His wife and daughters are the cleverest and most beautiful women outside of dreamland and poppy heaven. That's a fact, whether D. thinks so or not, and when an able man and a handsome, clever woman present any nation with boys and girls that nation is going to absorb the unfitly survived nobles of other dominions.

"That is America's position to-day. She is flirting with England and England will respond when her slow and doubting heart, and the financial vacuum in her hip pocket, is touched. We must be prepared for that, and our strongest power is the press. Ireland's cleverest men and women

help to make up the great dailies of America more than those of any other nation, and they must turn their pens on the union of John Bull and Uncle Sam. The pen is mightier, over here, than all the bombs and beers of our Anarchist brethren. America and England honestly think they are Christian nations. Read the Sermon on the Mount and see if they are right. Get Desmond to give you lessons in that—he's at home there. He will wax eloquent on the disembowelling of the raging heathen and the Sea Islanders; on the pious business cheating, the fortunes given to foreign missions, and made on cheap help, slick tricks and doing the brethren brown. He will tell you that when anyone slaps England and America on the right cheek, he loses his own and all his descendants. He will tell you, too, that the little child in the midst and the type of the inhabitant of the kingdom, is Bismarck's diplomat, who was told to tell the truth, because no one would believe him. He will tell you that the one who inherits the earth is the one who was meek when the former owner was looking, and put an end to him when he wasn't, and he will tell you that when England and America cut off their offending right hand it is when she hopes to get an indemnity for it. Make these strong points.

"Religion is all right to have when it fits your case. I don't know that the Irish government would be any better, but you don't need to say that. However, I would like to give a trial to the law of love and to the real teachings of Christ, for they might work, and I am always ready for good theories, and sometimes when I am thoughtful and think of the days before the political fever got hold of me, I wish it was all true. But I am not an idealist. I love my country and, since the children of this generation are

wiser than the children of light, I refuse to be lit, and I will fight for Ireland and
Yours truly."

When Cahal finished that letter he looked slightly ashamed of O'Grady's iniquity and terribly tempted to laugh and to notify Queen Victoria of the loss of a useful subject. He succumbed to the temptation to laugh after awhile, and O'Grady might have decided that Cahal had backslidden and that there was the making of a good moonlighter in him after all, had he only heard his future heavenly instructor say to himself with real human feeling: "Hang you, O'G., what a rascal you are, but what an honest, likable one."

When he returned the letter the following Fair Day to Mort he simply smiled, and said: "Thank you, Mort, but you need have no fear. My lines have fallen into other places, and while you try moonlighting I will try life-lighting."

"About the Sermon on the Mounting, sir," said Mort. "I have a speech to make before the l-a-a-ds at the Cross Roads next Sunday an' I'd like some pointers."

"Come to my house to-night, Mort," said Cahal, "and I will tell you all I know," and he smiled shrewdly as he quoted mentally the sage remark of O'Grady: "Lots of men have heaps of reasons for doing a job for you besides *your* reason, but don't you care as long as they do it."

CHAPTER XXII.

CORPORAL KELLY'S OPINIONS AND SOME OTHERS.

THE marketplace of Castlemullin was crowded, for it was a fair day, and men, women and children, pigs, cows, firkins of butter and bags of flour were filling the space around the market house. In the centre of the square stood fourteen farm hands, leaning on their spades and waiting to be hired as turf-cutters, potato-diggers, mowers and the like. Farmers came up and spoke to them, looked them over with the eye of a slave-owner, examined the strength of their limbs with a glance and then offered them twenty-five cents a day. Usually the men took it and went into the public-house to get a pint of porter at the expense of their employer.

A red-jacketed, gaily-decorated sergeant of militia was parading up and down the flags and inviting young men to join Her Majesty's army. When they were drunk enough (at Her Majesty's expense) they usually took the Queen's shilling and prepared to kill blacks and browns and other-colored people over whom England assumed a protectorate. Blacks were not Irishmen, they reasoned, and famines in India, caused by grinding the people down to a hand-to-mouth cultivation of the land was a very different thing from that same condition of affairs in Ireland. Besides,

the Indian warriors felt the same way and would come from the hills to make Cork loyal if needs be.

Cahal thought of these things as he talked to a prosperous-looking Limerick butter buyer, who had no interest in the land question outside of the coloring given to butter by certain meadow grasses. He was thinking, and thinking deeply (for he himself was a landowner now) when he caught the militia sergeant's eye. The militia sergeant started and then rushed toward him. It was his former friend, Sub-Constable Kelly.

"Kelly," he cried.

"Misther Desmond," cried Kelly, giving him a resounding whack on the back.

"I thought you were a member of the constabulary, Kelly."

"So I was, but Broderick had me broke."

"Your friend, the Head."

"He's County Inspecthor now—me frind indeed—a divvil from hell I call him."

"What charges did he make against you?"

"Insubordination and dhrunkenness. First charge thrue enough, for I lathered him like a rag carpet one night afther I found th' ins an' outs of how he thrated *you*; second charge not thrue—jest one of his *ordinary* shtatements."

Cahal laughed. "But how can you be a sergeant of militia?"

"Oh, don't ye know that any ould divvel can be a common sojer, but ye got to be a gintleman to be a peeler. I sind my men to lather a few peelers every once in awhile—the militia and the Royal Irish hate each other. They say we're scrubs. We make 'em prove it by runnin' afther 'em wid our knuckles shut."

"I see you are an apostle of peace," said Cahal, laughing.

"Pace; I was shtationed in the North for awhile, an' I tell ye, I took it out o' some Orangemin. They goes around yellin' 'To hell with the Pope,' but by the sowl o' Nell O'Flaherty's dhrake, whin I got through wid a half dozen o' thim wan night they'd have given a good pinny for the bone of a saint to cure 'em."

"But, man," said Cahal, chokingly, "they are loyal citizens, and you a loyal soldier—how dare you strike them?"

"I'm takin' the Queen's pay, an' I wouldn't thrate her black for religion, counthry, wife or stomach, but she's got to give me the free use o' me fists for principle, an' whin a lot o' pampered, over-fed foreign robbers open their toothless mouths ag'in His Holiness I'll jab 'em, that I will."

"Kelly, come and have a bite with me," said Cahal, and both men made their way to the Royal Hotel, men and women bowing or doffing their hats respectfully when the reigning Desmond passed by. This amused Cahal, and he wondered if they were thinking that he would soon be Resident Magistrate or Member of Parliament, and then he wondered if he would grow fat and pompous and carry a gold-headed cane and head the church subscription-lists when he put on the robes of these elevated offices.

"Kelly," he said, when they sat down to their dinner, "I like you—you are a man after my own heart; an honest-minded man."

"Yes," said Kelly, blushing.

"But you are not acting honestly. Now, look here, how can you hire and bribe these peasant fellows to put on that red jacket and——"

"I know all th' arguments ye'd use," said Kelly. "They're me possession by heart, but why should the min

shtay home an' ate yellow bread an' sour milk an' wear what they can get whin they can have porther an' beef an' a gintleman's suit an' enough to marry an' live in the married min's quarthers afther a time. Thin they can see the wurruld besides."

"And get killed killing somebody else," said Cahal.

"Thot's right," said Kelly, solemnly. "The gettin' caught part is the hard part, but (cheerfully) sometimes ye brings yer man down afore he can settle on yer button-hole. I think meself religious men ought to pray for stoppage of wars—we're too civilized for that. A dacent scrimmage wid fists is manly art an' the dispensary docther can repair the damages, but many a foine l-a-ad goes down whin there's guns an' pig shtickin' goin' on. Many a foine l-a-ad, Misther Desmond."

Cahal shuddered. He was not afraid. He just got a small vision of the civilization of Christian nations and he saw that Kelly was only a mouthpiece for England, Germany and America, and the other fair homes of the Gospel of Brotherhood.

"Kelly," he said, "it is terrible."

"'Tis thot," said Kelly, philosophically. "But, d'ye know that Pether is as bad as Paul. D'ye know that the farmers crush their laborers an' extort as big a rent from thim 'round Castlemullin as yer dacent father an' t'other landlords extorts from *thim*."

Cahal winced.

"Didn't ould Bin Mangan, a farmer on yer father's land, put his laborer's cow in pound lately for the rint—then the moonlighters bate him."

"Served him right," said Cahal.

"Sure thing," said Kelly, "but man alive, what's the use?"

They're all the same. Misther Cahal, it's mighty aisy to tell others what to do—d'ye moind that, now?"

"Yes," said Cahal, and his soul felt sick.

"O' course," said Kelly, "Parnell (poor man, God rest his sowl) made reforms. The laborers are betther housed, rackrenting is no longer carried on. There is fair thratement of tenants an' fair rints, but the counthry is saddled with police tax. Castlemullin (a town of five hundred people) has twenty peelers to support, besides four sergeants, a Head, a Disthriect Inspecthor an'—me."

Cahal laughed.

"Why, man," Kelly continued, "yer 'sessed for a dog now—ye can't have a mangy dog widout payin' tax for him. Masther Cahal, what's the difference between payin' rint to landlords or tax to the tax collecthor? The moonlighters have made the farmers less slaves, but the farmers pay for their independence with police tax. 'Tis called police protection, but the way it works is this—whin the peelers can't catch the moonlighter who shot you, the government puts an added crime tax on the neighborhood, an' you, bein' in the neighborhood, pays yer share—ha, ha, ha. Ye pay for bein' shot, d'ye see?"

"I see," said Cahal. Then he said reflectively: "It is a pity England does not send some unprejudiced men over to study the case and grant some good measures, restore the woollen industry and glass trade they stole, for instance, and make the landowners expend a percentage of their profits in developing the natural resources of the country. Ireland once made sails for the entire British navy. England deliberately took that away. We need national schools of agriculture, home industries and home rule."

"Phew, but yer mild," said Kelly; "ye've changed, sir."

Cahal flushed. "It is not because I am a landowner,

Kelly," he said. "But of what use is it to agitate, plot and plan in Parliament and let the overburdened people at home bear all the burdens of imprisonment and taxes and all the rest. Good Lord, what do we need a standing army of police and soldiers in Ireland for? And what good do the moonlighters do? Kelly, we must make England ashamed of herself by telling the English people the truth. Insurrection will not do and we will never get home rule until God rules the judgment and hearts of oppressor and oppressed."

"I'll tell ye; the North of Ireland will never be satisfied with home rule," said Kelly. "They hate the Catholics, and the Catholics hate thim. Till ye get an Orangeman to admit that a Catholic isn't the tail-end of anti-Christ an' get him to give up stonin' him on the Twelfth of July, an' till ye get a Catholic to give up the notion that a Protestant will ate mate in hell because he ates it on Friday—not till thin, sir, will ye be near gettin' justice. They're a bad lot an' the Lord must be moighty proud o' their docthrines. I'd rather have Buddha's belief mesilf."

"What is that?" asked Cahal.

"He believed he was a bulldog once upon a time an' that that shtrain in his blood was responsible for his failings. It kept him 'umble."

"Well?"

"Well, these dogs of *ours* are waggin' their vilanous tails all day an' swear 'tis only the shadow o' t'other fella's."

When Cahal had laughed long enough to make the barmaid in the outer room smile, he set to eating his luncheon of beefsteak, potatoes and milk, and after awhile Kelly said suddenly:

"We want the land for the people, Misther Cahal. "That's what we want. Home rule alone won't do."

"Oh, that is Michael Davitt's cry," said Cahal.

"It is that," said Kelly, "an' it's th' only cry that will fix this counthry on her legs; t'other plans will only bandage them. Why, man alive, it's th' only plan for *any* counthry. Fellows I know find it hard to get work in America, rich as it is."

"I can believe that," said Cahal, reflectively.

"They'd be willin' to do any blasted thing from shaving chickens to marryin' an heiress, but the job doesn't turn up. How can it, whin a few men can tie the riches o' the nation in a napkin an' put it in their trousers pocket to lie idle until they see a chance to fill their waistcoat pockets, too."

"Why, you are quite a political economist, Kelly," said Cahal.

"The Lord forgive me thin," said Kelly, and on his face was the blankness that makes the Anglo-Saxon wonder whether an Irishman is joking or being stupid.

"But you have not learned the most convenient doctrine of political economy."

"To tell people to go to the seventeen corners o' Purgathory whin they ask me to explain me theories—yes, I have," said Kelly complacently.

"No, no, not to *tell* them to go but to *send* them there, Kelly. Do you not know the theory of Malthus?"

"Maybe I do—tell it to me. The name sounds like that of a Dutch sausage man."

"Malthus says there are too many people in the world."

"Maybe his wife agreed wid him," said Kelly.

"He says that God did not provide for all the people He sent into the world."

"Malthus knew a thing or two, begor," said Kelly.

"Why the divvel didn't he offer himself as secretary?"

"To whom?"

"To the mistaken an' misguided Creathor who wasn't born a Malthus."

"Kelly, Malthus was a clergyman and would call that blasphemy."

"He might thin, an' I'd return the compliment an' say he was *slightly* impudent."

"He said, Kelly, that over-population was the cause of poverty. The land could only support a certain number, and of course the others had to starve."

"I'll bet me porridge stick he managed to be one o' the certain number, but sure, that's no theory at all. When Bill Jones is born doesn't he need Tom Smith to make his clothes, an' doesn't that give work to Tom Smith? Sure, the more people that's born the more shops that need to be opened, an' bad luck to Malthus, don't people enough die to keep the profit an' loss account straight. Sure, th' undertakin' business pays betther than anythin' but land-holdin'."

"You do not agree with Malthus, then, Kelly?"

"I never knew a man that thried to give A B C lessons to God that *I* could get on with," said Kelly, loftily. "I'm not the divvel's own good lad at prayin', but I b'lieve that God never sint a childen into the worrld that He didn't send a biteen of bread for."

"Neither do I, Kelly," said Cahal reverently, "but very often He does not come into His own, and He will not while selfishness is fought with bullets."

"Why, man," said Kelly, excitedly, "ye've changed all yer views. Why, a few min have enough o' land tied up for plans an' purposes o' speculation that would support thousands o' men by givin' them work puttin' upon it houses, facthories, an' the like. If the land belonged to

the Government an' was rented to the holder at so much per, no man would own more than he could use, an' in usin' it every man Jack would have work. Men wouldn't be taxed for work, they'd only be taxed for bein' idle."

"You mean that there should be no tax on production, only on land, and that this would be an incentive to industry—I see, I see," said Cahal, and back to his mind there came the recollection of that long ago night in New York, when he forgot for a moment that he was starving because he heard two men dream a waking dream about the Land for the People.

"Yes, I mane *that*," said Kelly. "I don't mane Government ownership o' the legs an' heads o' people, not o' their sewin' machines, an' watches, an' twins—that's lunacy. I mane that the land should be free as God meant land, an' air, an' washin' yer face, an' kissin' yer wife to be. With land free, the profits would go back to the people instead o' goin' into the pockets of a few fat ould divvels that spind their time addin' figures in their offices an' grinnin' out their teeth fillins at rayceptions, an' goin' to France an' eatin' snails an' like delicacies that the curse o' God is on, if the Bible's throe."

"I see your plan. You mean individuals would receive the profits, Kelly?"

"I *don't*," said Kelly. "That's anarchy, an' th' only place anarchy will ever succeed is down below where His Warm Majesty enjoys himself pitchin' pokers at everybody an' everybody returnin' the compliment. I mane that the profits go back to the people as a people, to provide places where ye can get knowledge an' baths an' parks to take yer missus for a shtroll an' see the flowers grow, an' pinsion banks where th' honest an' industhrious will get a little

given to 'em in a hard pinch without havin' to tell how many stitches are in their undershirts."

"The Charities Societies expect pretty nearly that even in America," said Cahal.

"Even in America," said Kelly, indignantly. "Why, whin ye ask the Poor Law Guardians for relief, here, they want to know why ye can afford the luxury of a mole in yer hip, an' if they don't examine it with a spy glass before they give ye threepence, it manes that the Little Spirits are helpin' ye with their prayers."

Cahal leaned back on his chair and laughed, and while he laughed he looked admiringly at Kelly, who was finishing a pint of porter and caressing the rim of the pewter.

"Kelly," he said, when he spoke, "you have flashed worlds of light across my path. I have thought along those lines before, but never have I seen the import of it all, until now. Corporal Kelly, I am your disciple."

"Cahal Desmond, of Desmond Woods, don't show such poor taste," said Kelly. "I'm yours an' have been iver since ye were a bit of a boy. 'Twas because ye cared so much for it that I ever took to studyin' the question. Thin, begor, I got fond of it, an' now I'd like to see it come to pass."

"Corporal Kelly, I would rather have you for a friend than any king of the earth," said Cahal, with the feeling in his voice that always touched his listener.

"I may not give ye as good a time as th' ould chap in the palace would, but I'm yer man to the backbone an' the backbone along wid it," said Kelly.

Then he adjusted his military cap and went out looking as sheepish as if he had looked into the eyes of the girl he loved.

After he went, Cahal sat alone for a long time think-

ing, thinking, thinking. Occasionally his eyes would flash and then he would get up and pace the floor and after he got tired of this he resumed his thinking.

The result was that he made his way to the rectory and asked for Father Murray. The priest was very respectful and rather genial, but when Cahal commenced to talk on the land question he stiffened. He stiffened a little more when The Desmond suggested inviting the priests and Protestant clergymen of the surrounding counties to his home to discuss the question from a biblical as well as an economic standpoint.

"I cannot meet to discuss such a subject with men who believe in the private interpretation of the Bible," said the priest.

"But I am not asking you to formulate a doctrine, Father Murray. This is a question of human brotherhood, of our duty to our fellow-men. Shall we fight our wrongs with lead and dynamite or love and determination? Will the land——"

"The Pope has encyclicals on the subject. He believes in private ownership of land," said the priest, and he looked as if that settled it.

"I have not said that I do not," said Cahal, "but surely he believes in honest ownership. However (quickly) the book of Acts shows us that the Apostles had things in common."

The priest raised his hands protestingly. "That is so long ago," he said, "and there were personal wrongs and reasons."

"So there are to-day, and we Christian men ought to study them. If the land belonged to the people at large, and there was a tax on it and on it alone, landlordism that

puts a tax on every improvement, would die, industries would thrive and prosperity would follow."

"The master, an apostate priest, has filled your head with these things, Mr. Desmond," said the priest, gently.

"He is a saint of God, a true disciple of his Lord," said Cahal sternly, "and he does not fear for his cloth. Judge not that ye be not judged."

The priest sneered and his face reddened, but he said no more. Cahal left and went to see the Episcopal clergyman. He had just been out hunting and his face was very red from the chase and very jovial.

He was very good-natured with Cahal but took it all as a sort of joke. When Cahal grew stern he tried to think of a text in the Bible and said: "The poor ye have always with you."

"Yes," said Cahal, "'and offences must come, but woe unto him by whom they come.' Rector, you and Father Murray are blind leaders of the blind."

"I hope I won't fall into a ditch, I am going hunting, to-morrow," said the rector, gaily.

Cahal stood still before him and then pointing his finger at him he said: "If I had my way I would put a millstone as a medal around the neck of every clergyman who offends the little ones of Christ by their selfish, indulgent, unspiritual lives. Rector, you are spiritually blind—you *might* step into the light; you *might* help Ireland, for only from where the life of Christ is, can true reforms come."

"Would you have me give up preaching the Gospel, then, to become a labor leader—or a moonlighter, which?"

"Do *you* preach the Gospel?" asked Cahal; "do *you* preach the Sermon on the Mount? How many of your parishioners have been regenerated through your efforts within the year?"

"Sir!" cried the rector.

"You cannot answer my question, but I will answer yours," said Cahal. "No, I would not have the preaching of the Gospel cease; no, no, no. Man may be wronged and hounded and cursed here, but after all he is immortal, and I would give him the light of God and the spirit of Christ, even if he had to starve to death before both could blaze into the light of promise."

"Sir, you are a layman—I am a priest of the church," said the rector, "and I speak with authority when——"

"An authority on fox-hunting," said Cahal quietly. "When you save souls and share your life and all that you have with those who need both—when you are willing to take the beam out of your ecclesiastical eye and see your starving brother emulating Lazarus the beggar, I will come to you to be taught."

With that remark he turned to leave the room, then hesitated, and, speaking from the doorway, said: "*He* went about doing good. It is your privilege, Rector." Then he went away and whatever belief he had in creeds and infallible guides went from him when he shut the rectory door. That night Naneen found him on his knees, with whitened, wearied face lifted up to God, and she took his head on her shoulder while he told of the adventures of the day.

"Private judgment," he said. "As if the opinions of a man multiplied by ten others and called a council is not private judgment. It is so 'private' that it is not 'at home' to a man's soul. What a blasphemous doctrine to say that a Pope can have the indwelling Holy Spirit (*ex-cathedra*) whether he is a saint or a sinner."

"Pope Leo is a holy old man, Cahal."

"No doubt, but there were other popes who were not, and I suppose they needed infallibility as much as he does.

But it is the *doctrine* I abhor, not the man. Irish Catholics abominate the divine-right-of-kings doctrine, when it comes from England, and acknowledge their intellectual submission to an Italian nobleman. And then these priestly parsons, these apes of Rome, these dudes fashioned for church or bar or barracks as their fathers can pay for the vacancy—ugh! No wonder Pilate, living in the midst of a similar rotten ecclesiasticism, said: ‘What is truth?’”

“Truth is what men see and mankind refuses to see,” said Naneen.

Day after day Cahal visited his people, listening to their grievances, planning improvements, praying with them, giving them the Heavenly Light, and winning their hearts as no man, lay or clerical, had ever done. But he was trespassing on ecclesiastical ground; he was neither a professed Catholic nor a Protestant, and both marked him as a heretic. Besides this, his fellow landholders thought he was an anarchist and a moonlighter because he took tea with his tenants and invited them to the Great House and dined in his shirt-sleeves, and because he drove out with Danny Hickey and Militia Sergeant Kelly and Mort Morrissey, and sympathized with their “treasonable remarks.” One Catholic priest visited him secretly at night, as Nicodemus visited his Master, and told him he sympathized with him, but did not dare approve of his views, or his Bibles publicly. Cahal, who knew what a road of suffering was behind himself, and possibly before him, too, did not blame him very much, and he shook his hand tenderly when they parted after praying together.

“God bless you; may we meet in heaven,” said the priest.

“Amen—and free from the blood of men, brother,” said Cahal.

The priest was a lover of the heretic and the heretic of the priest when they parted.

A Methodist minister came out openly for The Desmond, and his congregation stood by him and invited Cahal to communion, and Cahal partook of the bread and wine and preached at the church that night. Men's hearts were strengthened, their souls blest, their thoughts lifted, but all this made no difference—Cahal was *now* a Protestant. Had he not eaten bread and wine with other believers in Christ! Monstrous crime! The people loved him and wept over his fall, but they dare not encourage his heresy, so they kept away from their landlord and burned his Bibles.

A close communion Baptist near by said that the Methodists did wrong, for while Cahal might be a Christian, and a good one, he was not a member of the denomination and so should not have been received into fellowship. Cahal never saw the master angry until he heard that. The grand old face blazed, and the grey, shaggy hair looked like a lion's mane. "Every bigot has a germ of insanity and murder in him," he said. "Think of it, ladeen. You are a believer in Christ, and you live your belief every day of your life. You do good to all men regardless of who they are; every child in the barony knows you for a friend. Your married life is an example for the best men that ever lived."

"Hush, Master, hush," said Cahal, blushing.

"Indeed, then, I will not hush, ladeen. You are a man, sturdy, strong, honest, and a follower of the Saviour they pretend to worship."

"But they do in their way—they mean well, master."

"Mean well; hell is paved with good intentions, ladeen."

"Master, Master, that is not like you."

"Not like me—no, I can stand it all for myself, but you, you brave boy. I am sick of their man-made catechisms, their traditions, their close communion. Hang them all! hang them, I say, for fools and hypocrites. Close communion—ugh!"

"Master," said Cahal, gently, putting his arm around the old man, as in the days gone by, "come for a walk—let us go to the old schoolhouse. Do you remember how you used to curb my temper there and teach me how to keep my hot head on my shoulders?"

"I do not like to go there, ladeen. I have been there once, and it is grass-grown and——"

"I know, I know, master, but let us go there."

It was a rare winter morning and the air was brisk and clear when Naneen saw the old man and the young man go away from the house and through the fields beyond.

"Julia," she said, turning to Julia Herbert, who was sitting beside her reading, "there go two of the finest men in all the world."

"Yes, dear," said Julia, smiling tenderly at the worship in the wife's face.

"Oh, suppose he had not met you that night, Julia."

"Ah, Naneen, you make too much of what I did for the lad. He looked so ill, so wan that night." Julia's eyes took on a dreamy look and for several minutes she was back again in the years gone by, and for a moment her handsome face was clouded with pain.

"Julia, you must not think," said Naneen, putting her arms around her.

"I will not, dear," said Julia, obediently. "Only sometimes, I see you and Cahal together, I think and think, and—oh, Naneen, life is a mystery; why, why did it happen?"

"Darling, do you love him still?" asked Naneen.

"Love—*him*. Oh, no, it is my girlhood, my ideal I love. It is only that I am sorry; it is only that my faith in love and truth went. Oh, no, it didn't either. There is Cahal and you, Naneen."

"Julia, you forgive him, do you not?"

"Oh, Naneen, I always forgave him. It did not strike me *that* way. I was half-insane for a time, but never jealous. That he could *be* so,—that he could *do* so. Oh, dearie, I am sorry for him. I did not think him capable of it. It is for his own inner being I am sorry, the being that is not there."

"Julia, he lost an angel."

"Naneen, you and Cahal are too good to me."

"Good, Julia? We love you. It is easy to be good to those we love." Julia turned away and in order to change her thoughts Naneen said:

"When shall we start our basket-making industry, Julia?"

"At once, so far as I am concerned. Oh, by the way, I received a letter this morning with a check for £100 as an encouragement. I spoke to Lady Bronson about Cahal's plans and she spoke to—let me see—I forget her name. Wait until I get the check."

"Beatrice Hurley!" cried Naneen, when she saw the signature to the check.

"Yes, and here is the note."

"Oh, then she is in Ireland. I thought she was abroad."

"An old friend?" asked Julia.

"Yes," said Naneen.

* * * * *

"Master, you shall teach here again."

"Oh, never, ladeen. Sure, there is the new national

school, and a young lad from Dublin who wears grey tweed and carries a cane and teaches the children to have an accent."

"But you will teach, Master—you will teach the things of the spirit. Never mind denominations now. We will stand together and fight it out, and you keep sweet while I do the fighting. Castlemullin will hear about God in this old schoolhouse. Let us consecrate it to Him, Master."

The two men knelt in silent prayer and over the master's soul the Hand of God swept, bringing to sight and sound the memories of the past, and creating a thanksgiving hymn that pealed until his heart melted and the tears came. This brave, big man beside him—was he the little pupil that used to look up at him with wondering, questioning eyes? Was this man on his knees before God, calm and sweet under abuse, misunderstanding and opposition, was this the Cahal Desmond whose fingers grasped a trigger as readily as his comrades grasped a fishing rod?

"Ah, yes, it is you, Cahal—my ladeen," he said, leaning over and clasping his pupil around his neck. Cahal responded by slipping his own arms around the master, and both remained there kneeling in the quiet until Cahal broke the silence by saying in a voice that wavered between a teasing laugh and a sob: "This looks very much like *close communion*, Master."

CHAPTER XXIII.

A WELCOME AND A FAREWELL.

It was midnight at the Great House. There was a low bustling of people throughout the place. Lady Bronson and Cahal's sisters were whispering. Julia Herbert was upstairs—had been for over an hour. The master and The Desmond and Terry were somewhere about the grounds and Cahal was pacing up and down, up and down the large, roomy, bookish-looking room where he talked with his tenants and wrote his political articles for Unionist and Non-Unionist papers. Dr. Nolan, bluff and hearty as ever, but heavy-eyed and weary-looking, entered the room.

"How is she?" cried Cahal at sight of him.

"I think she will be all right, Cahal, my boy, but I could not stay up there, and those young doctors have calmer nerves, anyhow."

"Is—is she suffering much, doctor?"

"Not so very much, not more than your mother and mine did, Cahal. It is the way of women to suffer, lad."

"But, oh—Naneen is so frail."

"Oh, faith, she is stronger than you think. Our family were always wiry. Don't I remember when you were in Kilmainham prison and she had typhoid fever?"

"Oh, do not speak of it. My poor Naneen; she suffered then because of me, too."

"Cahal," said the doctor, "you are a Holy Innocent. 'Pon my soul, I don't understand the stuff you are made of. How can you go out and fight political and religious Pharisees single-handed and alone with yer chin in the air ready for a blow and then stand here and sniffle because your wife is a little ill——"

"Oh, doctor, a little ill," groaned Cahal, turning away from him.

"There, my boy, there," said the doctor. "Never mind me, I am a gruff old man."

"I know how you love Naneen," said Cahal, "and gruffness does not deceive me. Oh, can you not go up again and ask how she is—please go."

The doctor went up and Cahal commenced his pacing again. Occasionally he would clasp his little pocket Testament and his lips would move in anguish. Then he would stop and listen. Once he thought he heard a faint cry and his face reddened and his throat tightened. Then all was silent and he put his hands deeper in his pockets and walked on and on and on. The clock ticked the lonely tick of the clock of a darkened house, and Cahal went to stop it. Then he recoiled from it. It was like stopping the beating of a heart—*her* heart. He opened his watch and looked at her photograph within. He was never absent from her except at an occasional political conference, but he liked to have it there, and sometimes when he was superintending the work of his men in the fields he would open his watch and look at the fair face within. It helped him now to look at it. It helped him, too, to open and shut the watch. When he heard the click he felt as if he was doing something and the apathy of inactivity was awful.

"Cahal."

"Oh, Julia, what is it?"

"Come upstairs, Cahal."

"To her—to Naneen."

"Yes, and to *your little daughter*."

* * * * *

"Naneen."

He was down beside her with his brown head buried in the soft white folds of her night-dress.

"Naneen, Naneen, my Naneen."

"You, my own husband."

"My love, you have suffered."

"And so have you, Cahal—your eyes are dark and tired—my bonny lad, my lover."

"Oh, Naneen." The tears fell from his tired, strained eyes on her face and hair, but instead of troubling, they rested her, for she knew they rested him and that they spoke for his boundless love, a love which she liked to compare to the sea itself.

"Don't you want to see her, Cahal,—*our baby*?"

"*Our baby*," repeated Cahal, looking at the little red, lazy-looking bit of humanity swaddled in white. "Our baby,—small Naneen. She looks like you, Naneen. I am so glad she is a girl, for even if she was a boy I should want to call her Naneen. I declare, her eyes are like yours."

"But, my darling, they are closed."

"Oh, are they? Well, then, it must be the reflection of yours."

"Flatterer," said Julia, who had just entered, and then, after smiling indulgently for a moment on both, she put Cahal out, despite all of his entreaties. Naneen must rest. No, he could not blarney for an extension of time. He stood at the door for a moment, looking back at the bed on which his treasures lay. Naneen looked up at him and when the warmth and longing in his eyes met hers, her lips

moved, and though no sound reached him, Cahal knew what she said.

He went downstairs and putting on his hat and overcoat went out into Desmond Woods. His eyes were blinded with tears and his soul felt full of immensity. His Naneen a mother, his baby, *his and hers*, up there in the bed. He looked back at the light in the window of their bedroom and crossed his arms. They were up there, the two of them, not one but *two*. Dear little stranger, small Naneen. He looked up at the stars. They were shining for him and the two he knew—the whole sky was silver-spangled and there was a soft, fleecy sprinkling of star dust right over the house. Surely, if the ancient astrologers were right, this peaceful sky meant peace for small Naneen. *Small Naneen, small Naneen!* How strange it was, but how beautiful, and how beautiful all the world was. Not a bit of hurry or noise or sin or suffering or strife, nothing but God and a calm sky and the beautiful glory of Desmond Woods in winter and—*the two at the house.*

* * * * *

Christmas Eve had come, Cahal's first Christmas at home for many years. The farmers' houses for miles and miles around were decked with holly and laurel and ivy and every window contained huge white and blue wax candles welcoming the angels who always come at midnight to rejoice over the birth of the Saviour. They would have to be clumsy-footed angels surely if they could not find their way anywhere near Castlemullin on this Christmas night, for every road was lit up with hundreds of candles. The snow had fallen heavily, and as that meant good sleigh-rides, every villager was looking forward to the midnight drive to mass. Children had ceased Christmas knife

whittling, for it was the custom among the little ones to make their own wooden butter-knives, and it was with great joy they hailed Christmas Eve when the richly printed butter was at their service and no stint of raisin bread or tea.

Men were going along the road with huge bundles, and peddlers and tinkers and beggars were making their way to farm houses here and there, knowing well that no door would be shut to them on such a night as this.

It was in the midst of all this that Cahal, the master and Naneen and Julia were decorating the old school-house for a Christmas service, the first ever held there. Invitations had been sent to the gentry and peasantry alike, and, as Cahal was more anxious about the outcome than he said he was, it was with real anxiety that he looked out when the first carriage drove up the little road.

"Cahal, I am glad to see you."

Cahal's face grew a little strange-looking, but he said presently in a clear, cheery voice: "And I am glad to see you again, Beatrice. Naneen, it is Beatrice Hurley."

The two women met, his wife and she who might have been his wife, and they shook hands in the indescribable way two such women will. Naneen was truly sorry for Beatrice, and yet down deep in her heart there was a little feeling of triumph that she was her husband's chosen, and that the other woman knew it. She never had questioned Cahal about that night at Lord Hartley's, but her woman's intuition had told her that "something happened." She was sure of it when she saw Cahal and Beatrice shake hands. Just the faintest of flushes went on the woman's face and the man was not exactly at ease. Andy Griffin came in and added to the feeling of all three, by looking from one to the other, and then whistling the long, peculiar whistle that

is translated into "Well, I'll be—most anything." He flung his meal bag in a corner of the old schoolhouse and sat down to regale himself with a pinch of snuff, and sneezed contentedly for several minutes.

When Cahal went over to speak to him he ceased long enough to say, "Goin' to preach to-night?"

"Yes."

"A damn poor night ye pick out, thin."

"Why?"

"Is it on a blessed Christmas night to be Bible readin' inshtead o' goin' to mass?"

Cahal laughed.

"It is God's book, Andy, and came long before the mass book."

"Indeed, thin, it isn't—'tis a Protestant almanac."

"Oh, I am going to read the Douay version—the Catholic Bible."

"Nabocklish (never mind)," said Andy, who knew he was caught, but did not know what else to say. He snuffed again, and then said: "Why don't ye lave religion to the prieshts, man?"

"I haven't taken it away from them," said Cahal, innocently. "Surely, they have some left."

"Ah, man alive, ye know what I mane."

"Yes, Andy, I know," said Cahal, kindly. "I am going to ask men and women here to-night to open their hearts to God, and to His light. I am going to read to them the words He spoke, the words that have lighted the path of every saint that ever lived. Surely, God is pleased with that."

"But, man, you don't go to mass."

"Do you?"

"Is it me?" said Andy in anger. "O' coorse I do."

"Well, then," said Cahal, "why do you not go to work?"

"Is it me?" said Andy again, this time in fine indignation.

"Yes, you," said Cahal. "No doubt you would not eat meat on Friday for worlds, but I warrant you would drink all the whiskey you could get."

"An' sure, what harm is that?" asked Andy.

"If you do not know what harm it is, a little real religion will not hurt you, Andy," said Cahal, and he was about to walk away when Andy detained him.

"I thramps wid *Protestant beggars* sometimes," said Andy.

"Well?"

"Well, they don't believe the way you do, for they don't think it a sin to beg or dhrink a little o' that, whin they can get it." Cahal laughed so loud that Naneen and Beatrice were startled into laughing, too. "Oh, Andy, you will kill me with your comparisons," he cried. "What queer bindings your theological books are in. A Protestant beggar who likes a little o' that! Do you want work, Andy?"

"'Pon me soul, thin, I don't."

"But you are robbing the poor men and women who are supporting you in idleness."

"Idleness? Don't I pray for their souls in purgatory? For every handful o' flour or praties, or biteen o' bacon I get I say so many Our Fathers an' Hail Marys for——"

"Look here, Andy, this is blasphemous. You are no more a Christian than my dog, nor are these people who think they will escape purgatory by lazy beggars' prayers."

"Yerra, man, what ails ye at all?" said Andy. "Look at that; that I do be composin' myself."

Cahal took the proffered sheet of paper and read:

*Oh, holy souls in Purgatory, listen to my prayer,
An' keep the people from harm that gives me winther fare,
May they never get rheumatiz, may their ould bones never
stiffen,*

*'As long as they are good to me, my name is—
Andy Griffin.*

"How can the souls in Purgatory help you or them, when they are in trouble themselves?" asked Cahal, half angrily, half laughingly.

"I know," said Andy, wisely. "I know how they help me, anyways."

"I guess you do, you rascal," said Cahal, and he turned away to hide the laugh that would bubble up in spite of his indignation.

The room was filling rapidly, and by ten o'clock Cahal nodded to Naneen to sit down at the little organ, and presently Julia Herbert's voice was heard singing Cardinal Newman's beautiful hymn, "Lead, Kindly Light." The people sat motionless, looking into her face, and Cahal saw her eyes brighten and flash with something more than the old brightness as she looked in imagination at the light she had set before herself, and beckoned the people to follow. When she finished, Danny Hickey, who sat in the back of the room, called out: "Give us another," and Julia sang with exquisite pathos and tenderness: "I was once far away from the Saviour." As she sang, Cahal saw the hardness leave the people's faces, and the plainly written prejudice disappearing, and his heart grew glad within him. When the master rose to pray there was a little murmur of disapprobation, but it did not last long, and the old man's pleading voice made the audience quiet again.

"Oh, God," he prayed, "grant us to-night the faith that can discern Thee in our midst. Give to us the kindly light Thy saints have always seen and followed. Oh, let us see Jesus to-night—we long for a sight of Him. We love Him."

"Pray to His blessed Mother, too; the mother o' God," cried a voice.

The master stopped short. "God never had a mother, my son," he said, gently. "Mary was simply the mother of Jesus, the Divine *man*. The eternal God existed before any one of the Blessed Virgin's ancestors was born."

"Well, I mane that," said the man, sullenly, "but why don't ye pray to her?"

"It is idolatry to pray to a *created* Being," said the master; "she is called blessed, she is blessed, the most blessed among women, but I do not pray to her, for it is Jesus who saves. There is not a word in the Bible directing us to pray to the Blessed Virgin."

"There is, there is," cried a babel of voices.

"Show me where," answered the master, quietly. "I will give a pound to any man who will show me where it is written that the Blessed Virgin was anything more than a holy blessed woman of God. It was hundreds of years after Christ ceased to teach before the Church decided its people should pray to the Virgin. Jesus himself said, 'He that doeth the will of God is my mother, and my sister, and my brethren.'"

"When did He say that?" cried Corporal Kelly, from the back of the room.

"Here it is," said the master, pointing to the last five verses of the twelfth chapter of St. Matthew, and Corporal Kelly walked up and read, and then said: "I'm damned if he didn't, it's here in black and white."

"I believe in honoring the Blessed Virgin," said the master, in a clear, calm voice. "How beautiful this is—listen"—and he read the Magnificat in the deep, sonorous voice so characteristic of the Catholic priest.

"She is no more deserving of honor than any other woman," cried a rough voice, and then the master noticed a dozen strange men gathered around the door.

"She was God's chosen servant, my son," he answered.

"Yer a blind son o' Belial yerself," cried one of the strangers, "an' no Protestant."

"I never said I was a Protestant, and I am not, only in so far as Protestants teach and live the Gospel of our Lord. It is enough for me to be a follower of Christ's and in His name I ask for peace here to-night."

"I'm glad we're good, solid Protestants, an' not ashamed to till it," retorted the man, "an' if ye don't give the light to these benighted followers of that divil of a Pope——"

That was all that was said; indeed, it was all that was necessary; Protestant and Catholic immediately showed their loyalty to God with doubled fists and oaths terrible to hear. Chair fell over chair, table and organ, candles and hymnbooks were torn around from pillar to post and back again, and the night air was filled with roars of hate and murder. In vain Corporal Kelly and Cahal threw themselves into the breach; in vain Naneen and Julia Herbert and Beatrice Hurley pleaded; in vain Andy Griffin cursed; in vain Danny Hickey howled to Andy to "run off for some of the boys, ye beggar, to stop the bloody row,"—nothing would satisfy the rioters but blood, and blood they had. There were more Catholics than Protestants present, and when the latter were being pushed into a corner and pummelled by loving hands, one of them drew his pistol and fired several times. Cries of pain and rage followed

the firing, and then there was a general run and the room was cleared—cleared of all except three bleeding, prostrate men, one of whom *was the master*.

So that was how Cahal's first meeting in the old school-house ended. Neither of the men was dangerously wounded, but a week after the shooting, the Dublin doctors said the master's right arm would have to be amputated in order to save his life. Cahal told the news to the sufferer, and he looked from his bed out of the window at the sky over Desmond Woods and said nothing.

"Did you hear me, Master?" said Cahal, gently.

"I did, ladeen."

"You are not afraid, dear Master. I will be arms and head and heart to you. You will learn to write with your left hand, and——"

"Ah, sure, I know all that, but I'll never have it done, ladeen. Indeed, I won't."

"Why, you must!" cried Cahal, in amazement.

"I won't, ladeen."

"Why not?"

"Because I could not serve mass then—a priest of God has to be without any physical blemish, you know, ladeen."

"But, Master, you do not celebrate mass," cried Cahal in amazement.

"Indeed, then, I do, and have every day since I was ordained," said the Master, blushing at the discovery of his precious secret.

"Why, Master——"

"Oh, ladeen, I know you are surprised, for I do not believe as the Roman church does. How could I? But I think the sacrifice of the mass is beautiful, and I believe in the Real Presence of Christ in the sacrament."

"Real body and blood?" asked Cahal.

"Oh, of course, but in a spiritual sense," said the master. "I receive Him spiritually. I take the bread and wine as they did in the early church, not the bread alone, which only represents His body."

"Do you think, then, that Transubstantiation takes place?" asked Cahal.

"Yes, but not because a priest consecrates the elements," said the master, "but because our Lord, the great High Priest, said it was already so. I do not believe I eat His real physical body—that would be cannibalism. Besides, when He told His disciples it was His body and blood, He had not yet died, and they knew they were not eating His real Body. They were spiritual men, and they knew the words were spiritually interpreted. Oh, ladeen, ladeen, how He loves the world and how blind it is."

"Yes, Master, and you and I will hasten the coming of the light. You must live and help me. Let me tell the doctors now——"

"No, ladeen, no. I will go to Him unblemished. You are His follower; I am happy—it is enough."

"Oh, Master, I cannot live without you. You lost your arm in His service. That is no blemish—Master, won't you?"

"No, ladeen, no—no, no," said the master.

"But this is not worshipping Him in spirit and in truth. It is formalism. It is folly, when we need you so much," said Cahal.

"Maybe, maybe, ladeen, but I cannot get over it; please let me do as I want—please, ladeen."

Cahal said no more and before many days had passed the dear old saint lay in his arms talking about the voice of the Lord which was calling to him.

"He has been calling to me all day—all day," he re-

peated. "And I heard a voice like many waters—many waters cannot quench love, neither can floods drown it. I love you, ladeen. I will wait for you over there. Oh, it is very near, not a bit far away. Let no man take your crown. The fashion of the world will soon pass away. Do not let it allure you. The way will be long and hard, but they that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever and ever."

"Rest, Master—my dear Master, rest," sobbed Cahal.

"I am resting in His love and yours, ladeen. Oh, it is glorious; bring Naneen here until I bless her."

Cahal beckoned to his wife and she came to the bedside and knelt with her husband, and with uplifted hand the blessed old warrior of the Cross prayed as on their wedding night, "The Lord bless you and keep you, the Lord make His face to shine upon you both, the Lord lift up the light of His countenance upon you, and give you peace."

He looked out of the window for several seconds and then asked that Julia be brought, and, like the patriarchs of old, he blessed her too. "Sing for the Lord, Julia," he said. "He afflicted you that you might know that your light affliction, which is but for a moment, should bring to you and others the eternal weight of glory. Marriage is a sacrament—you know that, ladeen; you and Naneen and Julia, you know it, but *he* was of the world. You three are not of the world, even as Christ was not of the world; so, if you are hated here where you want to do good, remember that *He* was too."

"Yes, yes, Master," sobbed Julia.

"Do not cry for me, my child," he said in his kind, soothing voice, "for the oil of gladness is ready for my head. He is pouring it. Oh, Julia, I know they will let me preach Christ in heaven."

"But, Master, they know all about it there."

"Never mind, can they hear of it too often? Can anybody hear that story too often? I would not be happy if I was not telling it to somebody. Maybe I will be sent to minister to some of my own people—my Lord, my blessed Lord, are you coming for me? Give me to Him, ladeen. That is it, lift me up. Oh, Lord, before you take me, kiss my ladeen; oh, thank you, and promise me that you will send the Gospel to Ireland—your own loving, blessed Gospel. Oh, thank you, Lord; I knew you would. Is that the choir of heaven you brought to welcome me—*me* the poor old schoolmaster? Yes, I know you, brother Paul. I have the light you saw on the road to Damascus. Oh, Stephen, that must have been a great day in heaven when you went in as the first martyr. Is it me a martyr? Indeed, then, I am only a poor, feeble old man, glad of a chance to get home, and is it you, Father John—don't you remember we were curates together in Queens County? Lord, I thought I would suffer for that day I got mad and said 'hang their creeds' to the ladeen. Sure 'tis smiling at me as if I was a mischievous boy you are. Oh, 'tis all glorious, and I am glad to see them all; but, dear Lord, send them all away and let me look at you—at you, *oh, let me look at you*. I have waited for many years for this day. Oh, I love you, I love you, *I love you*. Sure, don't I know you love me, but tell it to me again, again—again, and, dear Christ, save the man who shot me, and—oh, there is no night here and no tears and no pain. * * *

Thou art worthy, for Thou wast slain and hast redeemed us to God by Thy blood out of every kindred and tongue and people and nation, and hast made us unto our God kings and priests. Why, all the world is singing, Lord, singing to you, and I am, too, and the little birds and the

fishes and the flowers and the stars—and the ladeen is *crying* prayers and—God is love.”

* * * * *

“He is dead, my darling,” said Naneen.

“He has entered into life, my heart,” said Cahal. “It was glorious, glorious. I feel as if the Lord really kissed me—Julia, do not cry. It was glorious.”

“Oh, I am only crying with gladness, Cahal. Nothing will ever really matter again. I never saw things like this before.”

The Church refused consecrated burial to the master, because he was an apostate, and Cahal and Danny Hickey dug a grave in Desmond Woods near his old schoolhouse, and buried him there. The two men said little, but each brushed a tear off from time to time, and when it was all over, Danny said:

“’Tis a good Catholic I am, but oi’m thinkin’ his body will consecrate more ground than the loifetime prayers, the body an’ bones an’ livers of them that sat in judgment on him.”

“Little he cares, Danny, little he cares,” said Cahal, as he put a wreath of laurel on the grave.

THE END.

